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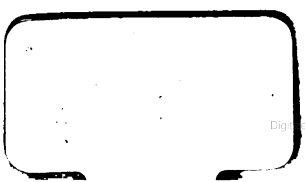

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VOLUME V. NEW SERIES.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

1869.

SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
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THE

Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor,

1869.

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

UR best wishes for each reader of the Green Book are expressed in the Song which you will find on our last page, and which we hope every one of you who can sing at all will sing on New Year's Day, 1869.

But, at the beginning of a new year and a new volume, we desire to give you, and to take for ourselves, a New Year's motto. It is very short, containing only four words; and these are they:—

"While we have time."

A great many very long sermons might be written about them; but here I only wish to say one or two things, on which, however, I should be very glad for you to bestow many long thoughts.

The first is concerning the uncertainty of life and of our opportunities for usefulness. Nothing is more constantly repeated than the phrase "We don't know how long we may be here;" but very few—very few children especially—pause to think that life is not given us for play, that the days are passing very fast, and that death may be near us all—nearer now than we think.

I remember, some years ago, a dear little fair-haired girl just ten years old, of whom I was very fond, and with whose parents I was staying on a visit. On the Sunday before I left, she listened wistfully while I talked to her of the beautiful home above to which Jesus wishes to take His children, and reminded her to be giving her heart to Him and to be getting ready for Him *while she had time*. "I will be ready: I will, I will!" she said earnestly; and then

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set to work to learn by heart the text which I wrote out for her at parting. It was this: "*Be ye therefore ready; for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.*"

She said it quite perfectly, and then gathered the last flowers in her garden to be a "message from me" on the next day's journey. Those flowers were still bright and blooming when a letter came from the friends whom I had left so well and happy, telling me that the fair little flower which only just before we had been tenderly cherishing, had been suddenly, after drooping for three days only, transplanted to the garden of the Lord above. Dear little Janie! I never read those words "Be ye therefore ready," without thinking of her exclamation, "I *will* be ready: I will, I will!"

Now, then, prepare for Christ's coming, *while you have time!*

And secondly, now, while you have time, try and spread everywhere the news of His love. Be earnest in prayer, and in efforts for all around you, and for the heathen afar off. Oh, the bitterness of the cry which once fell upon my ear from a poor dying woman who had not given heed to the thought of eternity: "My life is over: it has been miserable. I have neglected God: I have no comfort. Oh if I could have it back again, how different it would be!"

May such words never be yours. But rather—

Let us up and be doing,
Here God's will pursuing
As the flight of each hour is told by the chime;
His loving Hand o'er us,
His heaven before us,
His service our portion, *while yet we have time.*

ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS; OR, THE STORY OF METLAHKATLAH.

I.

WHERE IS METLAHKATLAH?

IF you were grown up, and could go anywhere in the world that you pleased, I wonder what part of the globe you would choose. If you did not care for travelling made easy, for comfortable railway carriages, on a line where they stop twenty minutes for dinner, or for pleasant hotels with a polite landlord and active waiters, but preferred, as at least the boys who read these

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pages ought to prefer, rough climbing, plenty of adventures, a very fair sprinkling of hardships, with the probability of standing where no human foot has ever trod, and the assurance of magnificent scenery and interesting discoveries to reward you, you would start on an expedition across the snow-clad Rocky Mountains which seem to cut North America in half, and on the other side of which is the wide region of British Columbia. You would, after the mountain chain had been passed, have to cross plenty of lakes and rivers; and would often need to be very clever in resources to get over them safely. You would come to the Saskatchewan river, and to the Columbia river, and to the Fraser river; and at last, at long last, you would find yourself on the seashore looking towards China across the great Pacific Ocean; and, if only you and he had arms long enough to slant across it, you might almost shake hands with one of the English Missionaries at Ningpo, if he had taken a twelve-mile walk for the purpose to the coast on his side.

I hope you will look at the map of North America. There you will see that Vancouver's Island is rather like a long boat anchored close up to British Columbia, with the Gulf of Georgia for ever to keep them apart; and then, if after your long land journey you like to do a little coasting, you might embark in a canoe, and paddle northward to the place called Fort Simpson, where our story begins to be a story at all.

As it is wearisome to read long descriptions of scenery, I will not say anything about the magnificent views, the white mountain-tops, the feathery larches, the long reaches of lawn covered with rich grass of emerald green, or the fine fishing which you might have in the lakes and rivers. But before settling down at Fort Simpson—called so after a certain Sir George Simpson, who in 1841 travelled 2,000 miles from the Red River in forty-seven days, and therefore certainly deserved such a compliment—I must remind you that of late years travellers and explorers innumerable have swarmed to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia. They have desired to gather some grains of a certain *golden* harvest which may be found on these shores; and you may have seen nuggets of the bright yellow ore which the gold-diggers have brought home from these far-away lands.

Fort Simpson is the place of the Chimsyan Indians; and the Chimsyan Indians are red men who live by fishing,

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hunting, and trading with furs. About 2,500 live at Fort Simpson, and within fifty miles there are seventeen other tribes, with all of whom you will find that we are concerned. Their houses, floored with mud and roofed with bark, would not seem to us very comfortable. Some have figures, either painted, or carved in wood, attached to them. These figures denote the crest of the family within: for instance, one house has a huge piece of timber on the top, to represent a whale; others have eagles, &c. The inside of the houses is generally very cheerless. A bark mat placed over a board forms a bed, and they have generally the blanket they go out in and a mat to cover them when they sleep.

Their religion is a strange and superstitious one:—

"The idea they entertain of God is, that He is a great chief. They call Him by the same term as they do their chiefs, only adding the word for 'above.' They believe the Supreme Being never dies; that He takes great notice of what is going on amongst men, and is frequently angry, and punisnes offenders. They do not know who is the author of the universe, nor do they expect that God is the author of their own being. They have no fixed ideas about these things: still they frequently appeal to God in trouble, and ask for pity and deliverance."

But the dark and deadly superstition which brings a great deal of trouble and sin amongst these poor Indians is that of the "medicine-men," or, as they call themselves, "the Allied." These men have nothing to do with real doctoring, but are people who pretend to have been mysteriously taught a great deal that is very wicked. Sometimes they are cannibals. They sing, they dance, they make horrible and unearthly noises; sometimes they pretend to have a talk with the "man in the moon," and always make it a point at certain times to beggar themselves by giving away all the goods they have hoarded in the shape of blankets, yards of cotton, and furs—losing their property, but gaining a sort of terrible reverence from their people, for which they care far more.

Here is an account of the appearance of a man who pretended to have had such mysterious teaching as to entitle him to be admitted amongst "The Allied:"—

"One Sunday I was startled by a peculiar noise proceeding from the camp, and on going to see what was the cause, I observed a man, who it seems had finished his education as an 'Allied,' and was now going to give away his goods.

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He was proceeding to a distant part of the camp, and stepping all the way like a proud unmanageable horse. Behind him were about fifteen or twenty men, all holding on to a kind of rope, which went round his waist. They were pretending to keep him back, or hold him from taking his flight. They also kept up a furious noise with that instrument which has so much to do with their superstitions. Presently this party was joined by other two, upon a similar errand, and they now seemed to try which could make the greatest noise or look the most unearthly. The three bands, after a good deal of manœuvring, proceeded, I think, to the same chief's house. How could I but long for the time to be hastened when these poor deluded creatures shall be seen flocking with meek and quiet step to the house of God on His blessed day?"

We shall see whether this hope was fulfilled.

II.

GOLD BROUGHT TO THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

In the summer of 1857, just when the terrible Indian mutiny was raging on the other side of the Pacific, there landed at Fort Simpson a certain Mr. W. Duncan, who had not travelled over the Rocky Mountains, but had come from England in her Majesty's ship *Satellite*.

What had brought him all that long six months' voyage across the sea? You will read his object in the heading of this chapter. He came bearing gold to the place where gold is found—to the place from which so many thousands have departed, enriched for life with nuggets of that precious metal. And yet, if you could have searched his baggage for the same, you would not have found it out; only you would have come upon a certain Book in which are written these words: "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold." And it was this gold that Mr. Duncan came to bring to British Columbia.

It must have seemed a great and almost impossible work for one man, ignorant of the Chimsyan language, and unsupported by any fellow-labourer, to begin a mission to the poor Red Indians. But you know one of the world's great men said that he had blotted the word *impossible* out of his

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dictionary; and any one who has his heart and soul in the service of Jesus Christ ought to say the same when his Master gives him work to do, no matter how difficult; because "with God all things are possible," and "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

So we read in Mr. Duncan's journals, first of his diligent study of the language. Then of his making use every day of every word he learnt, in writing out addresses about the true God and His Son Jesus Christ, which he made the natives understand. Then of his holding classes daily and nightly at his own house, or in that of a friendly chief; and, after about eighteen months, of his beginning school in a building which the Indians had themselves helped him to build. You would like to read an account of the school-opening from his own pen:—

"*Nov.* 19, 1858.—Through the mercy of God I have begun school to-day. It has been a strange day to me, but the Lord helped me through. In the morning I saw that a superstitious fear was spreading powerfully among the Indians: crowds wanted to come to school,—but who were to be the first to venture? Here I reaped the fruit of my few weeks' labour in the chief's house during last summer. The little flock I had there, eagerly enough rushed to the school when they saw me coming, and one even gladly mounted the platform, and struck the steel for me, to call their more timid companions to the place. I had arranged to have the children in the morning, and the adults in the afternoon; but I now saw reason to change that plan and have all together, at least for a while. My first start was with only fifteen children; but, before we had finished, we mustered about seventy. In the afternoon came about fifty adults, and fifty children. I felt it very difficult to proceed with such a company, and should have found it much more so but for the few children whom I had already had under training.

"Both morning and afternoon I finished with an address, previously prepared, in their own tongue; in which I endeavoured to show them my intention, their need and condition, and also the glorious message which I had come to make known, namely, Salvation through Jesus Christ, the Son of God. They were very attentive, and I hope and pray the Lord will now begin His work amongst them, to the glory of His great name."

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III.

RUDE VISITORS.

The "medicine-men," or practisers of the pretended half-cannibal magic crafts of which I told you, began to be very indignant against Mr. Duncan, because his teaching was tending to overthrow belief in their false religion. And here is the history of a visit from some of their number to his school, which would, I think, have frightened some of us very much:—

"*Dec.* 20, 1858.—This afternoon a boy ran to strike the steel, and not many seconds elapsed before I saw the head chief approaching, and a whole gang of medicine-men after him, dressed up in their usual charms. The chief looked very angry, and bade the boy cease. I waited at the door until he came up. His first effort was to rid the school of the few pupils who had just come in. He shouted at the top of his voice, and bade them be off. I immediately accosted him, and demanded to know what he intended or expected to do? His gang stood about the door, and I think seven came in. I saw their point: it was to intimidate me by their strength and frightful appearance; and I perceived the chief, too, was somewhat under the influence of rum. But the Lord enabled me to stand calm, and, without the slightest fear, to address them with far more fluency, in their tongue, than I could have imagined possible—to tell them of their sin faithfully—to vindicate my conduct—to exhort them to leave their bad ways, and also to tell them they must not think to make me afraid. I told them that God was my Master, and I must obey Him rather than them, and that the devil had taught their fathers what they were practising, and it was bad; but what I was teaching now was God's way, and it was good, and that all the Chimsyans knew.

"Our meeting lasted for more than an hour. I saw a great many people at a distance looking anxiously at our proceedings, the school door being open, and we standing near it. Nearly all my pupils had fled in fear. The chief expressed himself very passionately, now and then breaking out into furious language, and showing off his savage nature by his gestures. Sometimes I pacified him by what I said, for a little time; but he soon broke out again with more violence. Towards the close of the scene, two of the confederates, vile-looking fellows, went and whispered something to him, upon

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which he got up from a seat he had just sat down upon, stamped his feet on the floor, raised his voice as high as he could, and exhibited all the rage, and defiance, and boldness that he could. This was all done, I knew, to intimidate me; but, blessed be God, he did not succeed. Finding his efforts unavailing, he went off, but not before he had been almost deserted by his gang. As he went away, he kept addressing those who had been witnesses; but none seemed to heed him or give any encouragement. After this I shut the door, and found sixteen scholars presently around me, and we commenced work.

"We had not gone on long before the chief returned to the school. He gave a loud knock on the door with a stick. I went to open it, and my pupils began to squat about for shelter. When he came in I saw he was in rather a different mood, and he began to say that he was not a bad man to the white people, but that he had always borne a good character with them: this he could prove by papers containing his character, given him by officers of the Fort. After this he despatched his wife in great haste to fetch me the papers. When they came, I read them, and then he soon left us again. It was now time to leave school, so we concluded by singing—'Jesus is my Saviour, for Jesus died for me; I love Jesus, because He first loved me.' All appeared solemn, and when they went away they wished me good night."

In these struggles the Missionary's life was imperilled, a ferocious savage, called Legaie, attempting to kill him. The people around watched to see whether he would be intimidated and shrink from the work. He became more bold. "I have been," he observes, "for some time desiring to speak to this cannibal chief. To-day the opportunity was afforded me, and I had some talk with him. This man heads the most degrading superstition this people have got; but he is a young man, and has a noble look. It will be a hard struggle if he ever sets himself to escape from the meshes of that horrid custom which he has taken upon himself to perpetuate; but I hope and pray God may give him light and strength for the conflict, and bring him, clothed and in his right mind, to the feet of Jesus."

What a contrast between the rage and fury of the angry heathen chief and the calm behaviour of the servant of God! What a yet greater contrast between his blasphemous threats

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and the sweet song of the children, "Jesus is my Saviour, for Jesus died for me; I love Jesus, because He first loved me!" All our religion and all our happiness, the motives for all our missionary work, and all our hope for this life and that which is to come, are to be found in those simple words. I wonder whether Legaie, the wicked chief who then heard them, ever learnt their meaning. Perhaps next month we shall see.

"ONE STONE."

A STORY OF THE ALPS.

ORE than forty years ago, there worked among the neglected and heathenish peasantry of the high Alps, near the French river Durance, a noble-minded and heroic pastor named Felix Neff. His was no easy missionary work; and while he preached to the people the Gospel of Christ with an ardour and amongst difficulties which brought him to an early grave, he showed them with his own hands how to make roads, build churches, cultivate their plots of ground, and live as orderly and civilized men and women.

In a wild and elevated village called Dormilleuse, which was one of the principal scenes of his labours—a village so bleak and exposed that the snows of the month of June sometimes lie long and thick—he saw it necessary to erect a building in which the religion of Christ might be taught, and worship conducted.

"Impossible!" was the exclamation; "the snow-fall will sweep it away."

"Then we must lay the foundations deep."

"The torrents of winter will overthrow it."

"Then we must make the walls strong and firm."

"It is useless to think of building when there are no materials at hand. Where will you get the stone?"

"Let every family give a man for the building, and let each man take one stone on his shoulder, and follow me," was the answer of Felix Neff, the pastor. "And whoever from the valley passes up the mountain side, be he old or young, let him take one stone and add it to the heap ere he go on his way, and there will be enough."

With which words the pastor placed one of the heaviest

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CARRYING UP THE "ONE STONE."

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stones on his own shoulders, the others did the same, and away they went with their burdens up the steep mountain side, until the bleak spot was reached, to which in time, from many Alpine villages, the children and their parents would wend their way for instruction in the religion of Jesus.

And for a long time every traveller who went that way—the father with his little son, and the young Alpine girls following their cows to pasture—remembered to carry up, sometimes, perhaps, with some difficulty, the *one stone*. And the heap grew and increased, and then fresh heaps appeared; and when all was ready, the foundations were laid deep, and the walls were made strong, and the school-church at last crowned at once the labours and hopes of the builders, and the steep ascent overlooking the valley of Dormilleuse.

Now you may already have guessed why I have told you this; for regular readers of the Missionary Green Book become very expert at finding out the application which sooner or later comes at the end of our stories. "Ah!" you will have said, "I see what it is. Missionaries are trying to build up Churches in heathen lands, and it's hard work, and there are all sorts of dangers. There are snowfalls of—let us think—what can they be? snowfalls of indifference or coldness—that must be it—which require that the foundations be laid very deep, even in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And there are winds and torrents sometimes of persecution and opposition. But at last those who are really in earnest overcome every difficulty, and the Church is built up, and the Missionary's labours are rewarded."

Very well indeed, so far as it goes! But you have left out something. *Who are to furnish the stones?* The missionary-builders, like Neff and his men, have gone before, and are doing the hardest part of the business; but you and I mustn't travel on our way through the world and forget that we may give our hands to the work as well. They may not be very strong hands, and they may not be able to take hold of very large or heavy stones; but we may each cast *one stone* on the heap, as yet sadly too small a one, of Missionary collections and Missionary effort, and so feel that we "have a share in the concern."

Some very nice examples have been furnished to us of the manner in which a number of such "one stones" (this may be bad grammar, but it makes very good sense, all the same)

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have been piled up for the general building. Thus, a clergyman, the Rev. F. Jenyns, writes:—

"It may perhaps interest some of the readers of the Green Book, and encourage them to go forward in that work which we all ought to have at heart, to know how much can be done for Missions even by infants. In the Melbourne Infant School there are always two collecting-boxes, for one is hardly sufficient. The other day we opened them, and found exactly 200 pieces of money, viz.: 1 threepenny-piece, 20 pennies, 103 halfpennies, and 76 farthings—making altogether 7*s.* 9½*d.* This may seem a small sum, but they were small and poor givers. It represents however, let it be remembered, 200 gifts; and for many years past the boxes have yielded about the same number. And, surely, if in every parish we could have 200 gifts from the *infants*, how many and how much should we have altogether for the great and blessed work to which Jesus calls us. The boxes are being filled again. Let us hope that many Infant Schools will follow the example; but not for the sake of saying how much they have done, but rather because they can say, 'We love Jesus.'"

Tiny little hands, we see, brought tiny little stones; but they made a good heap all together.

Again, an anecdote has been reported to us of a little girl of ten years old, who was very anxious indeed to earn a penny regularly, "all from herself" to put into her missionary-box, and who in a quiet country parish in Wales found it hard to derive means for doing so. Her eldest sister married, and went to live in a distant county, and this little girl proposed to write a paper of daily news and send it to her once a fortnight, that she might know the little daily occurrences at her own old home. Then she settled that it would be much more like a real newspaper if a penny were paid for it. And so the matter was arranged. The penny was earned, and into the missionary-box it went.

The last example I shall give you of the manner in which little hands may become very expert in casting "one stones" on the missionary heap, is in telling you of some children whom I know very well indeed, and who live in a pretty country rectory on the coast of Sussex.

About two years ago these four little girls, between the ages of ten and twelve, began amongst themselves, and without the help of others, a "Missionary Working-party."

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It was held twice a week, and articles of clothing were made for our Missions in North-west America and for an institution in Dublin. They obtained leave to fit up a little summer-house in the garden, which they named "Rose Cottage," where during the summer months their working-parties were held, and to which they invited any young friends who were willing to join them. At the end of the first year they sent thirty-six articles of clothing to North-west America, and some little things which they thought the children in the schools there would like as prizes, such as needle-books, pen-wipers, &c. And to Dublin they sent very nearly as many. They are now busy as ever, hoping to send a larger supply to each place. Many friends, hearing of their work, have helped them with materials; and others have kindly put something into the box always kept in "Rose Cottage" for donations of this kind. An old servant in the family, who for many years has often devoted her time as well as some of her wages to the Mission cause, gave them twelve yards of material for frocks. Seldom, I believe, do they experience greater real pleasure than when they have finished some little article of warm clothing, or still more, when they help to pack up the large parcel to be sent off.

I hope that boys as well as girls who read this story will become more earnest than ever in "putting the stone;" in doing their best by daily efforts, daily prayers, daily little self-denials, to add something to the materials with which Missionaries must be supplied who want to build up churches afar off.

If only every family could, like those of Dormilleuse, furnish a man to go forth, and, as a Missionary himself, help in the building, it would be a grand thing; but at all events we may each determine to contribute *one stone*.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1. WHAT instances do you find in the Bible of great results from small beginnings? (Example, 2 Kings v. 3, 15.)

2. In how many places do you find that, when God gave His servants special work to do, or difficulties to encounter, He gave them also the promise, "I will be with thee"?

3. What different sorts of gifts are we invited to offer unto the Lord?

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4. Where, in the Old and New Testaments, is Jesus Christ spoken of as a Light sent into the world?

5. Where are we told to spread the knowledge of Jesus wherever we can? And what men and women do we read of in the New Testament who specially set us the example of doing so?

THE BOY WHOSE NAME IS UNKNOWN.

A LETTER from the Secretary of the Bishop of Newfoundland, Feb. 24, 1868, contains the following story.

During the fearful gales of last October, in which many vessels were lost on the Labrador, a boy whose name is unknown, found himself wrecked and cast ashore on that dreary coast. While wandering in search of shelter from the drifting sleet, he met three poor little children shipwrecked like himself, crying for their parents from whom they had been parted. Although unknown to him he at once took charge of them, led them to a sheltered place among the cliffs, gathered moss for their bed, covered them with his own jacket, soothed them to sleep and watched by them all night. Rising early next morning, he left them asleep, and went to seek the father and mother. He had not gone far when he met them going in search of their children, and, after comforting them by news of their safety, and pointing out to them the nook where they lay asleep, the boy, greatly relieved at having given over his charge, parted from the parents of those whom he had saved, and went to seek for himself food and shelter.

The father and mother having found their children, hastened back with them after the boy, but his fatigues had been too great for him, and they found him lying dead upon the snow: he had saved their children, but it cost him his life! That boy with the unknown name sleeps on the far-off coast of Labrador. Perhaps, during that long night-watch in the snow and in the storm-wind, there came to his thoughts a remembrance of One who said long ago, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But this we shall never know here. Only shall not He speak to us in our comfort and in our homes, asking us what we are doing, how much we are denying ourselves, to lead the straying and the perishing to the one refuge from the storm to the only covert from the tempest, even Jesus Christ our Saviour?

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"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

The Old Year has passed, with its joys and its sorrows;
The New Year has come, with its hope and its fear:
p
And now, on the threshold of unknown to-morrows, Dear
friends, we would wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We ask not for honour, we look not for treasure,
These last but a moment—they soon disappear:
Though ours were silver and gold without measure,
Oh, *these* could not bring us A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We know not what cares may e'en now be before us,
We know not what joy or what grief may be near;
We know not which voice may be missed from our chorus
When next we shall wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

But we know that the smile of our Father in Heaven
Brings sunshine to sorrow, dispels every fear:
He will not withhold who a Saviour has given,
And oh, may *He* send you A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS; OR, THE STORY OF METLAHKATLAH.

PART II.

I.

THE FLITTING.

FTER about five years of labour at Fort Simpson, of which I should like to tell you a great deal more than is here possible, Mr. Duncan came to the conclusion that, on account of the influx of miners for gold, who make Fort Simpson their winter head-quarters, and who, sad to say, have too often anything but the golden rule as their rule of life, it was necessary for him to remove his Mission, and the Indians belonging to it, to a place called Metlahkatlah, about twenty miles south, and also on the coast.

So, after the school had been taken down, and its materials sent off on rafts to the new place, on the 27th of May, 1862, the flitting was accomplished. In England the Great Exhibition had just been opened with gay and grand procession; but perhaps it may hereafter be found that the simple water procession of the six canoes, which on that May morning launched forth for the new ground of Metlahkatlah, contained the seeds of more important results than any belonging to the gay doings then going forward in merry England. Here is Mr. Duncan's report of the landing:—

"We arrived at our new home on the 28th of May, at 2 P.M. The Indians whom I had sent on before with the raft I found hard at work, clearing ground and sawing plank. They had carried all the raft up from the beach, excepting a few heavy beams; erected two temporary houses; and had planted about four bushels of potatoes for me. Every night we assembled, a happy family, for singing and prayer. I gave an address on each occasion from some portion of scriptural truth suggested to me by the events of the day."

Soon a model Christian village had sprung up, which Mr. Duncan, now master of the Tsimshean language, and, still better, master of the hearts of his Indian people, directed and regulated. The following notices sound something like progress:—

"We have succeeded in erecting a strong and useful building, capable of containing at least 600 people, which

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we use as a church and school. We held our first meeting in this building on the night it was finished, the 20th of December last, our meetings till this being in the open air, or in my log cottage. Under these circumstances, we met three times every Sunday, and once every week-day evening, for religious instruction and worship.

"On the 6th of February we commenced our first public work, viz. making a road round the village. This will take us some time to complete, as the ground is very uneven, and much of it wooded. I propose, after the road is conveniently finished, to set about building, out of our public fund, two good-sized houses for the accommodation of strange Indians when they come to trade with us, and thus prevent the interference with domestic comfort and improvement arising to the villagers from these visits under the old system. I have other public works in view, such as fixing proper rests for canoes when unemployed, laying slides for moving canoes on the beach and into the water at low tides; also for sinking wells and procuring pumps for public use, &c. I feel, also, that it is of vast importance to seek out profitable employment for those with me, and thus keep them away from those labour-markets which exhibit temptations too strong and vices too fascinating for the Indian, in his present morally infantile condition, to withstand. Hence, I have already measured out and registered over 100 plots of ground for gardens, situated in various parts of the channel in which we are settled. These the Indians are anxious to cultivate."

II.

"A HOLD OF THE LADDER WHICH REACHES TO HEAVEN."

A church and roads were great signs of advance in the Christian village of Metlahkatlah; but still greater were the proofs showing that the true Church of Christ, made up of those who love Jesus and have come to Him as their Saviour, and the road to God, concerning which he says "*I am the way*," were being found by many poor Indians led by the Holy Spirit's teaching. Here is a story of one who thus found Christ Jesus to be his Saviour in time of need:

"Stephen Ryan, one of the first baptized at Fort Simpson, died in a most distressing condition, so far as the body is concerned. Away from every one he loved, in a little bark

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"A HOLD OF THE LADDER WHICH REACHES TO HEAVEN."

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hut on a rocky beach just beyond the reach of the tide, which no one of his relatives or friends dared to approach except the one who nursed him: in this damp, lonely, distressing state, suffering from the malignant disease of small-pox, how cheering to receive such words as the following from him: 'I am quite happy. I find my Saviour very near me. I am not afraid to die: heaven is open to receive me. Give my thanks to Mr. Duncan; he told me of Jesus. I have a hold of the ladder that reaches to heaven. All Mr. Duncan taught me I now feel to be true.' Then, saying that he wished to be carried to his relatives, his words were, 'Do not weep for me. You are poor, being left: I am not poor; I am going to heaven. My Saviour is very near to me. Do all of you follow me to heaven. Let not one of you be wanting. Tell my mother more clearly the way of life: I am afraid she does not yet understand the way. Tell her not to weep for me, but to get ready to die: be all of one heart, and live in peace.' Much more of what he said I might write, but the above is sufficient to show that he triumphed over death and slept in Jesus."

Oh that every one who reads these pages may, like the Red Indian of Metlahkatlah, have "a hold of the ladder that reaches to heaven!"

III.

THE BISHOP AND THE CHIEF.

In April 1863, nearly a year after the flitting from Fort Simpson, the Bishop of Columbia paid a visit to Metlahkatlah, now a village of well-built cottages containing more than 600 Indians. Here is his report:

"It was my office to examine a number of these Indians for baptism. I was several days engaged in the work. One day I was engaged from eight in the morning till one o'clock the next morning. It was the last day I had, and they pressed on continually to be examined. Night and darkness came. The Indians usually go to bed with the sun, but now they turned night into day, in order that they might be 'fixed in God's ways,' they said. 'Any more Indians?' I kept saying, as eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve o'clock, and one o'clock came: and there were always more Indians wishing to be 'fixed' on God's side. I shall never forget the scene. The little oil-lamp was not enough to dispel the gloom or

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darkness of the room, but its light was sufficient to cast a reflection on the countenance of each Indian as he or she sat before me. The Indian countenance is usually inexpressive of emotion; but now, when they spoke of prayer and trust in God, there was the uplifted eye, and evident fervour; and when they spoke of their sins, there was a downcast look, the flush came and went on their cheeks, and the big tear frequently coursed from their eyes. Their whole hearts seemed to speak out in their countenances."

But one Indian Chief comes out conspicuous among the rest. This man, the principal chief, has made greater sacrifices than any other. He has left his tribe and all his greatness. Although largely bribed to return, he has stood fast. Once ferocious in his temper, he now bears patiently the ridicule of his friends, and returns kindness.

In his answers to the Bishop he thus expresses himself:—"I want to take hold on God. I believe in God the Father, who made all things, and in Jesus Christ. I constantly cry for my sins when I remember them. I pray to God to wipe out my sins. I am anxious to walk in God's ways all my life. If I turn back it will be more bitter than before."

Later on, to his companions he says: "I am a chief, a Tsimshean Chief. You know I have been bad, very bad, as bad as any one here. I have grown up and grown old in sin, but God has changed my heart, and He can change yours. Think not to excuse yourselves in your sins by saying you are too old and too bad to mend. Nothing is impossible with God. Come to God: try His way: He can save you." He then exhorted all "to taste God's way, to give their hearts to Him."

What is his name? O how wonderful, to see at the feet of Jesus and in his right mind, Legaie, the cruel, blood-stained chief, who less than five years before had, in the newly-built school-house, attempted Mr. Duncan's life, and who now, with the humility of a little child, cries for his sins, and seeks to lay them on Him who died on Calvary; and who long ago gave to the penitent thief the royal promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise"

IV.

TWO SUNDAYS AT METLAHKATLAH.

Six months after the Bishop's report, and in November 1863, a Missionary, the Rev. R. Dundas, paid Mr. Duncan

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a visit, and gives the following account of his stay at Metlahkatlah :—

"We went to Mr. Duncan's house. It is solidly built of large square timbers. We went next into his school-chapel, an immense circular building, some sixty feet in diameter, capable of holding about 700. Like English children, the young Indians, I dare say, prefer play to work. We stood at the door and watched them on the shingle below playing prisoner's base. At the sound of a gong they all hurried up to the school—of all ages and sizes from fourteen downwards. They ranged themselves in order, boys on one side, girls on the other, and, led by Mr. Duncan, sang most beautifully. They sang several catches in three parts. Some had beautiful voices, and certainly their performance was quite equal to thoroughly good national schools at home.

"Afterwards we went through the village, entering several houses. Almost everywhere the same neatness and order were perceptible, the exception being, generally, new comers, still heathen; for, as I told you, any Indian is received as a resident who conforms to the laws laid down by Mr. Duncan, and renounces all heathen practices.

"*Oct.* 25: *Lord's-day.*—It was a pretty sight to see the whole population, old and young, at the sound of the bell thronging to worship God. No need to lock doors, for there is no one to enter the empty houses. Every soul is assembled in the one place, and for one purpose. As they entered, the men took the right and the women the left hand of the great circular hall. I was surprised to learn from Mr. Duncan afterwards that he had never bidden them to do this; they seemed to have adopted the arrangement instinctively.

"Service began with a hymn in Tsimshean. He led with his concertina. The air was very plaintive and beautiful—sung by some 200 voices, men, women, and children: it thrilled through me. Then followed prayers in Tsimshean, at the close of which all joined in the Lord's Prayer in English. Then followed a chant—one of the Psalms he had translated and taught them—to a fine old Gregorian. His address, or sermon, of nearly an hour, was upon the story of Martha and Mary. His manner and gesticulation were animated and striking, very much after their own style. Their attention never seemed to flag

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throughout. He asked me to address them, which I did, shortly, upon their present light as compared with their past darkness, and the difficulties they must expect in their new course of Christian discipleship. Mr. Duncan interpreted for me.

"Before separating, they sang again in Tsimshean a sort of sacred air, which seemed familiar to me, and was exquisitely beautiful. I found afterwards it was the anthem, 'I will arise, and go to my Father,' somewhat altered, and made more Indian in its character. It suited their voices admirably. I closed with a short prayer in English, and pronounced the Benediction.

"The service was most striking. It was hard to realize that three years ago these all had been sunk in the deepest heathenism, with all its horrible practices. What hours, what whole nights of wrestling in prayer, have been spent by this single-minded faithful servant of God, in humble supplication that He might 'see of the travail of his soul!' and how has he been answered! There is nothing too hard for the Lord.

"On the Tuesday the examination of the candidates for baptism took place, and on the next Sunday, November 1, fifty-two candidates were baptized.

"At the proper point in the service, one by one, the candidates stepped forward in front of the assembled congregation. Mr. Duncan called up each by his heathen name. In answer to my request, 'Name this person,' he gave the new Christian name, and by it I baptized him 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' As I held the hand of each while receiving him, or her, into the Church of Christ, and signing him with the sign of the Cross, I could often feel that they trembled with deep emotion, and on returning one by one to their places each knelt down in silent prayer."

Oh, if in Christian England our Church services were always as earnestly attended, we should have holier and better Sundays upon which to look back. Would you not like to hear those two hundred voices, once raised in shouts and horrible cries at cannibal feasts, now sweetly singing "the power of Jesu's name?"

I think you will agree with me that, if it were possible, you would like to spend a Sunday in Metlahkatlah.

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V.

THE LAST LINK IN THE GIRDLE WHICH GOES ROUND THE WORLD.

The golden girdle of Missions has been, as it were, clasped by the Christian settlement of which I have been writing to you. If you had looked twelve years ago at a map of British Columbia, you might have said that you perceived in its fair tract of country a missing link — no Protestant Missionary having there set up the white flag of Peace. Now if you were to start from Ningpo, in China, and travel westward, you would find all round this globe of ours links —often sadly far apart, but still bound together by the strong cord of the love of Christ—golden links, in the form of Christian Protestant Missions, the last of which we call Metlahkatlah.

Here is a picture from the pen of another visitor, the Dean of Victoria in Vancouver's Island, of our village as it is now :—

"The site of Metlahkatlah is happily chosen. It was the ancient winter station of the Tsimshean tribes. Large and lofty islands, some fifteen or twenty miles distant, form a breakwater against the violence of the Pacific Ocean. In front of the village is another island, forming an open channel, about half a mile wide, beautifully studded with smaller islands, on which are situated the gardens of the inhabitants. Gentle slopes in the rear are capable of being converted into verdant inclosures, or, according to Mr. Duncan's present intentions, Village Green and Common; and there is land enough in the neighbourhood for agriculture on a more extended scale. Though the climate is moist, and corn will not ripen, most vegetables grow in abundance.

"Almost every convenience and comfort can be obtained from the shop, which is plentifully stored with goods, a facility which is extensively embraced by the inhabitants. A soap manufactory, saw-mill, blacksmiths' and shoemakers' shops, are being, or are about to be, constructed, the machinery and appliances being on the spot. I have attended a wedding, and other feasts. The room was decorated, and the table spread with good but simple vianda. Speeches were made, and arrangements usual at home were followed with great propriety. It is a picturesque scene to see on a Sunday the whole village turning out in their best

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attire, and converging in two lines to the common centre, the church. It was like a dream to remember what many of them were once.

"The interior of the Mission House presents an aspect of neatness, order, and activity. There are fourteen boarders, and the various departments of household work allotted to them they carry out, not as menials, but as pupils of industry. I have more than once visited the dormitory unexpectedly, and found everything in order, and nothing in the air or aspect of the room to offend the most fastidious. Each girl has her own recess, and many of these are prettily ornamented. I have seen scarcely any jars among the boarders, and few cases deserving serious reproof.

"Without the language, in which Mr. Duncan thinks and dreams as well as speaks, this could not be. Fancy trying to move the feelings of an English child in French or German! But with their native tongue, tinctured with the accents of Christian love, the Missionary goes straight to their hearts. One day Mr. Duncan brought before me (whom he generally addressed in all such cases) two girls for a fault. One, being innocent, was released; for the other I interceded, and not in vain. He spoke to her for some time without apparent effect. At last he reminded her that she was an orphan, without a friend in the world except within those walls. The poor girl could not withstand this appeal: I saw her frame shake with emotion, and she sobbed with all the sensibility of an English girl."

We could tell you many more stories of Metlahkatlah, but our space will not permit us to do so, and we must conclude with this farewell picture of the village beside the sea. Only one word before we have done. It may be that even now you hear people casting doubts as to the truth of the Bible, and the reality and happiness of Jesus Christ's religion. Well, you have in the story which you have been reading an answer, and it is only one of hundreds of thousands which might be produced.

What has the knowledge of Jesus done for Metlahkatlah? What for Legaie, the cannibal chief? What for the cruel and wicked medicine-men who practised horrible and revolting rites? Here is a proof of what the love of Christ can now in our own day effect. Such changes as these show you what the message, which I hope you help to send out, will bring about. It now makes the wilderness and

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the solitary place to blossom as the rose; and it has even now, and, as it were, before our eyes, brought order and peace and happiness to the emerald fields where the Red Indian makes his home, and to the far-off shore on which for ever rise and fall the blue waves of the deep Pacific.

"IT IS LIFE! IT IS LIFE!"

YOU will remember the account in our Christmas Number of the "Green Book" of the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer to Ibadan, in West Africa, and to their native converts.

A year and a half later—only last summer—it pleased God that severe sickness should visit their Mission, by which many were carried off. Of this time Mrs. Hinderer writes as follows:—"We buried seven in that short season; but they had, by the grace of God, been led out of heathen darkness to lay hold on eternal life. To live day after day by those beds of suffering, and to witness the faith, the hope, the trust in Christ as their Saviour, the thankfulness that they were going to dwell with Him, made us feel thankful to have been permitted to bear the burden and heat of the day for such a sight as this.

Since then others have gone in like precious faith—lately, a young girl of fifteen—proving that

> "Dim or unheard the Word may fall,
> But yet the Heaven-taught mind
> Will learn the sacred air."

She was such a silent, reserved girl; we really never knew whether she listened to anything or cared for it. But she was ever in her place at classes or services, and quietly diligent in her home duties; though no word of what she thought or felt about religion could be obtained.

But in her illness it was as if the string of her tongue were loosed, and she did indeed speak plain. There was a pouring forth of her heart—of her love and gratitude to Jesus for all He had done for her—thanks to all who had taught her—and encouragement to us all to go on sowing the good seed, though we might not see it grow so much as we wish. She said she was sure much went into people's hearts which did not show out yet.

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Her father is one of the most sincere and valuable Christians we have. How this young girl encouraged and comforted him! And how earnest were her exhortations to her brothers! To others she gave words of solemn warning. To one, "I must tell you something,—I am near death. You will let me tell you? You have only carried your foot to God's house, not your heart. Do pray for God's Holy Spirit to lead you in the true way. It is life! It is life!"

Will you, as you read this, ask whether the words of that dying African girl apply to you or not? Do you carry your heart as well as your foot to the house of God? Have you laid your sins on Jesus? Have you lifted up your hands to take hold of the free pardon which He lets down to you from heaven? If not, let me entreat you in her last words, "Do pray for God's Spirit to lead you in that true way. *It is life! It is life!*"

"HOW COLD IT IS!"

"AS the days lengthen the cold strengthens." So says the proverb. And we call it very wintry when, in February,

> "The wind whistles cold, and the stars glimmer red,
> The flocks are in fold, and the cattle in shed."

We are glad to wrap ourselves up in furs, if we can get them; and it is well to keep the heart warm to keep the cold out.

But if those same furs could tell us their story, it would be of something like winter; of that pleasant climate of North West America in which people have to kill their winter food in the autumn, that the frost may take the trouble of preserving it for them through the winter; in which you are liable to lose your nose or your fingers suddenly, if unprotected from that same frost; and in which brave men, whose love and faith do not freeze like everything around them, carry to the poor American Indians that good news of the love of Jesus Christ our Lord which at all times brings a glad summer to the heart.

Mr. Horden, of whose journey to his station at Moose Fort—a great place for the fur trade—you read in our number for last October, has sent us some sketches of Indian life. The first of these which we insert is called—

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"THE INDIAN IN WINTER."

I am now going to tell you about the occupation of the Indian, and of the house he lives in when the north wind threatens with destruction whatever is exposed to its icy fury. No substantially built house protects him. His home is the ever-changing tent, both when the sun pours down his fiercest rays and when the clouds give forth their snowy treasures.

In the fall of the year most of the Indians come to wish me good-bye. I dismiss them with a prayer for their spiritual and bodily safety. Their absence will be a long one.

Let us accompany one of them. Take with you a bundle of clothes and blankets, axe, twine for snaring rabbits, gun, kettles, &c., and do not forget your Bible and Prayer-book.

There in the water stands the canoe, made of the bark of the birch-tree. In it we place all our baggage and provisions, and into it we all get. The frail vessel is deeply loaded, so sit steadily, or we shall have an upset.

Towards evening we get ashore, go to the woods and cut down about twenty poles nine feet long. With these we erect the frame of our house, which is circular, large at the bottom, and small at the top, where all the poles meet. Over this we place either large pieces of bark, or a large covering of deer-skin. A floor is soon made of the brush of the pine-tree and some dry wood: the fire is lighted, and soon the kettles are boiling for supper.

Well! it is really more comfortable than I had anticipated, and by and by, after commending ourselves to God's care, we wrap a blanket around us, and are soon still further wrapped in as sound a sleep as if we were lying on a bed of down.

We are up with the early morning, and are soon off again, for we have far to go. Two days bring us to our fishing station, where we shall remain a while, catching and drying fish for the winter.

But before long snow falls heavily. Winter is actually upon us; the river is frozen, and the canoe therefore useless. We remain a few days longer to prepare our sledges and snow-shoes. Those ready, we put the snow-shoes on, pack all our luggage on our sledges, and on and on we march until we reach our hunting-grounds.

Where we find good indications of rabbits, there we make our tent, digging away the snow with our snow-shoes until we reach the ground. We now put up our tent, and pack

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the snow well around it, so as to keep out the cold as much as possible.

And now we are fairly launched in winter's duties. We go first with the women, see a large quantity of wood collected for firing, and then, with axe and twine, start off to set two or three hundred snares for catching rabbits. In a day or two we go over the snares and take out all the rabbits caught in them. Sad, sad is the condition of the Indian when rabbits fail.

But now for the men. What are they doing? They are just going off seeking furs; for fur-hunting is the winter occupation of the Indian. Go with him; but you will need all your strength and energy; for we are to go far, to seek the beaver. On our way we set up many wooden traps for the marten or sable, one of our most valuable furs. Arrived at the beaver-house, we set to work. It is built on a creek, with a hole in the bottom through which the beavers can plunge into the water. We shut up the creek to prevent the escape of the animals; then break through the house with chisels, and draw out the poor industrious creatures, who had little dreamt of such a destructive invasion. It is cruel work. A blow with an axe puts them out of misery; all are at once lashed to the sledges, and we set off on our way homeward. We visit all our marten traps, and at last, tired and hungry, we enter our tent.

Happily, we here find rest and food. Here is a heap of rabbits the women have caught. They now take our beavers and skin them. One of them is thrown into the kettle with some rabbits; and presently a savoury dish, smoking hot, is placed before you. Don't say you cannot eat beaver. A hunter's food is whatever comes to hand, even if it be a cat or a fox.

We seek all sorts of animals; ermines, otters, minks, bears. But it is not always that there is a sufficiency. On many mornings during the winter you have perhaps no breakfast before starting on your rounds; and on some evenings you go supperless to bed; and the keen wintry blast makes the appetite keen likewise, and hunger's pangs are sharp indeed. The wearers of the fine warm furs in England little imagine the privations of those engaged in procuring them.

But winter is passing away; warm, sunny days sometimes gladden our hearts. Our hunting-season is over; for the animals, no longer requiring them, throw off their great-coats,

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PREPARING FOR SUPPER.

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that is, they lose their fine thick fur, and are therefore of no value.

Let us take our packs then, and return once more to the Factory, where our furs will procure us English food and English clothing, where we shall meet our friends, from whom we have been so long separated, where, too, we shall again hear the church-going bell, enter the house of God, and mingle our voices with those of the congregation in praising our Father for mercies received, and in imploring His protection for the future. J. H.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

GENESIS.

1. How do you prove from the New Testament that Gen. iii. 15, contains a prophecy of Jesus Christ? And where do we find in the Old and New Testaments that He was to be a Saviour for all nations?

2. What story in the New Testament history may we contrast with that of the Tower of Babel in the Old Testament? And to people of what different nations do we find that the Gospel was preached after Christ's ascension?

3. On what four occasions in his life did Jacob "raise up a stone for a pillar"? And, at the place where the last was raised up, what great event happened which concerns every people and tribe and nation?

4. Gen. xlix. 10. Show from the Gospels that the sceptre departed from Judah when Jesus came. Where did He say that He would draw all men unto Him, and how does He do so? And where in the Revelation do we read that the prophecy shall be fully accomplished, "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be?"

THE BELL-BIRD.

This pretty little bird is, perhaps, more numerous than any other in the interior of Australia. A recent traveller writes thus: "Never did its note fall on our ears there but

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as the harbinger of good, for never did we hear this bird but we were sure to find water nigh at hand, and many a time has it raised my drooping spirits, and those of my companions, when in almost hopeless search for that, to us, invaluable element."

The little bell-bird always flies to water at sunset, and its ringing note proclaims to all around where the precious treasure may be had.

THE BIRD WHICH CALLS TO THE WATER.

When far in the West the red sun is descending,
When the flowers on the breeze breathe a sigh for the rain,
When, seeking for water, the traveller is wending
His wearisome way o'er the summer-dried plain,
A clear note comes ringing
Its glad promise bringing,
A message of hope never sounded in vain.

No longer seek sadly in channel and hollow
The draught which so fain the lone traveller would see;
But the clear-sounding note of the sunset-bird follow,
It will guide to the stream flowing freshly and free:
The bell-bird is calling,
And water is falling,
Is falling, O travel-worn wanderer, for thee.

Afar thro' the world there roam, helpless and friendless,
Souls thirsting for water, hearts weary with care;
Till some guiding-note reach them their search must be endless;
To the waters of life let us bid them repair:
The daylight is going,
But the fountain is flowing,
And all who are weary its blessings may share.

"Oh, wandering and helpless ones, come to the waters!"
Let the cry echo forth to each far distant shore:
"The fountain is here for your sons and your daughters,
Come now, ere the sunlight of welcome be o'er!
Full, free, and for ever
Flows life's brimming river,
Who comes unto Jesus shall never thirst more!"

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THE SORROWS OF A SISTER ISLAND.

I.

MAURITIUS.

NOT *the* Sister Island—for we do not desire to take from Ireland her claim to the nearest and closest relationship to our own England—but a Sister Island still, whose sorrows should lead us to claim kinship with her more than ever, and to stretch out our hands towards her with deepest sympathy and concern.

Poor Mauritius! It is a long way off. If you find Africa on the map and cross to Madagascar, and if from the east of Madagascar you draw a line representing between six and seven hundred miles, you will find it as a little dot on the map. Its size is about that of the county of Herts in England; and we English have owned it only since 1810, when we took it from the French, who succeeded the Dutch, who followed the Portuguese, who discovered it in the year 1505.

A good many owners, you will say, for this little piece of island property. But these have not been so numerous as are now the different kinds of inhabitants collected together within it, inhabitants so various as almost to seem as if Mauritius were a storeroom in the midst of the sea containing samples of all sorts of nations kept on hand for inspection.

In the first place, the Dutch carried off troops of natives from Madagascar, whom they forced to labour in their plantations. This slave-traffic was pursued more than ever under the French rule; and they increased the supply by seizing bands of poor Africans, who were employed in the same manner. The descendants of these African and Malagasy captives are as many as 40,000. They are called Creoles, and are now the natives, so to speak, of Mauritius, generally holding little allotments of their own under the protection of the free flag of England.

Far more numerous are the coolies from all parts of India. Of these there are about 230,000. These poor people, brought over as hired labourers, and engaging to serve for a term of years on the sugar plantations, are wofully ignorant and degraded. Most urgent is their need of teachers able to hold converse with them in their own language.

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Besides these are many Chinamen, almost every hamlet having its Chinese storekeeper; there are Mahometans and Parsees, Arabs and Abyssinians, and last, but not least, a large number of English and French inhabitants, who hold almost all the important positions in the island, the latter being generally descended from the French families established as merchants and planters before gallant General Abercromby added Mauritius to our British possessions.

I think that before I finish telling you of the population of Mauritius, estimated altogether at about 310,000, I ought to introduce you to a race of inhabitants which cannot be numbered. These are the *white ants*. The Bishop of Mauritius, who writes about the beautiful trees, the cocoanuts and the tamarinds, the palms, the ferns, and the aloes, says: "The large number of bare trees, which looked as if blasted by lightning or stripped and shattered by whirlwinds, are really eaten by white ants. The large nests of the ants near the top of them presented a very strange appearance."

A corrupt sort of French is the common language of the Mauritius, into which after a time the new comers seem to fall.

Thus I have told you a little about this lonely island in the Indian Ocean. I hope you will not think that you are being treated to a page of Geography out of school hours; but will rather agree with me, that one likes to know something of a place from the beginning before hearing later accounts of its people and their doings.

II.

"MOTHER! MOTHER!"

How sad at all times is the sound of the word *orphan!* But in England a sort of special protection is extended to those who have lost father and mother, and who have to meet the battle of life alone. To two classes of orphans in the island of Mauritius there belong tales of peculiar sorrow and desolation.

The first are the children of those poor Indian coolie labourers of whom you read as being brought over to work on the sugar plantations. They are particularly exposed to the effects of climate and sickness, and the numbers yearly carried off by death are very large. Their poor children,

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had they no friends to care for them, would indeed be in a pitiable state. Many years ago, however, their forlorn condition drew the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Ansorgé, Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and to as many as possible they endeavoured to supply the places of father and mother, while seeking at the same time to lead them to the Father of the fatherless, who had so loved them as to send His own Son to die for them.

About nine years ago, the Governor of Mauritius, Sir William Stevenson, was so struck with the miserable condition of the coolie orphans and with the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Ansorgé were enabled to care for them, that he called his Council together to think how they might be assisted.

Now it so happened, that a certain large building, called Powder Mills, near a place in the north of the island bearing the odd name of Pamplemousses, seemed the very thing for an Orphan Asylum; and on the 6th of September, 1860, these premises, granted for the purpose by Sir William, were taken possession of by Mr. and Mrs. Ansorgé and their orphan family, and ever since there have been generally from two to three hundred children within its walls.

These may be divided into two classes. The first, the children of the Indian coolies; the second, a class calling even more for pity and aid—children stolen from East Africa, liberated from the slave-ships by English cruisers, and transferred at last to the very best possible place for them, the home at Powder Mills.

For you must remember, that though the slave-trade has been abolished by all nations of respectability, there yet haunt the shores of Africa, like unclean birds of prey, cruel slave-ships, whose crews, seizing suddenly on the defenceless natives, and often upon little children, carry them off from their homes and families, stow them away in their holds, and of those who survive the horrors of the sea-passage make merchandise in certain colonies where such evil traffic is still tolerated.

In order to check these bad doings, what is called a mutual right of search was agreed upon in 1833 between the powers of England and France, which agreement has since been joined in by other nations. This means that a captain, if from his ship he spies a suspicious-looking craft skulking away from the African coast, and apparently

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seeking to double out of sight—like a boy who has been stealing and is getting out of the way of the policeman as fast as he can—may overtake it, and board it; and should fettered slaves be found in the hold, may take them under his protection until he has it in his power to set them free.

Bishop Ryan of Mauritius, who in 1861 visited the Orphan Asylum at Powder Mills, says of the little ones thus rescued: "I do not know that of all the sad and harrowing accounts I have heard or read of the slave-trade any came to my mind with such thrilling effect as the simple description of the poor children who were placed at the home at Powder Mills, after being rescued from the slave-ship, and whom no one could comfort in their wailing for their mothers, from whom they had been stolen. The account of their capture, as given by themselves to the African interpreter, was heart-rending. Until he came, no one knew what they wanted. '*Amai! Amai!*' was their unceasing wail, and it was found that the word meant *mother*. Some negroes whom I saw the next morning confirmed the account of their grief at capture. They told me how sacks were put over their heads, or flour thrust into their mouths, to prevent their crying out—how children were seized on the road and taken away into the jungle, and then 'papa, mamma, come about roads for children, but not find them.'"

Having obtained a sort of dictionary containing many East African words, the Bishop approached the gallery on which these slave-children were seated to try it. "I began," he writes; "there was a mass of heavy, inanimate-looking, depressed faces. The moment that I pronounced some of the words, it was as if an electric flash had passed over them. The glad smile, the glistening eyes, the white teeth, the wondering attention, made us feel that we had the key to their minds.

"When the word for *father* was given, it was most touching to see the eager, grateful looks with which they all pointed to Mr. Ansorgé; and when the word '*mother*' was pronounced they did the same to Mrs. Ansorgé."

Happy must be their work who have taught these poor little rescued ones the meaning of the sacred words "Father! Mother!"

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"IT WAS AS IF AN ELECTRIC FLASH HAD PASSED OVER THEM."

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III.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

You would like to know what you would see could you yourself visit Powder Mills. As this is out of your power, let me give you the description which Bishop Ryan wrote on occasion of this same visit in 1861 :—

'Powder Mills Asylum, May 4th.

"Yesterday, Friday, I visited this Institution. It was indeed an interesting visit, and full of encouragement.

On passing the gate of the premises I found on the right hand, where there was nothing before but a small shed used as a carpenters' shop, and one adjoining for the blacksmiths, a large new building of three storeys, with accommodation on the ground floor for the residence of two teachers. On the first storey there is sleeping accommodation for forty children; and above that again for twenty-five. Beyond this house a large and elegant iron shed, where vigorous carpentering was going on, and beyond that a spacious forge; still further to the right a set of out-houses for the attendants. Between these and the old buildings, a new hospital; behind the hospital, garden ground allotted to the children at their own request, nicely fenced in by them, and carefully cultivated. Mr. Ansorgé had cheerfully resigned two of the rooms which had been given for his own dwelling, and all were filled, by the increase in the number of the pupils.

A body of tailors and one of basket-makers (boys) filled the verandah, and in the girls' room there were thirty-three (the larger portion Indian), all of whom, except the youngest, were employed in sewing. I took upon me to look at the sewing, especially that of the poor little Africans. It was surprising to me to see what they could do, after what I had heard of their savage state when they landed. The singing was most touching, especially 'From Egypt lately come,' which the Indian orphans sang 'From *India* lately come.' The first classes, boys and girls, read well in English, and answered questions admirably. In their Indian language they seemed to read with great fluency and emphasis. I feel truly thankful that such success has attended the earnest and persevering care for these poor orphans."

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IV.

THE FEVER.

Almost exactly a year ago Mauritius was visited by a hurricane, so tremendous in its power as to leave ruin and desolation behind it, even as if it had been overrun by a conquering enemy.

But a fiercer hurricane has raged over the far-off island even than that which blew down churches and houses on the terrible 12th of March.

A terrible fever—for an account of which we are once more indebted to Mrs. Ansorgé, who, though herself shattered by its effects, has exerted herself to write on behalf of her orphan children—brought yet greater desolation and sorrow with it to the Orphan Asylum at Powder Mills. And yet the letter is not all sorrow. You will see that the Father of the orphans has not forgotten to give His little ones songs in the night, and that even from the depths of sorrow the voice of praise and love has been ascending from the children of the Mauritius to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Powder Mills, Mauritius, Septemoer 16, 1868.

"Three years ago India was visited by a terrible famine, and as Mauritius received nearly all the provisions it required from India, this affected us and the Orphan Asylum most nearly. The coolies coming to Mauritius were almost all famine-stricken, and the poor orphan children sent to the Asylum during that time were in the most pitiful state, some so thoroughly wasted that the utmost care could not save them. The devotion of our elder girls to the poor wretched little babies is worthy to be recorded, though I cannot here name any one. All came up to the utmost of what can be expected from any child.

"The prices for the plainest provisions rose so high in Mauritius, that even those Indians who had served their term and were independent could scarcely afford the necessary food: so that many a little wasted figure found its way to the Asylum, where there was always the greeting of plenty and a hearty welcome.

"I mention these facts, as we cannot help connecting them with the following still more terrible years.

"The fever, which commenced in the latter months of 1866, found the poor Indians and Creoles really victims, exhausted

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as they already were by famine. Fever we always have had in Mauritius: but the exhausted state of the poorer classes, and the almost total absence of quinine, the most precious fever-remedy, soon spread the fever, which rose so fearfully in the beginning of 1867, that within a few months thousands and thousands passed away. During those terrible months, whose pen shall ever be able to describe their horrors, or rather, their agonies? The Indians and poorer Creoles are in the habit of building small miserable huts of wood, or straw, or the dry leaves of the sugar-cane, in very secluded places; sometimes huts quite single, sometimes in small clusters of three, four, or larger numbers. When these lonely huts were visited by the fever, there was often not a soul left to nurse the sufferers, or even to fetch a drop of water for them.

"I am of course writing of the fever-stricken parts, of which Port Louis and Pamplemousses were the centre. Our poor Asylum is close to Pamplemousses, and only six miles from Port Louis, so we had a very full share of it. During that time daily admission into the Asylum took place. Come and follow me to the last that has just entered the Asylum gates. Ah! you cannot look into it, it is too high for that. But I will tell you that two boys and two girls are in the cart; they look more like skeletons than living beings. A large, eager crowd of Asylum children has assembled in the meantime. Being near the cart, I ask the eldest boy where they come from; but his teeth chatter with fever; so, without waiting for me, the elder boys in the crowd carry him to the hospital, the girls take possession of the baby skeleton, and the policeman in charge of the pitiful cart-load tells me their story. The two eldest were found begging in the Pamplemousses road; the policeman asked them where their father and mother were, and told the children he would go home with them if they would tell him the way. Coming to the hut, the man found two corpses, quite decomposed, the poor baby still seeking nourishment from its mother. So the policeman went for a cart and brought us the poor sufferers; but two of them passed away before many hours were over, and the other two also died after repeated attacks of fever.

"The devotion of the children at the Asylum to their fellow-sufferers is beyond all praise. Soon we had none but convalescents or sick ones; but those who were at all able to sit up always most cheerfully helped those who could not. The elder boys never declined to accompany Mr. Ansorgé or Mr.

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Farmer (now in England) on their visiting rounds to the neighbouring huts, if their inhabitants were too ill to come for help, and yet would have perished but for timely aid. The boys, besides taking medicine and nourishment, fetched water and put it near to the often solitary sick one in a hut. Others, shuddering, and with chattering teeth, kept up the fire under the large boiler in which a large supply of good strong beef-tea was always kept ready. Others helped in nursing. None seemed afraid, none got tired; and though we buried 109 out of our 300 children, there was no panic among the rest. One and all, they put their shoulders to the wheel to make the machine work swiftly and efficiently, to relieve those who suffered. Of course, we always found sympathy more alive when any of the elder children were taken ill, as these elder ones are truly the friends and nurses of the little ones.

"During that horrible time of anxiety and agony we had not even time to observe closely those who were able to be up. School was always kept up, not for the sake of the learning, but Mr. Ansorgé considered that the leaving off school would be more unsettling and discouraging than anything else.

"After Mr. Farmer had left, the new master came one morning to Mr. Ansorgé and said, 'What I enjoy most is the clear but subdued prayers which are uttered above me, often even late at night.'

"On inquiring we found that a number of boys, whose dormitory is above Mr. B.'s, were in the habit of conducting evening prayers. The head boy said he had asked the others whether they would join him in prayers, and soon the number increased so, that they came down into the girls' schoolroom (which is in the first storey of Mr. B.'s house, and the boys' dormitory in the second), lighted the lamp, and had prayers there. No sooner was this discovered than we found that all in the different rooms did the same.

"You may be used to such sights in England, yet I would wish you to see this for one evening. Standing in our verandah, we command a view of all the windows in the dormitories, with the exception of the abovementioned one. We need not stand long after eight o'clock, for at nine the bell rings for lights to be put out, and then only the dim night-lights remain. The brilliant light through every window-pane has a beautiful effect: and, while we stand, hark!

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in one of the rooms they strike up the Evening Hymn. This is like a signal. Room after room (and now there are nine dormitories) follows. Each room, or rather each leader, chooses a favourite hymn; and soon, in the intensely still and quiet evening air, rises up from a chorus of children's voices the praise of Him who does not despise the little black children, but who looks down and gives His blessing on them."

Would you not have liked to have stood in that verandah and listened?

And now, when we hear and read of Mauritius, we shall all feel that its missions and its orphans are not strangers to us. Shall we not learn from the stories of sorrow which have come to us from its tree-clad hills, to be very, very thankful, for all the blessings of our own dear England, for all the happiness of freedom, for all the comforts of our homes? Shall not we seek to join our hearts with those of the orphans in prayer and thanksgiving? And shall we not pray that God will comfort "in all times of her tribulation" our far-off sister island?

THE SCHOOL WHICH OPENED WITHOUT ANY SCHOLARS.

HE following letter from Calcutta will be an encouragement to all those who, on first setting to work, may be cast down by want of success:—

My dear Young Friends,

When I left England, now almost four years ago, a gentleman, who takes great interest in the Green Book, asked me to write something for it occasionally. This I promised to do, but I have been a long time, you see, in fulfilling my promise.

I shall begin by telling you about some little Hindoo children whom I taught in the first Mission station in which I resided. When I first came to the country, I was much grieved to see the poor heathen on every side. The first sight of any real heathen practice naturally strikes you much, even though you have read or heard of it before; and so when one day, driving through the streets, I saw a poor woman bowing down and worshipping a sacred tree, I felt so sad,

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and prayed that I might quickly learn the language, so as to be able to teach the poor women of India about the Tree of Life; and as soon as I was able to talk sufficiently to be of any use, the little school I spoke of was begun.

My brother, who had been long in the country, and knew from experience what was most needed, proposed beginning a school for the children of the upper classes. A kind lady in the station where he lived collected some money to begin with, and after a great deal of trouble, we at last succeeded in getting a suitable house. We had before secured a teacher; so when my brother called on several of the Baboos, or native gentlemen, whom he knew, and asked them to come to a meeting to arrange about the school, this they did; and after a great deal of talking, they promised to send their children, though most of them made so many difficulties that we did not expect a large attendance. However, on the day appointed I went to the school, and as I went very early, I was not surprised to find the room empty; but the whole time appointed for the school-hours passed without any children coming, so I was obliged to go home disappointed.

The next day passed with the like result, and the third day also brought no pupils. Then came Sunday. On the Monday I went once more, hoping that with the beginning of a new week some scholars might make their appearance; and you may be sure we prayed that God would bless this our endeavour to spread the knowledge of His name, and that it might please Him not to let our plans be quite frustrated. Well, that morning, on arriving at the school, I found four little girls: they seemed very much frightened when they first saw me, as they had never been in a room with an English lady before. The three elder ones soon got over their fright, but one little one was a day or two before she became reconciled to me, after which we were very good friends. From this time the school went on increasing in numbers; one time we had as many as twenty-six. Sometimes three or four children would be kept away for several days, and all sorts of false excuses would be given; at last the true reason would come out,—sometimes it would be that a child had been admitted whom they did not think good enough to associate with them; sometimes they were offended with one thing, sometimes with another; and one time I was highly astonished to hear that the parents of some objected to their children learning *to dance!* an accomplishment

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which you may be sure I had never thought of teaching them. I dare say you will be amused to hear that they called the little singing exercises which they had been taught, such as clapping hands, imitating the action of washing hands, combing hair, &c. in such little songs as "This is the way we wash our hands," &c., *dancing*. All this they had learnt to do very prettily; however, we thought it best to give it up for a time, because we did not wish to offend their prejudices on unimportant points. Dancing in India, as you probably know, is very different from what it is in Europe.

However, notwithstanding all our difficulties, with God's blessing we were able to continue the school, and the children seemed very pleased with all they learned; and very quick they were, especially with their reading. They also learnt writing, arithmetic, a little geography, object lessons, a little English, with sewing and fancy work: this last was of course a great attraction. Besides, I used to take down with me Scripture pictures, and tell them all about them; in this way they heard much of the Old Testament history, besides many of our Saviour's parables and the events of His life. Of course each Scripture history gave me an opportunity of teaching something about God, about whom they were worse than ignorant, because as heathen children they had been taught much that was utterly false. To give you an idea of the folly which is taught poor heathen children I will mention what happened here yesterday. We had a dreadful storm, so I had all the children collected in the large schoolroom, and kept them quiet first with singing, and then had a little talk with them. Among other things I asked them if they knew how the water got up into the sky that came down in rain. "A large elephant spouts it up," said a poor ignorant little child. Most of the others know better than that now—they did not however laugh, as I expected them to do, but with a look at poor Goorie, said "God sends it there."

But to return to what I was saying, I did not at first teach the children the name of "Jesus Christ," as before they had gained confidence this would have alarmed them and sent them all away; but I taught them much about Him as "Our Saviour." Shortly before leaving the school I bought the *Peep of Day* as a reading-book for them, and when I visited the school some months afterwards, I found they had not only

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"THIS IS THE WAY WE CLAP OUR HANDS."

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read much of it, but understood what they read, and were able to answer questions about it so nicely. Oh! what a happy thing it will be if any of these poor children at some future time should openly confess their faith in that Saviour whom they are now taught to love.

I cannot write more now, but hope at another time to tell you more about my little scholars.

AN OLD JUVENILE MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

Easter.

"THE LORD IS RISEN."

High we our voices raise, Glad songs of joy and praise
Tell far and wide, that the strife is o'er; Jesus, who
died to save, Now triumphs o'er the grave, Mighty in

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No more the watch they keep,
No more they wait and weep
Who vainly sought where their Lord was laid;
Jesus himself draws near,
Jesus dispels each fear,
"Lo, it is I: be not afraid!"

"He whom your hearts adore
Lives now for evermore;"
Tell through the earth of His victory!
Death, where is now thy sting?
Jesus, our mighty King,
Conquering, ascends to God on high.

O Thou, the Crucified,
Christ, who hast lived and died,
Breathe o'er the mourner Thy peace to-day!
Now to the tempest-tost,
Those who have loved and lost,
Whisper of life and hope, we pray.

And, at this Easter-tide,
May we with Thee abide
Who still art near while our songs ascend;
Worthy the Lamb once slain!
Worthy to live and reign,
Whom we adore, world without end! Amen.

CREE FREE-GIFTS.

THE Rev. Wm. Mason, writing from York Factory, Hudson's Bay, gives a summary of a collection for Christian purposes made by the Cree Indians, among whom he labours.

Perhaps those of our readers who think only of collections made on plates at church doors and after missionary meetings in England, may be puzzled to imagine how the contributions not offered in money were carried away. Mr. Mason writes:

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"Our collections in money amounted to £5 13s.; and the native Christians have also contributed—

38 Deer-skins (dressed).	1 Large white whale.
4 Marten-skins.	19 Pairs of deer-skin shoes.
1 Cross-fox-skin.	4 Pairs of deer-skin gloves.
1 Large bear-skin.	16 Days' work."

Do not you think this is pretty well for a Cree Indian congregation? I think it ought to make us ask ourselves whether we are doing as much to show our love to our Father as they are. Two contributions we may offer which are of the same kind as theirs. We cannot give deer-skins, and are not probably in a position to furnish "a large white whale," but we *may* deny ourselves of some pleasure, or of some coveted article, in order to give more money into our Lord's treasury: and I wonder whether, when you arrive at December 31, 1869, and look over the past year, you will find that the hours you have spent in efforts for His missions will, when summed up, amount to "sixteen days' work." We shall see.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Exodus.

1. What did the Passover typify? And where is Jesus called the Lamb of God? Where do we find that when He was thus pointed out, some followed him? Is it so still? What Christian festival shall we keep in this month which recalls the Passover?

2. Show that Israel's passage of the Red Sea is a type or figure of the change from the bondage of Sin and Satan to the service of Christ. Can you give proofs from the New Testament, as well as from histories of Missions, of the greatness of this change?

3. Of what sins were the Israelites guilty in worshipping the golden calf? Find passages showing God's indignation against idolatry, and its folly. Who very particularly, both before and after Christ, preached against this sin? How may we be guilty of it? In which of his epistles does St. Paul remind his converts that they turned to God from idols?

4. What different kinds of offerings did the men and women bring for the building of the tabernacle? Where does it say that they offered them *freely*, and in what New Testament passages does God tell us to offer in the same spirit?

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"HE DIDN'T MIND THE SIGNAL."

A NORTH-COUNTRY STORY.

I.

THIRLSTONE.

IF you could pay a visit to Thirlstone, up in the North of England, you would not call it a pretty place. Manufacturing towns very seldom are; and Thirlstone is such a town. All along the streets you pass by tall factories with many windows, inside which you hear creaking cranks and whirring wheels, each getting through as much work as hundreds of pairs of hands. If it were not for the bales of linen and cloth in the warehouses, you might fancy that all their clamour, like the busy chatter of some noisy people, ended in smoke; so thickly does this last pour out from the tall chimneys which look as if, high in the air, they kept up a quiet gossip in their own language about all the doings in the factories below.

All round Thirlstone there are coal mines. When the Rev. Ernest Gardner, the new rector, came there from his parish in the country, his little boy asked his father why half the men were chimney-sweeps. Johnny did not know, what he soon learned to understand, about the hard lives which the colliers lead down underground. Those deep shafts and openings into the caverns and galleries to which descend, day after day, husbands, fathers, and brothers from the long rows of small houses, all exactly like each other, stretching from Thirlstone to the moors, were places full of wonder to him, and would be the same to all our south-country children could they see them. And it is about George Bryan, a collier lad who lived in one of these very houses, and whose daily work was down in the coal mines, that you will read in the story which I am about to tell you, and which, perhaps, some of its readers may turn into being something like a true one.

George was the only big boy of the Bryan family; and at six o'clock every morning he used to go down with his father into the deep coal mine to labour, with hundreds of other men and boys, to send up food for the factory furnaces

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and for our comfortable fires. A collier's is a rough life, and George's was a rough home. Day after day, and week after week, he and his pickaxe went down the shaft in the "cage" or lift by which miners descend to the passages or galleries underneath; and on Sundays he did not seem to care much for getting to the Thirlstone Sunday School, which was nearly a mile off. George didn't think himself clean enough; and it was too much trouble. "When a lad's worked hard all week," he would say, "Sabbath's best for taking things quiet." But he was a kind sort of fellow all the same to his little brothers and sisters. When his father or mother tossed him a fourpenny piece out of the weekly wages which he always brought them for his own support, he would often let the children drag him to the nearest stall at which apples and sugar-stick were sold, and would divide amongst the six of them what he could afford to buy. And when, about a year before the arrival of Mr. Gardner at Thirlstone, he had a very narrow escape of his life, and was brought up only half alive out of the pit, almost the first thing he knew was that the whole half-dozen were crying round him, and that Tommy's voice was shrilly sounding sorrow in the words, "He said he'd take us all to the wild beast show an' he'd got time on Saturday night, and feyther'd give us the coppers;" a cry which was changed into a great deal of glad capering about, when Tommy saw that his brother was gradually recovering, and heard him ask what they were all about.

And as it is with this very adventure of George's that this story is concerned, I will tell you the history of it at once.

II.

"DANGER, LADS! FLY FOR YOUR LIVES!"

All those who have heard anything about coal mines know that great dangers attend the miners in their work—dangers, however, to which they grow often so accustomed as to think very little about them.

One of these follows an explosion, however slight. A certain deadly gas or bad air, called by the miners the "after-damp," collects; and unless they have time to save themselves, either meets them or pursues them; and if they have not strength to reach the shaft, very soon puts out their lives, or, in other words, suffocates them.

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During the last few years, terrible stories have come to us from the North of England, of hundreds of lives lost from such explosions; and it was one day, when he was working away with his pick at a far part of the mine, that immediately after a sound as of a cannon going off not very far from him, a cry reached George's ears of "Danger, lads! Fly for your lives!"

Along the dark galleries he ran towards the mouth of the pit, his miner's lamp dimly showing him the way, while on before him he knew that troops of his fellow-workers were also rushing to the foot of the shaft.

"We'll mebbe win through yet," he heard from some of the foremost; while from those behind him a murmur reached his ear, "The choke-damp's after us faster than we can run. Say your prayers, lads, while ye've time."

"It's for my life!" was George's one thought, as he endeavoured to catch up the foremost in the race for escape. He knew that he was gaining upon them. He heard them getting, party by party, into the cage let down from the friends above; he almost fancied that he heard a cheer as they were drawn up safely, while a terrible silence made him fear for those behind. The after-damp had reached them, was mounting above their breathing-level—the deadly enemy from which, had they but fled earlier, they might have been saved. Suffocated in ranks he knew they were falling behind him, and then, just as he came within sight of the last of those who had reached the bottom of the shaft, a sense of suffocation had come to him too, and staggering forward, he had fallen unconsciously to the ground, from which state he had wakened up to find every one at the top of the pit anxiously trying to restore him, and to hear Tommy's lamentation as before described.

When George quite came to himself, he had to learn how, although all had declared that there was no chance of any one else's being alive down below, James Otterley had stood to it that he would go down all the same, on the chance of saving any of the poor fellows, whom everybody believed to be lost. They told James that it would be at the risk of his own life; that a second explosion, which had taken place after George had become unconscious, had made it impossible for a soul to escape; but he was not to be refused. James was a brave, kind companion to the men with whom he worked, and he was bent on doing his best

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to save, at least if he could, any who might have escaped; and into the deep well of death they slowly and carefully let him down, waiting eagerly for the sound of the signal-bell, which should tell them that the cage might be drawn up again.

Nearly at the last point of life was poor George, when his strong, kind deliverer lifted him up and got him into the cage; and very nearly was James himself smothered by the poisonous air which had gathered, as they had warned him, in such quantities that he had barely time to escape, and to give the signal to his mates that they should draw him up as fast as they could. And you will believe that, from that time, George Bryan had reasons of his own for holding fast and firm to his friend and deliverer, James Otterley.

III.

"YOU HAD BETTER COME NOW."

It was some months after the burial of the poor fellows who lost their lives in the Thirlstone Hill explosion, and the re-opening of the mine, that a stranger was seen walking past the shaft, after the day's work of the colliers had come to an end. He seemed to have a friendly way with the men, who answered his questions, and who told him a little of the history which you have been reading; and by and by a dozen or more gathered round him, as he talked to them of their work and its dangers.

"You were one of those, then, who just got away in time?" he said to the man who had been foremost in describing to him the terrors of the explosion.

"Not a minute too soon," was Brown's answer; "it were a close run for bare life."

"And you were the very lad that was saved by Otterley, were you not?" continued the visitor, looking at George, who was pushed forward towards him, and who said that he was that same, and was as nigh gone as could be, before James laid hold of him.

"You must have felt it very strange, being so near death," he continued. "I suppose you didn't lose much time after the alarm was given—that you ran as men only can run when they flee for their lives?"

"There weren't no grass having time to grow under our feet, as I know on," said one of the men, with a laugh.

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"And yet," he went on, "isn't it strange that there's an alarm sounded now that not just a mine, but the earth itself is to be burned up, and people are told to flee while they can; and there are such hundreds and thousands who have heard of 'for ever and ever,' and who yet go on taking no heed of the warning.

"I was living that way myself!" he continued: "troubling myself very little about where my for ever and ever was to be passed, just like one of your mates whistling down there before the explosion, when there sounded an alarm in my ears. It was just this, 'Flee from the wrath to come!' You see, I felt down in my own heart that things weren't all right for what must come after death. My accounts weren't square for the end of my life. Well, at first I wouldn't take any notice. I kept on, like many a man who had got an uneasy thought in his mind, and wouldn't let it work. But it did all the same. I couldn't get rid of it. FOR EVER AND EVER seemed to stare me in the face wherever I went; and then I thought I might be struck down like one of your poor fellows with the choke-damp after him, and never get saved at all.

"Well, at last I said to myself, it's no use going on like this—I must try and win on for heaven. So I began to ask myself how—as a man in a strange mine might inquire the way to the shaft where he could get pulled up out of the chance of the death down below. I had a conscience, enough, like one of your miners' lamps, to show me that I wasn't there yet; but you see I wanted some one to tell me how to get there. Well, you know there's a Book given us to tell us the way to be saved, as much as there are rules and regulations for the pit-work here at Thirlstone—a Book which every one may read who chooses. Here it is," and he drew a Testament out of his pocket. "Now this was what showed me the way to be saved, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost:' and this, 'That He by the grace of God should taste death for every man:' and this, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin:' and this, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These seemed like telling me the way to the shaft; but there again, I seemed to want to get hold of the cage for being drawn up out of the horrible pit of sin and death, but not to see how; and then—shall I tell you what I did?"

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"Don't mind if you do," said one of the hearers.

"Well, I couldn't all by myself; but was pretty nigh as stupefied by my own guilt as George here was when the after-damp got a hold on him. And then I found what the Lord of Glory had done for me. It was a bit like Otterley, who ventured his life for his friends, only the Lord gave up His altogether for us. God the Father couldn't break His holy Word, that 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' He wouldn't pass by your sin and mine, and take no notice of it; because, you see, that punishment had to be given which sin deserved. So He gave His own Son to take that punishment instead of us. That is what He did on the cross. When He cried 'It is finished', it was all done. 'All we like sheep have gone astray, and turned every one to his own way; but the LORD laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'

"Now, if a man's punishment has all been taken for him, how much remains for his share?"

"None at all, that I can see," was the answer from one of the men who was bending forward.

"And if the debt has all been paid for any one that's had it hanging like a stone round his neck, what claim has the creditor against him?"

"Never so much as a farthing," put in George, who had been listening with eyes and ears to something which might, he felt, be the very thing that, since his narrow escape, he had wanted to know about.

"You're right again," was the reply; "and that's just the way with us, and with our sins. God's own dear Son's punishment, in our stead, paid our debt to the last farthing. His Father loves to think that He can pardon all our guilt for His sake. His pardon is just the lift let down into the pit of sin and misery, in which you and I are by nature. When we take hold of that, when we get to the Lord and lay our sins on Him, we're drawn up into forgiveness and peace, like the free air and sunshine up at the top of the mine which you can't climb to of yourselves. Well, I tried that way—just laying my sins on Him who had borne their chastisement so long ago, and who is living now to attend to every man that wants to live for ever. I just asked Him to let them be put to His account, and to show me how to live the new life of a pardoned sinner; and He heard me. 'He brought me up,' as it says in the Psalms, 'out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet on a

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rock,—(the rock of knowing that the blood of Christ was shed for me)—and established my goings: and He put a new song in my mouth, even praise and thanksgiving to Him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood.'

"That's what made a man of me. Wouldn't you like to get hold of it, too? To get out of reach of the death which must be for ever, if you don't fly for your lives to Christ? Listen, here are some words about it—

"We, who from God's just law had swerved,
The punishment of death deserved;
Our guilt He took, our death He bore,
To set us free for evermore.

Our chastisement on Christ was laid;
Our utmost penalty He paid;
Drank to the dregs the bitter cup,
And in our stead was offered up.

Lift up your hearts! this word is true,
Jesus has died instead of you!
In love, the Father sent Him down,
His Spirit makes that love our own.

Then choose to-day the better part;
Bring to the Lord a contrite heart:
Heaven's gates fly open at the plea,
'Jesus has died instead of me!'"

The miners' new friend stayed talking to the men a little longer, and then shook hands with them, and wished them "Good night."

He was on his way home, when he heard some one running after him. It was George Bryan.

"Did you want to speak to me?" he asked, turning round, kindly.

"I did a bit," said George, half ashamed now that he had come to the point. Then, taking courage, he went on: "How's a lad to know for sure that he's got his sins forgiven, even if he has a mind to try?"

"If you had a load too heavy for you, and you were in the dark, and couldn't see me, and yet I were to take it from you, how would you know that I had done so?"

"I'd feel it gone."

"Well, it's just the same with a sin-load. You kneel down and tell the Lord that it's too heavy for you, but that you know He came to bear it; and go on asking Him to let His death be counted for yours; and, as sure as I'm talking to you

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to-night, He'll take it off you, and you'll have a light heart, washed in His blood. You'll find the load gone."

"But, suppose He don't mind me?"

"Well, George, you don't know me much yet; but you know I wouldn't tell you an untruth. As sure as I stand here, the Lord will hear you. *He has promised.* He must hear when we cry. Besides, He is longing to save you. Only come to Him now! There's danger and death if you don't. You must fly, as you did before. It's for your life."

IV.

HE DIDN'T MIND THE SIGNAL.

The colliers soon found out who their visitor had been, for they saw a great deal more of him as time went on. He was Mr. Grey, the Reader sent amongst them by Mr. Gardner of St. John's, Thirlstone. A great many new plans came, little by little, to be set on foot at the Thirlstone Hill Works. Mr. Ernest Gardner and some of the factory owners put their shoulders to the wheel, and by and by a large school-house rose up on the edge of the Moor, in which numbers of children who could not go all the way to Thirlstone might be trained up to something better than playing at pitch and toss all day in the road. It was strange into what a number of things that school-house seemed to be turned. It became a working men's room in the evening, where the colliers who liked it could get a little scholaring, or order a cup of coffee, and read some of the books or newspapers which were supplied there. Then on Sundays there was church in the iron school, to which the pit-workers came, with the assurance of hearing some plain downright words, just such as they liked.

And, after a time, the good news, which Mr. Grey had first told to George and his friends on the evening of which you read, laid hold of some of those poor hardworking men who toiled so dangerously underground. They tried Christ for themselves. They cast the weight of their sins on the strength of the word of God's promise; and the load was taken from them, and they stood there free men, from whom all condemnation had been borne away.

George Bryan had kept his word to Mr. Grey, and he was a very different boy from what he had been. Why, his very looks were different! It's a grand thing for any one to be able to point up to Heaven from his rough working life and

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to say, "I've had an inheritance bought for me up there, and it's mine for Christ's sake." And this George could do. His home, too, was much brighter. His father and mother didn't talk as they used against church-going; and Tommy and his brothers and sisters learnt a great deal at the schools which it was quite time for them to know about.

One day it was given out that on the next Friday evening there would be a Missionary meeting at the Thirlstone Hill School-house. There was some talk about this down in the pit. Many were not quite clear as to what it meant; and those who knew more about the matter were inclined to say that it was "all very well for the masters and for rich folk to talk of sending to the blacks out over the seas; but for their part, they thought that charity begins at home, and it wasn't for poor miners, working hard underground for their wives and families, to trouble themselves about such far-away countries."

Somehow or other, however, when Friday evening came, the school-room was full. The report of a magic-lantern had gone abroad; and Mr. Grey had hinted that Mr. Gardner had a thing or two to say to the miners which they would be glad to hear, and that the gentleman who would come with him would have some strange tales to tell of the lands in which he had travelled.

George was there, with Tommy and some of the other children by his side. He hadn't altogether an easy time of it, for little Jenny went to sleep, and very nearly fell backwards over the form, so that George had to take her in his arms for the rest of the evening. Then Tommy *would* clap his hands and call out "Hooray! that beat's all!" when a new picture was exhibited; which made his brother, who had a notion that "it wasn't manners," feel abashed. Still, he liked the meeting very much. The Missionary, who had been in Africa, told them numbers of stories, showing that the news of Jesus Christ's love brings the same hope and the same change to the hearts of poor black men and women which it brings to those in England; and, when he described a Missionary meeting at Sierra Leone, and all that the natives contributed to send the message which they had heard to others, George felt as much inclined as Tommy to cry out "That beat's all!"

Then Mr. Gardner stood up, and this was pretty much what he said:—"I shouldn't wonder if you have been

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saying before the meeting this evening, 'It seems odd to come to us hard-worked miner folk to tell us to hold out a hand to those we shall never see, when we've enough to do to earn our own livings!'" at which point, George's father, who had been saying something of the sort the day before, and who was in the front row, turned round and gave him such a tremendous nod, that George, already in trouble about Jenny and Tommy, thought every one in the room must be staring at him.

"Well, now, I'm going to tell you a miner's story. There had once been an accident in a mine, but all the men nearly, had been drawn up safely. As far as could be made out, however, a few were still down below. One or two brave fellows went down to see if they could do any thing for them, but the after-damp was too strong for them, and when they came up, all hope was given over.

"Late at night, however, the man at the top of the shaft heard the signal-bell, showing that some one was alive down under ground. Now what do you think he did?"

"Runned off for help," called out Tommy, deeply interested, and before George could stop him.

"No," said Mr. Gardner, just as if Tommy and he were having a talk over the matter by themselves, "he didn't. He was busy just then with other things, and he didn't take any notice."

"He'd a better not come our way," said a rough voice at the other end of the room, which George knew to be James Otterley's.

"He had no malice against any of the men," continued Mr. Gardner: "but he didn't care to trouble himself after his day's work was over. Once more he heard the signal-bell; but once more he took no notice."

"He were one as deserved hanging," said another voice.

"Do you think so?" answered Mr. Gardner. "Well, I don't think such a cowardly do-nothing fellow would have much chance here at Thirlstone. And yet, though he was as good as a murderer to the poor fellow who was found dead at the bottom the next day, it was only that he didn't mind the signal. He didn't hate him, but he didn't care to save him. That was his crime.

"Now, I'm speaking to many brave men and boys who would risk their lives to save a fellow-man from being lost in the pit—to some who have done so over and over again;

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and there's not a lad here who doesn't cry shame against such a man as that. But I'm speaking to some here, as well, who have been drawn up themselves from the pit of sin and condemnation in which we are all born, and in which, unless we are saved, we must perish—who have been drawn up into peace and safety by the knowledge of the love of Christ in dying in their stead. And every one who hasn't found Him—heathen in England or heathen abroad—is still down at the bottom—death coming upon him, and he unsaved.

"We, who have found such a Saviour, can't stand by and refuse to give a helping hand to those to whom the knowledge of pardon has never been let down. That's what a Missionary meeting is for. It's the signal. It's as much as saying, 'There are souls perishing! Send them the good news of Jesus, that they may be saved!' You've heard the signal-bell to-night. I don't expect any man or boy who doesn't know what a blessed thing it is to be saved, to understand the signal. But to you who do know it, I say, you can't stand by and declare it's no concern of yours. You can give 'God speed' to the Missionaries, who risk their lives to carry His message to the heathen. You can ask Him, who waits to hear prayers, to help them to save souls; you can, perhaps, deny yourselves of a little, to help those who get money to pay for the work being done; but a Christian must be of a different kind from what you and I would call such, if he knows all you have heard to-night of the misery and ignorance of the heathen, and doesn't 'mind the signal.'"

There was a sixpence in George's pocket which he settled at that moment should go into the plate at the door. "I'm but a poor collier lad," he said to himself, "but I've heard the signal! that'll go to send the cage down the shaft to some poor heathen. I'll never stand by again, and say it's no affair of mine."

Getting out of the room, indeed, was not a very easy matter; for Tommy had gone to sleep as well as little Jenny, and positively refused to wake up or to take himself out, so that at last his father had to carry him. But the words George had heard stayed in his heart. Year by year, when the meeting was held in the School-house at Thirlstone Hill, a little packet found its way into the plate, made up of odd fourpenny and sixpenny pieces, and sometimes heavy with coppers; and outside were the words very clumsily written, "From a lad who's heard the signal."

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Perhaps you can guess his name.

It may be that this story will be read in the North, where mines are on every side, and where factory chimneys send forth their thick smoke. Or it may be that some children may get hold of it who have never thought of the hard life which their collier brothers lead, day by day, below the ground. To each who reads it let me ask these two questions :—

Have you taken hold of Jesus Christ's offer of pardon? Have you fled from the death which must be yours, unless you believe in Him, and accept the forgiveness which He bought for you with His blood? For if you do not get to Him, remember that you must be lost for ever.

And, secondly, If you have believed the love which the Father has shown to you in sending His dear Son to die for you, what are you doing for others down in the dangerous mine? What, for the perishing heathen who know not God? Oh, may it never be said of you, or of me, "*He didn't mind the signal!*"

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

Leviticus.

1. Where do you read that Aaron blessed the Israelites: and whom did he prefigure when he did so? What Missionary command accompanied the last blessing of Jesus, the great High Priest? And from what verses can you show that He still is waiting to bless all who obey it?

2. What was the law for the cleansing of the leper; and what three events in Jesus Christ's history did the two birds prefigure? Can you remember any Missionary accounts which prove the horrors of leprosy, showing it to be a fit emblem of sin? Can you prove from the New Testament that Jesus healed the lepers? and, from what you have heard of Missions, that He is still making whole in all parts of the world those who fly to Him for succour?

3. How did the Sacrifice on the day of Atonement show forth Jesus Christ? What leads the heathen to offer sacrifices? And what is the difference between theirs and those of the Jews? How do we prove to them from Scripture that there is no further need of sacrifice for sin?

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4. What great rejoicing were the children of Israel to keep at the end of every fifty years? What did it prefigure? Where do we find that in that day the sowers and reapers shall rejoice together?

"I WANT THE GOOD AND RIGHT WAY."

HERE is a beautiful promise of our Saviour's, in which He says: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it is of God."

This promise is still made good to all who are really in earnest in seeking Jesus; and here we read of a poor African of Ibadan, who wanted to find the good and right way, and who, having asked God to show it to him, was led to Him, who also has said, "I am the Way." From Ibadan Mrs. Hinderer writes:—

"A few Sundays ago (Whit Sunday) my husband baptized seven persons. One was a specially shining Christian; you could see he had real Spiritual life. He told us that for nearly a year he kept the Christians' Sunday before he had courage to come to church, or to let any one suppose he had any desire to know anything about Christianity. But he used to listen to the street preaching, and to one of our Native Teachers, who used often to go into his blacksmith's shop. He felt there must be something right in keeping the great God's day, and he would all that time never work on Sunday, or buy and sell. He said 'I could not pray much, but I would rub my hands and stretch them out—' (a way they have when they go before a superior) 'and *look up* and say, Well I don't know what to do. I want the good and right way. The great God Himself must put it in my heart, whether I shall give up all the idols, &c. of my fathers, and follow the Oibo's religion' (Oibo is for white man, or our teachers)."

So you see the poor man who desired to do our Father's will was according to His promise led to know of the doctrine that it was of God.

WHAT FAZL-I-HAKK THOUGHT OF CHURCH-GOING.

"FAZL-I-HAKK! What an odd name!" It means *the grace of truth*, and was that of an Affghan convert to Christianity who was disowned by his father because he believed in Christ. He died lately of consumption, but left behind him a bright testimony as to the happiness of living for Jesus.

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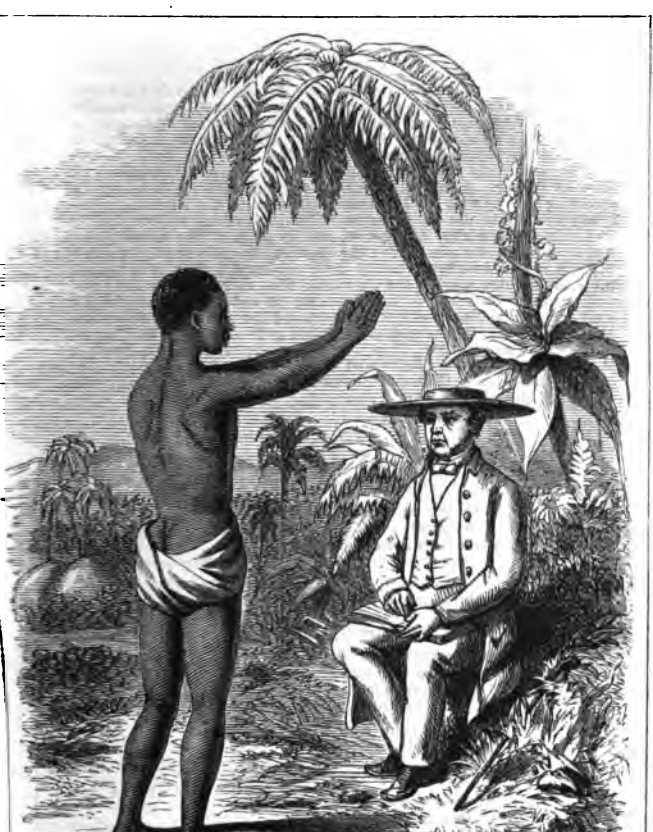

"I WANT THE GOOD AND RIGHT WAY."

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The following anecdote is related of him:—

"In January, 1868, he enlisted into the cavalry of the Guide corps, with the full determination of becoming a consistent Christian soldier. Although his regiment was stationed thirty miles from Peshawur, he often used to ride over on the Saturday afternoon, in order to be present at the Church services of the Sunday.

"He particularly loved to assemble with his fellow-Christians in the house of prayer. A short time before he rejoined his regiment he was spending the day with the Missionary in charge of the native church: it happened to be the day of the week for the evening church service. The rain was pouring in torrents, and as most of the congregation reside at some distance from the church, the Missionary thought perhaps it would be better not to have the service that evening, and proposed sending word to the Christians that they had better worship God at their own homes that evening, in consequence of the bad weather. Fazl-i-Hakk, with an earnestness for which he was remarkable, exclaimed, 'Sir! why should we not go? If we had to visit our ruler should we not go? Then why not go through the rain, heavy as it is, to worship God in His house? The Mohammedans,' he continued, 'will go miles on a Friday to assemble in their "great masjid," and surely we Christians can do it.'"

SUNDAY EVENING.

SABBATH WORSHIP ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

Thousands within Thy courts have met,
Thousands this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

But Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all who bend the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
In heart and truth who worshipped Thee.

Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

People of many a tribe and tongue
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truths, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed to-day some suit to gain:
To those in trouble Thou wast nigh;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Yet one prayer more: and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord!
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord! Amen.

MONTGOMERY.

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THE BANNER LIFTED UP UPON THE MOUNTAINS; OR, THE STORY OF THE HILL ARRIANS.

I.

FIVE VISITORS.

BOUT twenty years ago, while a Missionary, the Rev. Henry Baker, was sitting in his study, his little daughter ran into his room, telling him that some strange visitors wanted to see him.

Mr. Baker's house was at a place called Pallum; and Pallum is near the Western Coast of India, in the province of Travancore, and is surrounded by marshes, in which grow large crops of rice. The little girl told her father that some very curious-looking men were there; and when he went out to meet them, he found five fine tall men, who had come down from the hills about forty-five miles off in order to bring him an invitation.

These men belonged to the Hill-tribes of Travancore, and were called Arrians. Their tribes are said amongst the natives to be as ancient as the hills themselves. They worship the spirits of their ancestors, who they fancy live in certain rocks and peaks. Their villages are generally built in lovely spots, near to some gushing rivulet falling over rocks, and surrounded by gigantic trees and palms. The whole of the country is owned by certain lordly Brahmins, or Zemindars, and to them the Arrians pay their rents. Besides this, each headman has to make the Rajah a present of honey on his birthday. Perhaps you would not mind such a present on yours!

Another tribe besides those of the Arrians inhabits the Travancore hills. These are the elephants. Not meek, tame animals, such as you may have seen in wild beast shows, and which kneel down at the command of their master, and pick up a walking-stick, and let you have a ride on their backs; but elephants with wills of their own, who are fierce, dangerous enemies, who think nothing of upsetting a house if they are at all out of temper, and who, if they have nothing better to do, amuse themselves by uprooting a few trees when they go out for a walk. These elephants are

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great enemies to the Hill-tribes; and the Arrians are obliged to dig pits for them, and to help with bark ropes to conduct them, when caught, to the taming cages.

The Arrians have a good character for being very truthful and honest. They have funny names, which we should think very odd if our men and women were called by them. Thus some of their names for men are, "The big one; the eyed one; the deaf one; the fat one." For the women they are much prettier, "The sweet one; the shining one; the golden one; the sugar one." I wonder which of these you would choose!

But you will wish to know what invitation the five visitors brought to Mr. Baker. It was this: "Come and open schools among us, and teach us!"

They felt that in the religion brought over the seas from England there was something better than their own superstitions; and so, very humbly to entreat the Missionary to let them have a share in the glad tidings which he had journeyed so far to bring, the five men from five different hills had come through the jungle, and now appeared at his bungalow at Pallum.

II.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE BLAZING PILES.

Mr. Baker could not grant the petition of the Arrians for a long time. He had several congregations, some hundred children in his schools, and so much work that he felt it just then impossible to leave home.

Back to Pallum, however, again and again came his visitors. They were in downright earnest. They had a persuasion, in spite of all their ignorance, that the Missionary possessed the secret of the true knowledge of God.

"Five times," said they, "have we been to call you. You *must know* we know nothing right; will you teach us or not? We die like beasts, and are buried like dogs; ought you to neglect us?"

"Cholera and fever," said another, "carried off such and such members of my family; where are they now?"

They stated that they "wanted no money, as they had plenty of rice. They wished to serve God, and not to be oppressed by any one." They offered to make over their lands as a proof of sincerity, and waited about, determined to have him in their hills.

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Then at last Mr. Baker promised to meet them the very next week on the banks of a river about thirty miles off, from which they promised to guide him to a place where there would be a meeting of the people.

You will like to read his own account of the journey:

"I sent some men a day or two before I started, in order to have a hut erected on the banks of the river, as it would be necessary to halt there for the night. On arriving there with my brother, trusting to our messengers, we found neither Arrians, hut, nor people of any kind, but a dense jungle overhanging the stream, with only a narrow track leading down to the water by which we had come. Walking in the close jungles, with a hot sun overhead, had completely knocked us up. With aching heads and disappointed feelings, we laid down to spend the night on boughs strewed on the ground, with a blanket overhead to keep off the heavy dews. But, before dark, some Tamil merchants who had crossed the mountains came to the river, and, seeing us, crossed over on a raft, and lent us a little blanket tent, six feet square. We were thankful for this, for heavy rains soon came on.

"The next morning, having returned the tent to the owners, who would take no reward, we crossed the stream, now much swollen from the rain, and, proceeding along an elephant track for an hour, found some Arrians waiting for us. They had not gone further, as they still doubted whether we should come.

"On entering the village of Combukuthie, so called from the hill-top beneath which it is built having the appearance of a fallen elephant, I observed some piles of wood at the corners of a small level piece of ground. I inquired what they were for. 'Oh,' said they, 'this is where we meet for games, settling marriages, disputes, &c. We are to have a meeting directly it is known you are come, and the piles of wood are to give the assembly light.'

"Soon I heard men shouting from one place to another, far away up along the hill sides, 'He is arrived! Come all!' Messages are thus conveyed from one mountain settlement to another with great rapidity. By nightfall, some two hundred men and lads had assembled, the piles of wood were lighted, and, with the moon also to aid, we held our conference. I told them I had at last come at their request, and it was to tell them a message I was entrusted with."

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You can guess what the message was, the message which the angels brought on the first Christmas night to Bethlehem —"Unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Was not this good news for the poor ignorant Arrians? I wonder whether it has been good news to you. If so, you will long to bring it to every one who has not yet heard it.

The clear moonlight as it shone on the Travancore hills lit up eager, anxious faces—the faces of men who had begun to feel that these things were the most important that there are. To them Mr. Baker showed the New Testament, the Book containing this wonderful message; and then, long after midnight, the headman of the village said, "We have talked enough; where are the teachers we are to have?"

"I will send them," was the reply; "but we must ask God's blessing first, He must help."

Then, by the light of the blazing piles, all knelt down, and, from the hill-side, hitherto a place of idols and false gods, the cry "Our Father" went up to heaven to the true God, who so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son to save sinners. And the prayers entered into the ears of Him who is mighty to save, that a teachable spirit might be given to the poor Arrians, and that the Holy Ghost might be sent to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

After this, all dispersed. The strangers, wrapped in their blankets, lay down to sleep by their fires, and the Missionary and his brother found rest in their bamboo hut.

III.

THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGES.

Mr. Baker kept his promise to the Arrians, and sent native Scripture Readers among them, to teach them the way to heaven.

But a great many difficulties were in their way. False teachers tried to turn the hill-people against the true religion, and said that the Missionaries wanted to make a gain by the work, and that the people would lose caste if they became Christians.

Some of the labourers suffered much from hill-fever, and two died. Even the elephants seemed to be against the work of the Mission. "Twice," Mr. Baker writes, "during my own journeys, my party were all compelled to climb into trees out of the way of these animals. On another

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THE LIGHT OF THE BLAZING PILES."

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occasion my coolies were chased, and the tent and bedding, which had been dropped, were tossed and kicked about by them. Accidents, too, happened in crossing mountain torrents when swollen by rain. A young gentleman, who went with me on another visit, got among a set of elephant pits, and, in his anxiety to observe how carefully they were contrived, fell headlong into one he had not noticed; it was eighteen feet deep, and, though no bones were broken, he was much shaken."

It became more and more clear to Mr. Baker that he must establish a Missionary settlement among the people themselves, and in 1851 various signs of encouragement were gladly hailed.

It was by this time found necessary by those who had become Christians to separate themselves from those who persecuted and opposed them, and so they agreed to settle down together at a little village called Assapian, very near the place where Mr. Baker had first brought the message to them.

Sir Henry Lawrence, hearing that he was going to build a bungalow and establish a Mission in a central spot from which the hills could best be reached, sent £15 to start the work, with the brave words, "By all means go on. Never mind obstacles, or whence they come."

An English lady sent £20, promising to continue the gift for five years, for the preparation of teachers from among the hill men themselves. Several young Arrians came forward, and, entirely *unaided*, learned half the day with the teachers, and the other half worked on their land to provide themselves with food, their intention being to prepare themselves to be the future teachers of their neighbours.

"I felt," Mr. Baker writes, "that these were manifest signs, calling upon me not to hold back. My brother, who had gone with me on my first visit, accompanied me to choose the proper place for my bungalow. We had much difficulty in determining where this was to be, and visited several promising places; but, after much prayer, the very spot on the bank of the river where I had met with kindness from the travelling merchants was fixed upon.

"The old forest was cut down; a little plot of ground cleared; huts erected, some on the ground, and some in trees to sleep in, on account of the elephants and tigers, which then were very numerous. We found more than

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twenty Arrian settlements within a few miles around Mundakyum, the name of our new settlement, and discovered that travellers in large numbers were constantly traversing a rough pass in the neighbourhood.

"Then a Christian officer of the Madras army came up to help us against the wild beasts, and shot several; he travelled for some weeks with me through the hills, paying all the expenses, and was convinced that the converts were men of earnest life and conduct as well as profession.

"To show his interest in the work, after a few years this gentleman built us a church, fifty feet long by twenty feet wide, on a hill in the middle of the village of Mundakyum. The 150 rupees sent by Sir H. Lawrence built a school-room, and a substantial granary in which to store the grain grown was given by the converts of their own accord, to form a Mission fund. Miss Usborne's subscription educated and paid four young men to be Scripture Readers, who have since been continuous and most efficient assistants in the work."

The dense forest was cleared. In the two Christian villages of Mundakyum and Assapian about 370 Arrians gathered round the Missionary, and peace and happiness followed, as they always do, the knowledge of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ.

IV.

HAPPY DAYS.

It would take too much space were we to tell you the whole history of Mundakyum and the Arrian Mission. Let us revisit it on New Year's Day, 1859. Mr. Baker's little new-born son was baptized; and the Mission was visited by Mr. Baker's own father, who writes the following account of what took place:—

"Though I had heard from many of Mundakyum, the idea I had formed was altogether unlike the reality. I had heard of a place fortified to keep out elephants, and I looked for piles of stones and high earthen banks on one side, and the steep banks of the river on the other. But, though these were not wanting, the place I saw was a village laid out in lanes and cottages, with enclosed gardens, and the fruit-trees of the country coming on; the Mission compound too, with a nice little house in the centre, and grass slopes down to the edge of the river, with outhouses

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and a nice tent pitched for the use of some of our party; one sitting-room and two bed rooms, with a few closets, being all the space in the house.

"New Year's day came, and Henry's child was to be baptized. What a glorious day it turned out! At the appointed hour all were assembled at the church, which stood on a hill near by, behind the house. But, besides my grandson, there were in all seventy-eight children and adults to be baptized. I baptized Henry's son, and seven other infants of Christian parents. He himself baptized the rest.

"I have reason to believe great pains were taken in preparing the adults for the solemn occasion, and it was a season much to be remembered for the devout and solemn demeanour of the whole assembly.

"In the afternoon there was a feast for all connected with the Mission. Each family contributed fowls, bunches of plantains, rice, &c. so that there was a great abundance. A poor convert, when on his death-bed, a few days before, desired his son to take great care of two fine branches of plantains, of a peculiar kind, to take them to the young sahib for his baptism. All left, delighted, for their homes."

The year 1859 seems to have brought many glad times to Mundakyum. On Easter Sunday above eighty Arrians assembled to partake at the Lord's Table of the bread and wine which His children receive in remembrance of His dying love. Later on, too, the Bishop of Madras held a Confirmation among those beautiful mountains, when one hundred and eleven men and sixty-two women were confirmed.

What happy days come where the religion of Jesus reigns! What a contrast were these festivals to the idolatrous meetings of the poor Arrians before His message was brought to them! But the happiest day of all is yet to come, when from all kindreds and nations and tongues the joyful heavenly song shall arise, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

V.

LIFE IN DEATH.

The first great proof that the soul has been brought out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, i

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found in the changed life of every one who really receives His offer of pardon and peace. Another is given in the power to meet death, not only without fear, but with a well-grounded assurance that for Christ's sake the golden gates of the heavenly city will be opened to each one who in life has laid his sins on Jesus.

You will be interested with accounts of such triumphs over death among the Arrians.

Mr. Baker tells the following story of one of the martyrs of Travancore. One of the converted slaves attending at the school had formerly made his escape from a Syrian at Parlai, and pleased his teachers much by his knowledge of Christianity and apparent consistency. Like Onesimus in the New Testament history, this poor man determined, when he had received the knowledge of Jesus, to return to his master.

"The man came one day to me," continues Mr. Baker, "and said he was going to his master, and had a present ready to take to him, in order to avert his anger. The owner was said to be a savage character, and had sent men to seize him in the attack made by the gang on Mundakyum, supposing him to be in the village, while he was about eight miles distant. The poor man, however, went to Parlai, was seized, and fearfully beaten, then covered with hot ashes, and confined in the cellar of a granary. *The son of the cruel master* himself afterwards told me that the poor fellow lay three days, groaning, and praying that God would forgive all his sins, and his master's too. I heard from others that he asked for water; they gave him some horrible compound from the cattle stall; but at length he died of his wounds and starvation, and they burned his corpse to hide the deed."

Such are the cruelties practised in the dark places of the earth. But the murderer of the poor slave had power over the body only. The soul had been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and in the dark cellar of the granary was made more than conqueror through Him who Himself took upon Him the form of a slave, and became obedient unto death.

In 1858, cholera, for two months, raged at Mundakyum and in the neighbouring villages. But for those who were safe in Jesus death had no alarms.

Mr. Baker writes: "While in a few weeks I lost a precious child, upwards of fifty-two of the people were laid in their graves. I watched at the bedside of every one of

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them, and I cannot tell, though you may perhaps imagine, my thoughts and feelings, as one and another, during the fiercest agonies of cholera, took my hand or clasped my knees; and, while all thanked me for mere kindness, many spoke to me of a cheerful hope in Christ.

"One young man brought up in our house, as the sun was rising and he was departing, said, 'I shall soon be where there is no night: I have been thinking that all I have learned of you is about to be realized.' He then bade good-bye to all around, and a sharp spasm removed him.

"The heathen blacksmith was seized, and while he, in his pain, tried one moment to bribe Kali, his idol, and the next cursed her for sending the cholera to him, his neighbour, an old man of sixty-seven, who had been a worshipper at the same temple, now one of our most consistent communicants, was also suffering from the dreadful disease. But *his* prayer was, 'Oh, Christ, wash me; forgive my hard heart!' and, 'Father, receive my soul; I am Thine.'

"A young woman, once in the Pallum boarding-school, seemed recovering, when she thanked us for all we had taught her of God, asked for a draught of water, and quietly died. I might tell of many more, and some very striking instances of a change during life in certain persons, closed at this time by acknowledgment of God's love in death."

What a contrast between the poor idolater in death, cursing his god, and the hoary-headed Christian echoing his Saviour's dying prayer, "Father, receive my spirit!" What a joyful thought was that with which the dying Christian met the sun-rising:—"I shall soon be where there is no night."

We must now leave Travancore and the history of the Arrian Mission. Mr. Baker now watches over one native minister and eight readers, with more than four hundred communicants, and nearly 1,300 Christian natives; so you see that the work is still going on amongst them.

Like the story of Metlahkatlah, and of every other Christian Mission, it shows forth the present power of Jesu's name, and proves to us that "blessings abound where'er He reigns."

Let us pray and earnestly endeavour that His love may be shown forth in our hearts, in our lives, in our deaths, even as where His banner has been lifted up on the mountains of Travancore.

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THREE KINDS OF GIVING.

I.

GIVING TO THE PLATE.

"AND let me have a shilling, Mamma," said Arthur Lawrence, as, before getting ready for church, his mother had remarked to Mr. Lawrence that there would be a collection for the Church Missionary Society after the sermon, and that they must remember their purses.

"A shilling's more than you need give, Arthur," was the reply; "sixpence would be quite enough for a little boy like you."

"But, Mamma, I had only sixpence last year," was Arthur's reply; "and now I'm a whole year older; and you know when Papa measured me last week he said I was ever so much—nearly two inches—taller. Besides, the Grants, who sit before us, always have a shilling each to put in, and I'm older than Harry Grant, several months older."

So Arthur received a shilling from his parents; and it was put into the plate which Mr. Grant held at the door of St. Michael's Church. Do you think that was real giving? I should be inclined to call it *giving to the Plate.*

II.

GIVING TO THE COLLECTOR.

Just opposite St. Michael's was the handsome shop of Mr. Figgis, grocer. And through the shop, and into the parlour at the back, ran little Fanny, the eldest girl of the family, with eager face and eager words.

"Now, father, I'm coming to coax you for something. Do put down that newspaper and listen to me." Upon which Mr. Figgis, like all good-natured fathers, found himself obliged to do as he was told, and to give his full attention to his little daughter.

"Do you know, father, Miss Everley, our own Sunday teacher, was in the school this morning, and told us stories about the heathen—lovely ones about crocodiles eating up little babies, and people putting out their old parents to die by the river Ganges."

"But I don't call that lovely," put in Mr. Figgis, as Fanny poured out her history. "I hope that heads of

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families in England won't be coming to that sort of treatment from their children."

"Oh no, father, it wasn't that that was lovely, and you know I shouldn't ever want to do so to you—quite the other way,"—and Fanny took her father's great big hand and patted it with her two small ones, as if to prevent his having any anxiety about her intentions towards himself. "It wasn't that or the crocodiles I liked best, but about Missionaries preaching to them, and having schools and all, and their learning to read and sing hymns, and—"

"Crocodiles being put to school and learning to sing!" exclaimed Mr. Figgis: "Well, if those are the stories you're so full of from Miss Everley, I don't wonder at you making me put my sober newspaper away."

"Now, father, you know it wasn't that I meant," said Fanny decidedly, "and I won't have you laughing at me, or at my own Miss Everley either. She told us of the heathen children learning about good things, and she asked which of us would become subscribers to her collection for the Church Missionary Society, which sends out Missionaries and teachers to them."

"And so I'm to help you for Miss Everley's collection?" said Mr. Figgis. "But I hope she won't want much," he continued; "times are so dear that I can't afford to be sending my money over the seas to no one knows where."

"Oh, but father, we would do anything for Miss Everley; so would you, you know. Don't you remember when Johnny was ill how she used to come and sit with mother and nurse him? And she's the nicest of all our teachers. I hope I shan't go up into the first class, and leave hers."

"Well, she's a nice young lady as ever stood on the other side of a counter," said Mr. Figgis, half to himself. "I suppose now she wouldn't take anything in my line—a box of French plums; or a, no—a Dutch cheese wouldn't do?" he concluded, feeling that something more ornamental would be better.

"Oh, father, fancy my going in on Sunday with a Dutch cheese, and saying, 'That's for the Missionary collection, please, Ma'am.' How the others would laugh! No, you must just look through all the till for the brightest, newest, prettiest, shiningest silver sixpence that's there; and you must let me have it on Sunday, and one every quarter besides, for Miss Everley's card."

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"THE BRIGHTEST, NEWEST, SHININGEST SIXPENCE IN THE TILL."

And when Sunday came, Fanny's face was as bright as the new, pretty, shining sixpence which was laid by her on Miss Everley's table when her name was entered as one of the School Missionary Contributors; and the touch of her teacher's kind hand on her shoulder as she gave it was very pleasant indeed. But the sixpence was given to the *Collector*, not "unto the Lord."

III.

GIVING UNTO THE LORD.

Mary Hughes had a busy life of it as a servant-maid in St. Michael's Road, not very far from Mr. Figgis's shop. But she did not call it hard when she thought of Him who had once taken upon Himself the form of a servant for her sake, and who had loved her and given Himself for her. Mary was all the better servant for knowing that she was a King's daughter; and that she could do all her common work —sweeping, and dusting, and cleaning—unto the Lord.

Out of her small wages she managed to do a good deal for the support of her widowed mother, who lived not very far off, in an alley near the church. And when the Missionary meeting had been given out in church, and she had heard in the sermon of the need for more money to send the good news of Jesus Christ's love to far countries, her eyes filled with tears as she remembered that since the purchase of her winter dress her purse had remained quite empty.

But that evening, when she went home, a sudden thought struck the young housemaid. She opened a little drawer, and from a small box took out a bright half-crown. That half-crown had a story for Mary. When she had nursed her mistress's little girl day and night for weeks through her long illness, and when little Alice had been laid to rest in St. Michael's churchyard, her mother had given the young servant half-a-crown which was found in her child's purse, and had told her to spend it on something for a remembrance of the bright-haired little one whom she had loved so dearly.

"It's what Miss Alice would like best now that I should do with it," said Mary to herself. "She knows now how happy it is to be with Jesus, whom she learnt to love down here. She'd like it to go to bring some poor heathen child to the knowledge of the Good Shepherd she used to speak about. And as for me, I'd rather give it to the Lord, who's done so much for me, than get anything for myself."

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So when the collection was made after the Missionary meeting in the school-room, the half-crown was slipped into the plate by Mary, whose heart was full of desire that all whom she could reach might know the preciousness of the Saviour who had redeemed her unto everlasting life.

Which of the three ways of giving is yours? Are you giving to the plate? Giving to the collector? or "Giving unto the Lord?"

THE WORD WHICH SOUNDED IN THE STORM.*

"SOME years ago a vessel, crossing to this country from the Continent, was overtaken by a storm. One of the passengers, much alarmed, asked a young sailor-boy on board if there was danger. He said there was, but added, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'

"The ship reached the port in safety. Not long since, and on board one of our steamers, a clergyman, who was a passenger, entering into conversation with the captain, told him this story. And further, he added that he was himself the passenger, and that the boy's trustful word had had such an effect on him that it had led him to seek the Saviour, and ultimately to become a minister of the Gospel.

"'And I,' answered the captain, 'was that sailor-boy.'"

The Christian sailor and his friend are still alive; and this story will remind us of the undying power of the Word of God with which the sailor-boy fearlessly met the storm, and which did its work in the traveller's heart.

Do you and I believe really and truly in that Word? I do not mean to ask whether you say, "Oh! of course the Bible is true! Of course I know it is God's Word!" You will easily return such answers. But have you come to that Word as to that which is God's message to your own soul? Have you asked Him to send His Holy Spirit to make it a fresh real message to your heart? When He does this, you will find as much difference between what it was before, and what it has become to you, as there is between a collection of dried plants and a fresh living garden of flowers of most fragrant perfume.

And then you will long to convey that Word to others. A very little seed often becomes a great tree. A single

* This anecdote is extracted from Wilson's "Our Father in Heaven."

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verse has been the means of salvation to many a soul. The sailor-boy little knew that he had brought the message to the tempest-tost traveller. Perhaps there may be some even now tossing on the waves of this life's voyage to whom we may be allowed to bring or to send a message of Christ which shall be unto eternal life.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

Numbers.

1. How was the brazen serpent a type of Christ? What did Jesus say concerning it? How may the heathen be compared to those bitten by the serpents? Can you bring proofs that still those who look unto Him are saved?

2. What Missionary prophecies did Balaam utter? Where in other places is Christ called "a Star" to give light to the world? And where are heathen countries called the dark places of the earth?

3. Why would not Moses allow the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, to remain with their families and flocks and herds on the east of Jordan before Canaan was conquered? And where do you find verses showing that the children of God are to be brave and active in doing their Father's work and in fighting for Christ?

4. Why did Aaron die before the entrance into the promised land? How was he a type of Jesus Christ? And how does St. Paul show the difference between earthly priests and the great High Priest? In what offices does Christ now act for us, and where are we assured that He will help us in all work undertaken for His name's sake?

5. Of whom were the cities of refuge an emblem? Where do we find Jesus Christ set forth as our Refuge? In what ways may we direct others to this most sure Refuge?

LINES FROM AN OLD POET.

O Lord, I'm not at all my own,
Nor for another free;
Let life be a reflection
Of rays received from Thee!

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HOPE FOR DESPAIR:

A STORY OF THE RICE-FIELDS OF TRAVANCORE.

OU read last month an account of the Hill Arrians of Travancore. To-day, however, you must come down from the hills to the plains, and visit a very different, though neighbouring, race—the Slaves, whose former Missionary, the Rev. H. Andrews, a few years ago died on his voyage from England when returning to his charge over them.

This low-lying district of the Madras Presidency is almost entirely devoted to the culture of rice; and no words can convey an idea of the unhealthy swamps which form the so-called paddy-fields. And in these rice-fields labours a population degraded and poverty-stricken, and so sunk below the lowest Indian castes as, until within the last few years, to be regarded on a level with the beasts of the field.

They were bought and sold by the native rice-planters of the district; and these were the terms used concerning them in the deed of sale which conferred absolute power over their lives and properties upon their masters: "Killing, you may kill; and murdering, you may murder." So despised were they among men that they were not allowed to walk on the highways, lest their presence, even though at a distance of many paces, should cause defilement to the passer by; and, as they went along, they were compelled at intervals to sound forth a mournful cry signifying "Unclean! unclean!" like the lepers of old, lest by mistake any man should approach them, and thus lose caste.

This degradation of the body brought with it, as its necessary consequence, degradation of the soul. These slaves were thieves, liars, and unclean in their lives. No crime was too bad for them; no vice too polluting; and so, sunk in hopeless bondage to man, to Satan, and their own grovelling passions, they lived and died from generation to generation.

Well, the good news of Jesus was brought to them. Messenger-voices from England told the poor despised rice-slaves that hope and heaven might for His sake be theirs.

"Heaven!" exclaimed one of their number. "Impossible! Heaven is for the Brahmin and for the man of high caste—not for poor degraded creatures like the slaves; and as for

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hell, we hardly fear it. No hell can be worse than our present slavery."

But a voice long ago uttered the prophecy, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me!" and the Cross, uplifted in the marsh-lands of Travancore, drew to it the poor and despised serfs of the soil. The story of Him who took upon Himself the form of a slave; who, for their sakes, was despised and rejected of men; who said, "I am not come into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through me might be saved," awoke in their hearts chords which had never before been touched. "Salvation for us!" was their cry when they learnt, not only from the teaching of the Missionary, but from the still higher accompaniment to the Word of the Holy Spirit's witness in their own souls, that the "all" and "whosoever" of redemption included them; "surely this seems too good news to be true!"

Very soon the knowledge of Jesus began to show its effects —as, when truly embraced, it always will—in their changed lives. How was it that the rice-fields were no longer plundered, and that the cocoa-nut harvests became so suddenly abundant on some of the plantations? Simply because Christianity had said "Thou shalt not steal."

"A short time ago," said one man, "if I had been watched by one thousand soldiers with two thousand eyes, I would have contrived to steal; but now, before I leave my master's fields, I shake out my cloth lest a grain of rice should accidentally be carried away."

Contrary to their interests, as they afterwards discovered, the slave-masters bitterly and cruelly endeavoured to crush and stamp out the new faith which was rapidly spreading amongst their bondmen. As the sweet fresh hope of life through a crucified Saviour began to shed its light over the marsh-lands, the faith of the Cross brought fierce persecution upon its disciples. They were beaten, they were wounded, their very lives were attacked and threatened by their owners, because they refused to give up their Saviour. And still the good news of Redemption through the blood of the Lamb of God was handed on from man to man, and summoned soldiers for Christ from the lowest ranks of the heathen.

There was great joy amongst the rice-slaves when the Bishop of Madras held a Confirmation for the first time, at which more than a hundred and forty of them were presented;

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and he could hardly believe, when looking down the ranks of those summoned in the church at Pallum, that these were all really prepared for enlisting themselves anew as followers of Jesus. A few questions, however, addressed to them through their Missionary, the Rev. H. Andrews, brought out answers which sufficiently showed the depth and clearness of their convictions; and the rite was proceeded with in which they confirmed their vows of service to Him who to the weary and heavy-laden had given rest and peace. The service was over, and the congregation was retiring, when one of the number respectfully came up to Mr. Andrews with the words,

"Sir, I wish to ask you a question."

"Well, what is it?" was the reply.

"My master told me that if I came and declared myself a Christian he would beat me up to the neck," (the native idiom for "beat me to death.") "Must I go back to him now?"

Mr. Andrews' only reply was to open his Testament at the fourteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and, pointing to the 22nd verse, to read the words, "*Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.*"

The man made no further remark. He simply bowed his assent to what he considered an answer beyond appeal, and went forth to meet punishment or death as a follower of the crucified Redeemer.

Many more narratives of these poor slaves and of their constancy in Christ's service might be told, but we will only give you one more.

In the Church Missionary Report for the year 1866 the following notice is found, from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Johnson:

"Jan. 2, 1866.—This year I have had the pleasure to lay the foundation of a new slave congregation in this district, by baptizing thirty-four belonging to this despised class, at a place called Nedawadie. They had been under Christian instruction above two years, during which period their diligent attendance at the prayer-house, and their earnestness in seeking to know the truth, gave hope that they would continue to serve the Lord. On Trinity Sunday I baptized them; there were nineteen adults and fifteen children."

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Let us inquire how this little Christian Church arose in the Nedawadie marshes, and by whom the good seed was planted which bore such hopeful fruit.

Nedawadie is situated where many streams join, and is so completely a swamp, that the slaves who cultivate and collect the paddy, or rice, almost live in the water. Some years ago, Obanardie, the head-man of the property, and a slave possessing a little more than his fellow-slaves, was taken ill, and the wasting effects of his malady began at last to threaten his life. He spent a great deal on slave doctors; but grew none the better, rather the worse, so as to feel more than ever that his days were numbered.

One day a strange report reached his ears. People said that Jesus Christ was going about curing people. A strange and mysterious report, which, however, excited the curiosity of Obanardie. Who was this Jesus Christ? And where was He to be found? And by what means did He cure the sick? Like the poor woman of old who had spent all her living in physicians, he determined to try for himself, and to find out.

He was directed to the Missionary at Pallum for information, and, finding the gardener of the Rev. H. Andrews, made inquiries of him concerning the Physician of whom he had been told.

"Oh," said the gardener, "my master knows about Jesus Christ; he will tell you."

The next day, amongst the number of those who presented themselves in the Missionary's verandah for advice or instruction was the head-man, Obanardie. He saw a strange sight: children neatly dressed and belonging to the school, servants, and visitors, sat round on mats, and the white man read to them of the very Jesus Christ of whom he had been told, and explained how He even now is found of them that seek Him, and receives the sin-sick and weary with the greeting, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." Then all knelt, and words were spoken to an Invisible Being, and the same Jesus Christ was addressed as being even then present, and supplicated to make whole all who then approached Him.

Obanardie heard and wondered. When prayers were over, the Missionary, who made the bodies as well as the souls of the slaves his care, inquired into his illness, and gave him suitable remedies. It had been greatly increased by indul-

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THE SLAVE AND THE GARDENER.

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gence in spirituous liquors, and when these were no longer taken he rapidly improved. He remained at Pallum for two or three weeks, lodging with the gardener who had directed him to Mr. Andrews; and during this time he occupied himself in learning to read from easy books which he gladly bought, and which he studied almost without ceasing under Missionary direction.

And there the blessing of God came to Obanardie. He found Him whom he had ignorantly set forth to seek. It was no false report that so confusedly reached him at Nedawadie, for Jesus Christ is even now, by the ministry of His Spirit, going about and curing "sick folk," as He did personally in the New Testament. And the slave man found Him; heard, in the cry, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," an invitation which awoke chords hitherto untouched in his once wearied soul; believed, and went home a freed-man of the Lord, and a cross-bearer of the Redeemer.

Now mark how he sought to spread the good news and to gather others to the knowledge of the Lord. His first care was to gather together fellow-slaves, and to tell them of Jesus. One and another were enlisted. At last the number grew so greatly, that a message was sent to the Missionary, asking him to send them a teacher.

"First build a prayer-house," was the reply, "and show me that you are willing to contribute to his support." And very soon the prayer-house was built, and catechists confirmed and carried on Obanardie's mission—that mission amongst his poor degraded fellow-bondmen which he never gave up till he died.

One day, long after, a letter came from the catechist to the Missionaries: "That good man Obanardie is dead; he departed in perfect peace, trusting in his Saviour." But his work will never die. Through all eternity there will be heard among the thanksgiving songs of heaven a glad clear hymn of praise from those to whom, in their misery and sin, the knowledge of Jesus was brought by their fellow-bondman.

And shall not we do our best, in this world of so much weariness and sorrow, to spread to others the message which came to Obanardie, that "Jesus Christ is still going about and healing people?"

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A DAY AT ANDOVORANTO.

WE have received a letter from Madagascar which, as we hope by and by to have a history of its Missions in our Green Book, will introduce us to a picture of life and work among the Malagasy tribes. Mrs. Maundrell writes:

I know not how to make a better beginning than by an account of a day spent at our Mission Station, Andovoranto. The bell between five and six o'clock in the morning collects from different parts of the village a small company of Christians and others to our daily morning prayers. The Missionary reads a portion of Scripture and expounds. How very simple he must make his teaching to these poor people, who had never heard anything of God's truth till he was sent among them in 1866. Speaking of faith, "No one trusts God," he says, "who thinks it necessary, whenever he visits the river, to wear a *charm* against the power of the crocodiles."

All the villagers know that the Missionary is at leisure to dispense medicine after the morning prayers, and his door is now surrounded with applicants, to whom he administers according to his ability, often reproving them for the intemperances which are the cause of much disease among the Malagasy.

At *ten* the bell rings again, and summons to the same building the children of the village whose parents are wise enough to send to *school*. The most interesting class in the school is composed of a few little boys and one girl, who must have taken real pains to read and answer so nicely after only two years' teaching. They have been clever enough far to outstrip their companions, and to form a little *first class*. The girl is a Christian, and the boys also are anxious for baptism, if their parents will permit, and are hoping in time to be teachers to their fellow-countrymen. A truly great incentive to work! We leave the school at *twelve*, to be resumed at *two*. The girls are now joined by some of the women of the village who are desirous of learning to sew. They are generally very clever in learning the art of needlework. We open the afternoon lessons with practising, to the harmonium, the chants and hymn-tunes which we use on Sunday. The Malagasy delight greatly in music,

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and I think this is the favourite lesson. We are not unfrequently joined by adult members of the congregation.

I will tell you now of an afternoon we once spent away from home, on a visit to the governor of Sanimandry. This is the name given to the place in our neighbourhood where the late Queen, Rasoherina, encamped, when visiting the coast. On her departure she placed a governor there, and gave the name to the place, which means, "Land at rest."

The Malagasy governor did his best to make us welcome and honoured guests. On arriving at his house, the one erected for the use of the Queen, we were introduced into a long room, occupied on one side by officers of the government, and on the other by the governor's band, while in the open space in the centre were chairs for my husband and me. The band played many pieces, while the governor danced, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a native lady, whose finger-tips he held. It was all done for our entertainment, and, as I had never before seen Malagasy dancing, I was much amused. We were afterwards shown all over the place, the fine coffee-plantations and maize-fields. The spot too was indicated where, from a rising ground, the late Queen used to contemplate the sea, seated under the shade of a large red umbrella. We presently returned to the house, and the governor, sending for his Bible, begged an explanation of one or two verses of Scripture, which having been given we took our leave. This governor has since been baptized with the name Job.

We returned home as we had come, by water, in a native canoe of very simple make. The trunk of a large tree hollowed and forced open to its widest extent while green, when thoroughly dry and furnished with seats, makes a nice boat. It is kept, when not in frequent use, sunk in shallow water, to prevent its becoming warped and leaky.

I remember observing, as we reached home on the occasion of which I have been speaking, how dark and lowering the sky had become in the west, after a lovely day; and this was the case nearly every evening at sunset for some weeks. I was told it was a symptom of the change of season, that the thunder-storms were about to commence, and would be very terrible in another month or two; and so indeed it has proved. The Malagasy have a great dread of these storms, and wisely take better precautions against them than the use of *charms*. As the storms generally come from the west, their houses

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are uniformly built facing the east, and have very sloping roofs.

I think that as we read this account of Madagascar and its people, we feel inclined to desire that from the West, whence they fear the storms, a message of peace may be continually carried to them, and that from over the sea good news may be brought which shall give them life for evermore.

"I WISH I CARED MORE ABOUT IT!"

OR,

HOW TO GAIN AN INTEREST IN MISSIONARY WORK.

I.

HAVE you ever, quite alone and to yourself, uttered this exclamation? Alone, when you have been thinking over the Missionary meeting, and over the speeches, and the stories, and the descriptions of other lands, and of heathen customs, and of nations in darkness and sorrow? Alone, when the boxes have been emptied, and are once more to be filled; when the pleasant evening has come to an end, and when what remains to you is, if you have listened to any purpose, a conviction that you ought to be at work, putting your shoulder to the Missionary wheel, while yet something within tells you that it is a matter in which, after all, you cannot feel any very particular interest?

And then you have said in a secret corner of your heart, "I wish I cared about the matter a little more. Opening the box, and seeing the money tumble out on the table, is some fun; but I've grown rather tired of trying to fill it. Hearing Missionary stories, especially if there is a tiger or a crocodile in them, is fun too; but—but—well, I suppose when I'm grown up I shall get into caring for things that seem dull now. If we collected for people in our own street, or in the next village, I think I should be more interested in the matter; but those far-away countries don't seem to belong to one like places one knows about. And yet,"—and I suspect that to many of my readers this "and yet" may have come—"and yet, I *ought* to care. I'm afraid it's very wrong of me not to take more interest in these things

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—but I feel as if I couldn't make myself do so, with any amount of trying."

Well, if any one of my readers has had such a conversation with himself, it is with him or with her that I would now have a few words, in order to see whether some ways are not within reach of all of us for making ourselves care about Missionary work very much more than we do.

Now, I am not going to tell you the whole of my secret at once; no, not even the most important part of it. But the first thing I would advise you to do is this—*Learn to know more about the work.*

I do not think we care much for subjects of which we really know very little; or for large continents about which we have only heard that there are so many millions of inhabitants, and of which we have traced little more than the shapes on the map. A great many who find Missionary subjects dull have looked at it as a great business which it would take them all their lives to know about; and have, perhaps, just caught sight of long, hard names, like Asirvadhapuram, or Rabodoandrianimpoinimerina, or Ranavalomanjaka, and have said to themselves that holiday hours might be more amusingly spent than in mastering such difficulties.

But suppose you really care to know about a place, or about the people belonging to it, how would you set to work? We will imagine that John Williams, whose father has a small farm in Stillton, has taken it into his head that, as there are two more boys at home to do the work, he would like to emigrate, and has thoroughly set his heart on the plan. To emigrate, where? Well, he has heard of New Zealand as one of the best places for people to succeed in. There are one or two old books among some bound copies of the "Gardener's Chronicle" and "Farmer's Calendar," in the glass case in the best parlour, which have something about foreign parts in them; so he gets his mother to hunt up the key, and sets to work to find something about the land in which he is beginning to take an interest.

He does not find very lively information however. They are rather like books of petrified geography, their contents seeming nearly as dry as the dust which has settled on them in spite of the glass case. Still, there is something. There are some maps, with names of places which have now increased into large towns. The rivers and the mountains

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"I WISH I CARED MORE ABOUT IT."

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are described, and those have not changed. The climate and the produce of the land are set forth as they still are; so John and his family have made a beginning in their knowledge of New Zealand. But how is he to get more?

John bethinks himself of the Parsonage Library. Mr. Goodman's walls look as if against them whole regiments of books were perpetually on drill, and never coming off parade. Surely amongst all these there must be some about the country which will perhaps be one day his home. So John puts on his Sunday hat, and goes up the walk to the Vicarage, and rather shyly begs pardon, and hopes Mr. Goodman will excuse him, and would be pleased to tell him of any book with something about New Zealand in it. "Excuse him!" Why, Mr. Goodman is only too glad to be of use to any one; and is not John one of the boys whom he has known ever since he christened him in Stillton church, and whom he has watched over all his life? Though he has just come to the second head of his Sunday's sermon, he puts aside pen and paper, and very soon he is up the library steps and is handing down books to his young friend, who says to himself that he will have plenty to do before he gets through all that collection of learning.

The Vicar goes on, however, to point out to him chapters here and there likely to tell him something that he wants to know; and finishes by giving him a line to Mr. Reeder, the librarian in Quietborough, which is the post-town, four miles off, asking him to be kind enough to look out some more modern books on New Zealand life, which on the very next market-day John brings home in his father's light cart. And now he sets to work in real earnest; and as the autumn evenings close in, and logs are thrown on the fire, and the girls bring their work round the table, the difficulties seem to become fewer and smaller in the way of finding out everything concerning the country and people on the other side of the globe; while the rest of the family find themselves becoming acquainted with, and interested in, every name with which John may one day become associated.

But when William Hill, who himself emigrated from Stillton twelve years ago, comes back for a few months in order to see his parents and the old place once more, John's chances for becoming acquainted with "over the sea" have largely increased. He loses no opportunity of getting him in for an evening to describe the voyage, the arrival, the

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people, the settlements. All his difficulties and successes, all his journeys and dangers, together with the every-day history of his life, are discussed; and when at last the friends together bid goodbye to the fields and homes of Stillton, John has in spite of difficulties learnt to know more than any lad in the neighbourhood, had he not possessed as strong a desire for information, would have deemed possible; while those whom he has left behind feel that, at all events, concerning one island on the other side of the world, they are able to think and read and speak with life and interest.

Now I have been paying a little visit with you to John Williams on the Stillton farm, because I think we may learn one lesson from him and his doings, and it is this: *When we determine to learn about any subject, we generally succeed.*

Being in earnest is the great matter; and if you are in earnest in wishing to learn about Missionary work, you will set to work in John's fashion, and will try and fill your inner storehouse with materials, which you must arrange for yourself, from whatever quarters you can collect them. It must seem dull work when you look at it without being in earnest. You take up a stray number of some Missionary Record. It may not even be a new one, but may have been lying by, and may have become mildewed and gritty among the garden seeds in the storeroom. Perhaps you open upon a stray statement of a Missionary's journey in Africa, and find names scattered about, of Regent's Town, or Free Town, and bits of journal which seem to you to have no particular beginning, and, as far as you can see, no ending to speak of. Well, it *is* a little dull to one who knows nothing of what has gone before. But never mind. Be in earnest. Say to yourself, "This Mission must have had a beginning. There must be some book which would tell me what sort of places the Missionary is working among. At all events, I'll find out these names on the map. That will be my beginning."

A very good one too! Get hold of a map, if you can, (and nowadays for a few pence every one may have good clear maps of different parts of the world), and learn to know the geography of these places. Perhaps, if you are in the country, you may not find it easy to get books; but Sunday School teachers are generally clever at helping on their scholars when they are in earnest; and the parish libraries are capital places for well-chosen volumes which will carry on your knowledge. Books about the slave-trade

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will tell you of the beginning of the African Mission. Some concerning Sierra Leone will tell you more. An interesting book now in many libraries, called "Africa's Mountain Valley," will make a Sunday afternoon pleasant, and acquaint you with a race of negro friends whose stories you will most certainly not find dull. Perhaps you may have friends whom you may ask for other books; and so you will be led on, if you make the most of your opportunities, to stories of Fourah Bay and Crowther; of Abbeokuta and its wars; of the Niger, its wonderful accounts of travellers and Missions; and of the work in Africa up to the time when, in 1860, Prince Alfred visited Freetown, and passed through one thousand children of the schools, all dressed in white, and received an Address presented by African gentlemen, descendants of liberated slaves!

You will have to arrange all these things in your mind like shells in a cabinet; and you must put by your Missionary knowledge in orderly fashion; as very often you cannot in Reports get histories of Missions from their beginning. But I think you will find this pleasant work. In the "Green Book" we are anxious to give you a helping hand, by supplying you from time to time with a history of some separate Mission from its beginning, and I hope you will care enough about these to make you trace out others for yourself.

Then when a Missionary meeting is held, and when those who have themselves worked in foreign countries tell you of the scenes of their labours, you will find that you have made some progress in caring about the work. When an anecdote is told of parts concerning which you have read and learnt, you will feel at home in the subject; you will have pictures of the places in your mind, you will feel, like the boy who was once met hurrying on his way to the meeting, that you "have a share in the concern." You will at least, if you carry out the rest of my plan, which, next month, you will learn more fully.

Meantime, remember what you have been here reading. If you want to care about Missionary work, learn to know about it. Don't be faint-hearted enough to be turned back by what may at first seem dull and tedious. Get to beginnings and work away from them. Be on the watch for opportunities; try to gather honey from common flowers as well as from sweet ones,—teaching out of dry books as well as

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amusing ones. Seek more and more, that your mind may be knowing, your love growing, and so, in time, your hands will be sowing.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

Deuteronomy.

1. Why did the report of the men who were sent to spy out the land of Israel discourage the people on their way?—What reasons did Moses give them for going on without fear?—How may these reasons encourage Missionaries in their work among the heathen, and ourselves in trying to aid them?—Can you give instances from the Old and New Testaments of God's fulfilment of His promises to fight for and bear up His people when engaged in His cause?

2. At what point in their history does Moses remind the children of Israel of the need they had confessed of a Mediator?—And how was he a type of Jesus, the Great Mediator?—How do the heathen ignorantly show their sense of the need of some one to come between them and God?—And why does the message that Christ is the One Mediator between God and man bring peace to all who receive it?

3. What were the laws given to Israel concerning tithes?—Where in the Old Testament do we read of the tenth part of property being required for the Lord's service?—What do we find in the New Testament concerning offering to Him, and for what reason should we desire to give freely?

4. From what mountain did Moses view the promised land before his death?—With what mountains is sacred Missionary history connected?—From which did our Lord teach a Missionary prayer?—From which did He give a Missionary command?—From what hill did St. Paul preach to the heathen?—And with what mountain is there connected a Missionary prophecy?

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THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

O COULD I have been in the Holy Land
When our dear Lord Christ was there,
Could I have been one of the chosen band
Appointed His path to share,
My chief delight both by day and by night
Had been for His wants to care.

I could not have flown upon angel's wings
His ministry to fulfil;
I could not have brought Him costly things;
But with reverent heart, and still,
I would daily have stored each sacred word
Declaring the Master's will.

And I might have sought through the fields of corn
For the ripest and richest grain;
He would not have looked on my gift with scorn,
Nor have spurned it with cold disdain;
But He would have smiled on the eager child
Whose offering was not in vain.

Or I would have journey'd with willing feet
To the hills of the trailing vine,
And the richest clusters, purple and sweet,
Would have brought to their Lord and mine,—
In words repeating their lowly greeting,
"The fruits of the earth are Thine!"

And oh, if my Lord had been passing near
In the glare of the noon-tide heat,
With cool well-water, sparkling and clear,
I had waited His steps to meet;
And with loving word, saying, "Drink, my Lord,"
Would have knelt at the Saviour's feet.

But the earth was orphaned when Jesus went;
I wish we could see Him here!
Or at least that a message to me were sent,
That an angel might once appear,
Who with gracious speech would appoint to each
Some work for the Master here!

[We will try to answer the Question in our next Number.]

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"IF WE FOLLOW ON;"
OR,
THE STORY OF VENKARA.

SOME years ago there lived in the heathen village of Rajhapoor, which belongs to the Telugu country, a man of the name of Venkara. And to Venkara had come a longing desire to know something true concerning the life of which he was in possession—a desire to understand the meaning of his being for a time in this world of ours, with its comings and goings, with its passing joys and sorrows, and with its many difficult questions, which, untaught and unhelped, he found it impossible to answer; above all, a desire to know how to meet death, and whether there could be an after-death existence for those taken away from the land of the living.

And in course of time it happened that, from a town not far off, some of his village neighbours brought to Rajhapoor a report that in its streets a white man * had been preaching to all who would listen, concerning one true God, who had made all things, who knew all things, and who was to be found of them that sought Him. Much did Venkara think over this history. Could it be, that instead of the thousands of cruel and impure deities worshipped by his people, there reigned over the earth a kind, and true, and prayer-hearing God? He thought of Him by day; and at night, a dream, which left a deep impression upon his mind, confirmed him in his resolution to seek after this God whom the strange white man had proclaimed among the people.

This was Venkara's first prayer:—"*O God! Who art Thou? Where art Thou? Show me Thyself!*"

And continually, from among the heathen homes of Rajhapoor the cry, "Show me Thyself" went up into the ears of the Father in heaven; and continually Venkara waited to see whether indeed his cry would be heard and answered.

One day he overheard men reading; and he listened. A Christian Tract had in some way fallen into their hands; and with a hungry and thirsty spirit Venkara gathered from what they read, that this true God to whom he had made

* Supposed to have been the late Rev. Henry Fox.

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his prayer was also a Saviour. This was indeed to him great joy. Now, with redoubled hope he might entreat Him to give heed to his cry, and his new and continual petition was in these words:—"*Oh, God the Saviour! Who art Thou? Where art Thou? Show me Thyself!*"

Once more, and after long waiting, a fresh ray of light found its way to Venkara's home at Rajhapoor. It was concerning life after death. There came a report concerning a Christian funeral. Men spoke of its quiet, order, and solemnity. They said that there was no boisterous lamentation, no burning of the body, no loud heathen rite; but that those who were there believed that their brother would rise again. And over this wonderful thought Venkara pondered continually, and, crying still unto the unknown Saviour, "Show me Thyself!" said to himself that something within confirmed the belief in life after death which was held by these unknown Christians, and came at last to a hope and belief in the resurrection from the dead.

Summers and winters passed by; but still the thick mist of ignorance and superstition clouded from him the full knowledge of the true God whom he sought. Cholera broke out in the village, and many died. "It is the work of our goddess!" said the people; "she is angry with us. We must appease her with sacrifice." So many cattle were slain, and the ceremonies were begun. One part of these was as follows: The largest buffalo's head was chosen, and carried with the image of the goddess to the furthest point in the district, and then buried with the words, "O goddess! you have got all you want! Leave us!"

Venkara was chosen to bear the image of the goddess, and on the way a river had to be crossed. But when the procession came to the river's brink, he set down the image, and declared that he would carry it no further; for that if that image were indeed a god, it could cross to the other bank without his aid.

Shortly afterwards, however, he was himself seized with cholera, and the heathen around him exclaimed that he was suffering from the anger of the injured goddess, and tried to draw him back to idol-worship. But Venkara had learnt enough to know that the gods of the heathen could not save him, and still cried, "Oh, God the Saviour! Who art Thou? Where art Thou? Show me Thyself!

After he recovered, he made a journey of between twenty

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VENKARA SCORNING THE IDOL.

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and thirty miles to Bezwara, a large town in the Telugu country, situated on the sacred river Krishna, which is here nearly a mile wide, as it rolls its muddy but sweet waters rapidly to the sea. Bezwara has about 4,000 inhabitants, a large number of whom are Brahmins; and here there is a grand pagoda of Siva. Every year there is a great festival, when thousands of pilgrims flock to this spot in order to wash away their sins in the sacred waters of the Krishna. Venkara stood on the shore, and watched them as they bathed in the stream. He felt, as they did, the burden of sin. He longed, longed with all his heart's desires—to be made clean. But he knew that no outward cleansing could wash away the stains within. One of the heathen priests urged him to follow the example of the pilgrims, and plunge into the stream. "These muddy waters cannot cleanse from sin," was his reply; and he then declared that the true God, the Saviour, was the object of his search and of his choice.

He was then shown the house of the Christian Missionary; and stood before Mr. Darling's door, hoping that now he might learn to know the true God, whom he had so long been seeking.

It was opened by a heathen servant, who, on hearing his object, tried to drive him away. Here was indeed a disappointment; but Venkara would not give up hope. He sat down, and outside the house urged once more the prayer to which the answer had seemed so long delayed, "Oh, God the Saviour, show me Thyself!"

Shortly after, the Missionary himself came out, and found his strange visitor in the attitude of prayer outside the door. And then to Venkara was fulfilled the promise of the Old Testament, "*Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord:* His going forth is prepared as the morning, and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." He had followed on with a little—a very feeble ray—of light; but now the Sun of Righteousness came to make morning after the night, and the gray twilight which had been in his heart; and to his thirsty soul was given the knowledge of Jesus, which the Holy Spirit, coming down as rain upon the mown grass, and as the showers which water the earth, brought home to him with life and peace; and beside the rolling Krishna he learnt that there is "a Fountain opened for sin, and for uncleanness," and that "the

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blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." I sometimes like to put beside that promise of the Old Testament, Jesus Christ's words in the New Testament, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

There is a church now at Rajhapoor, and a Christian congregation of 132 persons meets there on Sundays for Christian worship, while about 400 in the district have taken hold of the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. Foremost among the number stands Venkara and his family.

I wonder whether you have obtained, as he did, the answer to his prayer "Oh, God the Saviour, show me Thyself!"

MARKET-DAY.

WHAT pleasant pictures these words bring to English minds!—the ride in the market-cart through the country,—the meeting and shaking hands among acquaintances,—the pleasant bustle in the streets of the market town,—the consultations, which perhaps we do not fully understand, about stock and crops,—the afternoon shadows falling along the pavement,—the purchases stowed away in the bottom of the cart; and then the cool drive home, when the sunset lights are on the hills, and the breath of the clover is on the wind, and all things are still in the twilight—home to the family meal, and the opening of packages, and the talk over the news of the day. Perhaps some of our young readers know a little about these things. At all events, and even if they do not, they will have seen enough of market-days in England to find out that a Bengalee market, of which we have chosen a description, is a very different scene indeed.

In a little book from which we have already gathered one story, called "*Scenes among which we labour*," we have a lively description of such a picture:—

Here is a bustling scene! Along the banks of the river are lines of sheds, and men and women by hundreds are gathering in and around them. These sheds are built of bamboo mats, fixed on wooden poles, and roofed over with a thatch of straw.

Groups of men stand about, others squat on the dusty roadside, or saunter here and there in the rays of the burning sun. In the shade of the giant peepul-trees are seated old

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women and girls, with baskets before them, containing fruit and vegetables, and eggs and poultry.

From the boats which crowd the river banks, men are hurrying up with loads of fish, shrimps, and crabs. Fruit of all kinds; the luscious mango, the juicy melon, the mealy plantain, the sour tamarind, are thrown about in heaps. There is a crowd there, watching a little green boat that is struggling to reach the shore. The Missionary stands on the deck, with an open umbrella in one hand and a book in the other. His native preachers are with him, and as soon as they can discover a passage across the crowd of boats that still lie between them and the bank, they step on shore. The people recognise the Missionary, who has frequently before visited the market, and they call out, "Salam, Padri Saheb; Padri Saheb, salam." One of the boatmen now appears with a basket of tracts and books on his back. "Ayi Rishi Khrister bohi," they cry out, ("these are books about Jesus Christ")—and instantly the preachers are beset by scores of eager visitors anxious for the contents of the basket. Sometimes the crowd threaten to become unruly, and then the Missionary has to stand close to the boatman to keep him from being overpowered and too suddenly relieved of his burden. But as the Missionary party move towards the market, they attract little notice from the busy throng of buyers and sellers, who hardly look round at them.

The Missionary walks along the dusty road, glancing at the goods on either side, and having reached an open space, he stops to address a bystander—

"My friend, have you walked a long distance to-day?"

"Oh, yes, saheb, it is three *coss** from my village, and I have had to walk all that way this morning."

"Come, then, with me, and rest under this tree."

An aged man comes tottering by.

"My poor fellow, how old are you?"

"Well, sir, I cannot say exactly, but I must be near seventy years old; I cannot last much longer. My eyes are dim."

"Come, then, and let me show you the way to eternal life."

"I have heard my son talk of the Padri Sahebs, that go

* A coss is equal to two miles.

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about telling the people of Jesus Christ. Are you a Padri Saheb?"

The conversation is perhaps interrupted by a beggar, who limps up to the Missionary in the hope of exciting his compassion.

"Saheb," whines the wretched man, "I am dying of hunger; I have not a cowrie to buy food with."

Thus appealed to, the Missionary throws a couple of pice to him, and says, "Go and buy some rice, and then come back to me, and I will tell you of the food which will satisfy you, so that you will never hunger again."

By this time twenty or thirty people, including women and boys, have gathered round him. Some are intent on business, and only stay for a few minutes to hear about the "Pearl of great price," and then move away, wondering in their minds what it is all about. Others, having nothing particular to do at the moment, listen quietly, as the Missionary, in clear and earnest accents, speaks of man's guilt, of the need of a Saviour, and of the way of eternal life opened by the Gospel. One and another shake their heads, and say, "These are good words—who ever told us of such things!" Others exclaim, "Our priests teach differently; and what our fathers and grandfathers believed, we must hold to." Others, again, in the inner circle of the crowd, fix their eyes on the face of the Missionary, and when he has done speaking, hold out their hands for the Word of Life. "A book, sir! We want to know some more of the Christian's God, and to learn the wonderful story of His love."

We have hopes of many such to be met with at market-places. In a certain village of Bengal there lived a Hindu leper. He was friendless and miserable. Disease had taken fast hold of him, and he was weary of life. For several years he had walked daily to the shrine of some god, to sacrifice a kid or a goat, and to give money to the priests for poojas and prayers on his behalf. Many were the feasts he prepared for his Brahmins, and the gifts he bestowed on them, in the hope that they would pray for the removal of his disease. But these efforts were fruitless; he was still a leper.

At last he determined to wash himself in the waters of a sacred river. He made a pilgrimage to Muttra, where, twice daily, he plunged into the holy tide, muttering prayers to his gods. But the waters had no healing power for him,

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and his gods were deaf to his call. Footsore and weary, he retraced his steps to his native village, and there he thought he would lay himself down and die. One day, not long after his return home, he dragged himself to a neighbouring market to buy some food. He saw a crowd gathered under the shade of a large tree, and heard a voice in earnest tones. He was attracted to the spot, and was soon drinking in the words that fell from the lips of the preacher. "Cleansing for the leper! Do I hear aright?" And he moved closer. The crowd gave way, and let him pass. Standing close beside the preacher, he listened to the blessed story of Christ's power and mercy. "Can the Christian's God cleanse me of this leprosy?" he asked, pointing to his own diseased body. "I will cast myself at his feet." This he did. In the blood of Christ he was cleansed of his spiritual leprosy; and, not many months after, freed from the body of this death, he stood spotless in the realms of the blessed.

THE TIGER AND THE SPEAKING-TRUMPET.

Of course you like tiger stories! So do I. In old days I remember a very telling one of a lady at a pic-nic who, seeing a tiger draw near to join the party without having received an invitation—which of course was rude,—suddenly opened an umbrella in his face—which in such circumstances was hardly rude—and sent him frightened from the spot. We used always to look with great admiration at the picture of the lady, apparently taken while she was in the very act of pointing her umbrella at the tiger, and wondered whether we should have been as clever. But we so very often had this anecdote related to us when we asked for a story, that we began to wish for a new one. Perhaps you, too, may like to read this one, of a tiger and a speaking trumpet:—

"On one occasion, a Missionary travelling in a river-boat had scarcely retired to rest, when there was a rap at his cabin-door, and a voice exclaimed, 'Saheb, look out on the bank!' He opened the venetian and looked out. Close to the boat, at the edge of the water, sat a huge animal. The glare of his eyes and the black stripes on his body plainly showed that he was a tiger. He seemed to be contemplating a spring on board and a feast on the boatmen, many of whom were lying asleep on deck, covered from head to foot

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in their sheets. In low tones and affrighted whispers the manjee begged the Saheb to put an end to the savage visitor. But the Missionary had no rifle or pistol with him, and he felt perplexed and anxious. Suddenly, he thought of a speaking-trumpet he usually took about with him, and seizing it, he blew a blast that echoed and re-echoed over the waters. The beast turned about his head in wonder, then slowly rising, shambled off into the jungle."

I think we should like to know what the tiger thought about the matter, and whether he told the story to his tiger-friends in the jungle.

"I WISH I CARED MORE ABOUT IT!"

OR,

HOW TO GAIN AN INTEREST IN MISSIONARY WORK

II.

I WONDER whether you have tried the plan of which we were talking last month—whether you have been seeking to *know* more of Missions—to learn thoroughly the history of a single Mission, and from that one travelling to another, so as at all events to feel as if one little portion of the bright countries on the Missionary Map had become something of interest to you,—so as to be able to say when you come upon it in one of the periodicals, or when you hear it mentioned at the meeting, "That's my place! I know about what they are doing there!"

I hope you have. It is very pleasant to take a walk and stretch one's limbs, and to enjoy the scenery out of doors. And just in the same way we begin to enjoy going out for a walk with our minds, and stretching our thoughts to far-away lands, and picturing to ourselves the palm-trees and the plains, and the hills, of some region which we visit without its inhabitants being a bit the wiser; and we find ourselves refreshed by our acquaintance with the Missionary workers, and the native church, and the converts, whom at last we come even to know by name.

But I should be helping you very little in your wish to care more for the work, if I were to content myself with advising you to *learn* more on the subject and were to go

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no further. On the contrary, you will never gain a real heart-interest in the matter, will never feel as if the Missionary cause belonged to you and you belonged to it, unless you go further, or perhaps I might say, unless you go far deeper than all this. Let me tell you what I mean.

Have you ever thought of the real meaning of a Missionary Meeting? You may have been to a great many, and perhaps have thought some, with long speeches, rather tiresome, and some, with interesting anecdotes, rather amusing. You know by heart the look of the room, the forms and the platform, and possibly the people who gather together there; and it may be that you yourself hold a Missionary Box, or are a Collector. But have you ever stopped still to think what this meeting actually represents? Here are a number of people met to talk about the carrying over the sea of a message. It is not a message about commerce, or about the government of nations, such as are conveyed by many ships from England; but it is a message which we call a Message of Life. If you were to take your station at the mouth of the Thames, and were to ask the errand of the vessels going out to sea, you would be told of one, that it was bound for Norway, and would bring back timber; and of another, that it was laden with goods for China, and would bring back tea; and of another, perhaps, that it was taking out bales of cloth, and would bring back indigo or spices from India. But the Missionary ship, or Missionaries on board any of these, have this distinction from others who travel forth from their own country to these distant lands—they are conveying *invisible treasures* to people with whom they have no kind of connexion. They are following the command of an invisible Master; they will send back to England no return in the shape of spices and stores from countries afar off. If they ever live to come back themselves, they will not have anything with them to show for the devotion of their lives to work in dangerous and unhealthy climates,—their trade is with unseen commodities, and its results will only be fully known in an unseen land, in the life of the world to come.

Now, at a Missionary Meeting you have a number of people gathered together to tell of these Missionaries; of their difficulties, their disappointments and their successes in this work. We all say that we believe it to be the most important work there is,—that to win souls from among

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the heathen to the knowledge of the Saviour is worth living for and worth dying for. But it requires us to *believe* this, to *feel* it to the very bottom of our hearts, if we are to be in real earnest in helping it forward. A great many people who go to each meeting, say, "O yes, *of course*, there is nothing to compare with the worth of the soul. *Of course* Missionaries ought to be sent out to the heathen." But these "*of course*" people are generally those who care least about the matter. I hope you are not one of them, for if you are, I am afraid that you are not wishing to gain an interest in the work—that you feel that it is the Missionary's concern, or the clergyman's, or your parents', or grown-up people's in general, and not yours in particular.

And so I think that the next and most important part of getting to care about it is that of *learning to know for yourself the preciousness of the message which Missionaries carry out to the heathen.* Do you know this? If not, you can have no heart in the matter. If you have not felt how heavy is the load of sin—if you have not seen that Jesus died to bear its punishment in your stead—if you have not had the joy of hearing Him say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee! Go in peace!"—you will not care much for the success of others in carrying the good news of His love to foreign lands. You will take about as much interest in this as in the weather-corner of the newspaper, or as in the table of exports and imports in its trade columns—you cannot long that others should get the blessing and the joy of which you yourself know nothing.

Oh do, then, seek from Himself that this great step out of darkness into light—out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of Jesus—out of death into life—out of the curse into the blessing; this step which is made when you lay your sins on Him who bore their punishment for you, may indeed be taken by you. Then you will feel as if the affairs of the Missionary work were those to which you are most closely united.

And then you will begin to put in practice the third rule I would give you for "caring more about it." *You will set to work yourself;*—and love for the work grows with our efforts for it.

A number of gentlemen were once collected together, and were sadly talking of the distress of a poor man and his family, who had suddenly lost all their means of support.

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But though they shook their heads, and seemed very sorry for their troubles, nobody appeared to have thought of setting to work to relieve them. After looking on for a few minutes, a Quaker gentleman who was present took up a hat, and putting in a five-pound note, passed it on, saying, "I care five pounds for their trouble. Friend, how much dost thou care for it?"

Now, this is a very good story for you if you want to be more interested in the cause of Missions. "How much dost thou care about it?" Perhaps I might change the question, or rather add another to it: "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?"

Well, set to work, not only in learning about Missions, but in trying to help them on. Be as ingenious as possible in earning money to support the work, to send out the message. I have seen boys who have their hearts set on making a collection of stamps, put as much time, and care, and neatness, and method into their efforts as would go a long way towards helping on the filling of a Missionary Box; and I have great faith in the success of every one who is really in earnest. Seeking to be a quiet Home Missionary—to do every little thing you can for Jesus, who so loved you, will help you to care about the spread of His Word to people far away, whom you have never seen.

When I see a boy or a girl loving to younger brothers and sisters, and trying to help them to serve Him, or giving up time, and sometimes their own amusements, in order to comfort a sick person, or to bring help to some poor friend, I generally have a suspicion that the Missionary Box on the mantelpiece will feel heavy when I take it up in my hand.

By and by, when a day comes which we believe to be drawing near, a day in which the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and shall single out His workers, and shall say, "Ye did it unto me," I think a great many people will say, "I wish I had cared more about it! I wish I had been at work!"

Well, now is *your* time.

His work let us share
Who bids us prepare,
For the day of His coming, which swiftly draws nigh:
Then the heavens shall ring
With the words of the King—
Those who served me on earth shall reign with me on high!

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

THE first of July means that half the year is over. It means something besides to a great many of our young readers, to whom the soft west winds bring a pleasant whisper of *summer holidays*.

Perhaps you may be reading this while you are sitting in the swing, gently rocking to and fro under the shade of the trees, and thinking to yourself how pleasant the world is in summer. Or you may be a town child, busy with thoughts of a visit to the sea-side, or at least tolerably certain of one long day in the country when the School Treat to which you are looking forward shall arrive.

Well, we cannot be sure on these points; but we should like in the Green Book to wish you very happy holidays—pleasant rambles and long bright evenings with brothers and sisters, and making of daisy-chains and wreaths of wild-flowers; or, if you are by the sea, plenty of shells and great success in seaweeds; or, at all events, for the School Treat of those who are looking forward to but one day of country life, as happy a day as July can bring.

And now, as you may have heard of holiday-tasks, we are inclined to ask you to look at one or two pictures, such as you may be seeing in July and August; and perhaps on some Sunday afternoon in the summer you may be inclined to gather some of your friends or brothers and sisters in the garden, or on the rocks, or even in the schoolroom, and find out what they teach us of Missionary thought, Missionary work, and Missionary prospects in the future.

I.

The Children's Gardens.—In one, the summer flowers are fading for want of water. The ground around them is untilled and hard. Some thistles have pushed themselves within the border, and the breeze is carrying the thistle-down away. In another, bees are gathering honey from the flowers, and the roses are shedding a sweet perfume. The plants bear token of constant watering, and the earth has been well broken up. In a third there is little show of flowers; for those which have been planted will not bloom till the autumn. But fruit is ripening on the wall; and the sun and rain are only needed to ensure a plentiful gathering in a coming season.

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II.

Harvest.—A golden corn-field. Reapers are busy on every side, and gleaners are awaiting the time when they will be permitted to enter the fields. The barns are ready, and the waggons are at hand, in prospect of the Harvest Home.

III.

The Sea-side.—Fisher-boats are seen afar off, lit up by the afternoon sun. As the day advances, one by one they arrive laden at the shore, and the tide, which had been low, rises rapidly, so that in the light of the setting sun it has covered the sands, and "as a sea of glory it spreads from pole to pole."

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

Joshua.

1. Whose place did Joshua take as leader of the children of Israel? In what respects was his position different from his forerunner in the office? In what other parts of Scripture history do we find that God raised up men to take the places and the work of those leaders, prophets, and teachers, whom He called to Himself? Can you give instances of the same kind in Missionary history?

2. How do you find proofs of God's faithfulness and power in the passage of the Israelites over Jordan? Why was it that the bearers of the ark were those at the touch of whose feet the waters were driven back? What other instances are there in Scripture of a pathway being made through the waters? And of what promise in one of the early prophets do they remind us? Can you draw from them encouragement in Missionary work?

3. What was the history of an altar built by two tribes and a half of Israel by Jordan? How did it differ from heathen altars? How from the altars in the tabernacle? Where does God tell us that heathen sacrifices are hateful in His sight? What are the sacrifices which Christians are desired to offer?

4. What great assembly did Joshua gather together at Shechem? Why did he wish to address them, and what did he do with the stone? Can you remember any other story of an oak at Shechem? For what reason do we read that Samaria went into captivity? What Missionary story of the New Testament belongs to this place? What Missionary prayer was taught here? What warning may we gather from what passed in one of the villages of Samaria?

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THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

II.

A MESSAGE has come from the Holy Land,
From the King who once dwelt below,
A message for all who obedient stand,
And are waiting to serve Him now;
O Christ our Lord, speak Thou the word,
Be it ours Thy will to know!

'I am walking still on the distant earth
Where I once had my sad abode:
Not in easy paths, not in scenes of mirth,
Not in pleasure's ensnaring road,
But in lonely ways and through weary days,
Still wanders the Son of God.

"Men pass me by and they know me not,
Though their welcome I still implore
In many a dreary and desolate spot
By the voice of the sad and poor:
Who will not hear when their feet draw near
Is turning Christ from the door.

"Speak loving words by the lowly bed
Of her who in sorrow lies;
With tender hand raise the drooping head
And bring light into tearful eyes;
Still the Master needs such gentle deeds,
And such lowly sacrifice.

"The bread of life to the weary soul
The Saviour still bids thee break;
And living water which maketh whole
To the thirsty in spirit take:
Such offerings meet lie at Jesu's feet,
When given for His dear sake.

"From thee let the tidings spread abroad
Of the love which brings sinners nigh;
That He who once bow'd 'neath our sorrow's load
Still heals as He passes by;
That life is given, and hope and heaven,
To all who for mercy cry.

"Thus do His will while thy path still lies
Through the earth which He trod for thee,—
For a little while, till thy waiting eyes
Shall the King in His beauty see;
And the glad sweet word be in glory heard
'*Thou hast done it unto Me!*'"

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"HOW MANY EFFICIENTS?"

I.

WILLY FORBES was very proud of his elder brother Frank. When he was raised to the Sixth Form of the Worthington Grammar School, he had thought much of his rank in the head class; and when he was elected captain of the First Eleven at cricket, Willy felt that he would be willing to field-out for him for any number of hours, so filled was he with a sense of the dignity to which Frank had attained. But when his brother's name was put down on the list of the Worthington Volunteer Rifle Corps, Willy came to the conclusion that, when the far-off day of his being grown up in his turn should arrive, he too would have a rifle and a uniform, and would then be happy always afterwards.

"Wouldn't you like to be a rifle volunteer, too, Katie?" he asked, as his sister and he knelt up at the window, and together watched Frank going off to drill on a bright spring evening.

"I should like to have a rifle," said Katie, thinking over the matter, "only—only—I think I would rather not have to fire it; you see I should be a little afraid of its going off."

"Afraid of its going off! Just like a girl!" was her brother's reply. "Why, what would be the good of a rifle if it wasn't to go off, and kill one's enemies, and make a noise and a flame, and have to be loaded again in a moment, ready for some one else? But that's what you'd be afraid of doing, I suppose?"

"I think I'd rather not kill any one, unless he was very wicked indeed," answered Katie truthfully; "and even then, I'm not sure if I wouldn't ask some one else to be kind enough to do it for me. Besides, you know, Willy, even if he was wicked, he might be the strongest, and not let me." Which, indeed, seemed possible, as fair-haired Katie was not to be ten until her next birthday, and, being very small for her age, did not look as if she were likely to bring terror to the heart of a very fierce assailant.

Both Willy and his sister were, however, if possible, still prouder of their elder brother when Easter came near, and the Easter Monday Review allowed of no conversation except what concerned drill and rifles, and companies and

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marching-past, in all of which Willy took a lively interest, while Katie did her best to understand at a distance. And when Frank came home tired on the evening of the great day, she felt a little bit, she thought, like Miss Nightingale, of whom she loved to read in the stories of the Crimean War, as she helped him to unstrap his knapsack, and brought him his slippers, and, wishing to show her sense of all he had gone through for the sake of defending them against the French—which was Katie's idea of Frank's rifle and uniform—slipped an additional lump of sugar into his tea.

"How many are there altogether in your company?" inquired her uncle, who had come to Worthington on purpose to spend Easter with his brother's family, and to run down by train for the Review on the Downs at which his nephew's regiment was to appear.

"About three hundred and forty," was the reply; "and we had a very fair muster to-day. The commanding-officer complimented our colonel on the steadiness of the marching-past."

"And how many Efficients?"

"Well, not more than two hundred and twenty, or thereabouts," answered Frank. "The novelty wore off a year or two after the company was formed, and a good many are of very little real use now."

"What's the difference between a Volunteer and an Efficient?" asked Katie, who was sitting on her father's knee, as, after a substantial tea, the family party gathered round a comfortable fire, which, in its line, was certainly efficient.

"The difference between talking and working," said Frank, giving a poke to the fire.

"This is the difference," said her father, seeing that Katie did not by any means fully understand the matter: "a great many men at first had their names put down on the list of the volunteer army. They had their rifles and their uniforms, and made a start. But after a time some got tired of going to drill, and some found they could not give time for soldiering, and so, though their names are still on the list, they are not of real good—that is to say, they are not efficients—not ready for service on a field-day, and really and truly might nearly as well not be called volunteers at all."

"Then Frank *is* an Efficient," said Katie, anxious to satisfy herself fully respecting her brother. "He goes to the drilling-place, and to the review; and if the French came, would fire at them with his rifle and send them away."

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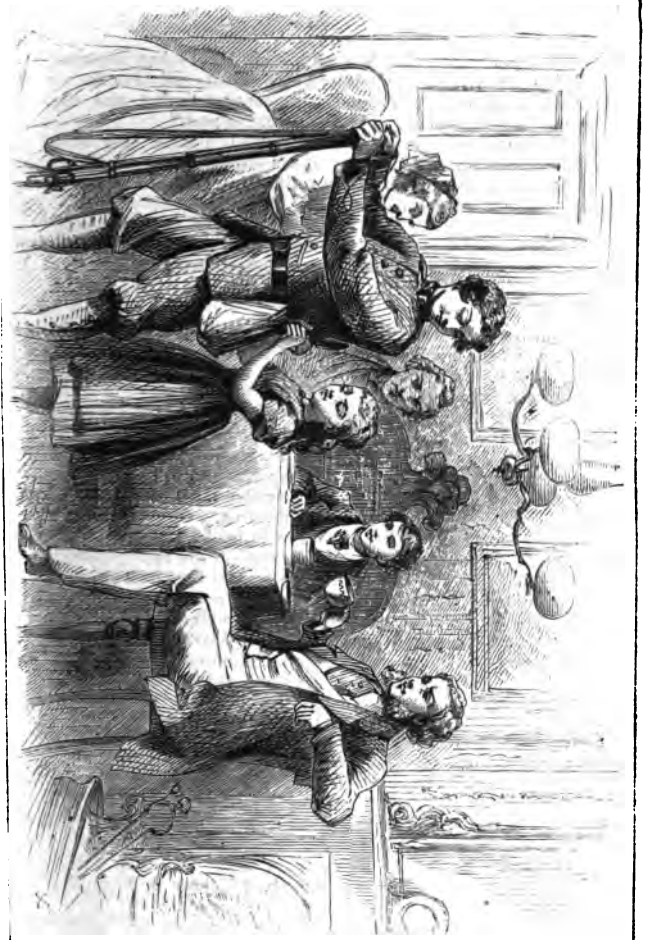

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"We must hope that he would," said Mr. Forbes, stroking Katie's fair hair. "Certainly, we must call Frank an Efficient, after his devotion to his country to-day, and the general's compliments as to his marching-past."

"I should hate being anything else if I could only be a volunteer!" sighed Willy. "It's a sneaking, stupid thing to be called one, and to have a uniform and all, and just to do nothing all the time."

"Take care, then, that you're an Efficient in everything which you take in hand, my boy," was his father's reply. "It's not only in soldiering that the question comes of '*How many Efficients?*'"

II.

Somehow or other it seemed as if Willy and his sister were to be continually reminded of the question which had been asked that evening by their uncle respecting the volunteer company.

Not many months after a great treat came in their way—that of spending a long day in the country with the very uncle who had then come down to Worthington, and who now invited the children to accompany their parents in an expedition to his large farm about twelve miles off.

It was a great event to the children. Of course they jumped out of bed with bare feet early in the morning to see if it was fine, and roused up the rest of the family before five o'clock by opening the door to look at the clock on the stairs, in order to find out whether it was not time to get up. And when, soon after breakfast, they were finally on the way in the light dog-cart, which Mr. Forbes drove himself, their parents had to threaten to tie them in, so eager were they to jump off, and run to the hedges and fields to gather the flowers which tempted them at every turn.

The first thing they went to see was the colony of bee-hives, to which their uncle himself showed the way. Willy was curious to know about their ways of life; and, when he looked through the glass hive at the regularly-built cells and stores of honey, exclaimed with wonder at the exquisite workmanship of the busy insects, who all seemed intent on their delicate craft.

"And do they work on Sundays too?" inquired Katie; "and I suppose they haven't even a half-holiday on Saturdays like we have."

"Not that I ever heard of, Katie," replied her uncle;

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"and indeed, even if I were to put up a notice on the hive of early closing on Saturdays, and they could understand it, I doubt whether any but the drones would attend to it, and they are willing enough to do nothing without waiting for leave."

"What are the drones?" asked Katie. "Aren't they all bees in the hive?"

"All bees, but not all *working*-bees," was the answer. "A great many of those which you see, and which look to you just like the rest, do none of the work, and only have the name. After a time the workers get tired of their doing nothing but feeding on their provisions, and put an end to them."

"I think it's just like the company of volunteers," said Katie, after pondering over the subject for some time. "If the bees had names, and were called over like Frank's company, there'd be the question which you asked him, uncle."

"What was that?" inquired her uncle, looking down on his little niece, who was deeply studying the bees from a safe distance.

"Why, you asked him 'How many Efficients?'"

"A very good idea," interposed her father; "it's with bees as with volunteers—there are workers and drones with both. Mind that you are working-bees, both of you, and not noisy, worthless drones, grumbling away your lives, and making a noise about doing nothing, when others are busy with the real work."

In the afternoon the whole party went for a walk through the garden, and along the lanes, and home by a neighbouring park, which always seemed to the children the most beautiful place in the world. Katie's hat was gay with the wreath of wheat-ears and poppies with which it was decorated, and she and Willy were out of breath continually as they chased each other in and out among the trees.

On their way back to the farm, they stopped to explore the gardens adjoining the park, to which the Squire's head gardener, who knew Mr. Forbes, invited them. The hot-houses and forcing-houses were not so much to Katie's taste as the fresh air outside; and she was glad when the whole party went into a large fruit orchard, in which plenty of ripening treasure promised a goodly autumn harvest.

"How did that supply of young fruit-trees succeed which you got over from Devonshire?" inquired her father of the

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gardener. "I remember your showing them to me a year or two ago."

"Well, sir," answered the gardener, "take them all in all they were a fair lot; but there were many of them that seemed to give a deal of promise, judging from their flower, that pretty nigh go all off in flower, and never—if you put it that way—come to business at all. There were others, now, of the same lot gave us a deal of fruit; and so, one with another, we weren't losers; but if this autumn don't bring us in returns from that row over there which was by way of belonging to the same stock, it 'll be ground and labour lost to do anything more for them, and they may be turned out for ornament, as far as I'm concerned, and the sooner the better."

"It's a question of 'How many Efficients?' again," said Mr. Forbes, looking at the children, who, having had an invitation from Mr. Tillwell to come and see him a few months later, when the fruit-trees would, it was hoped, have come to business, had begun to look upon him as altogether a very delightful acquaintance. "Some of the fruit-trees seem orchard-drones, from the character they have gained from the gardener."

"It's a very extraordinary thing," said Willy to himself; "but really everything, and everybody, seems to be putting itself into divisions like that. I wonder whether we shall have any more of it."

It did not seem very likely, however; for on their return to the house it was quite time for tea, and it was nearly six o'clock before the party set off for Worthington—a supply of preserves and fresh eggs, and other good country dainties, being stowed away under the seat in sufficient abundance to be a very substantial remembrance of the visit to Barrow.

"We should have time to stop for a moment at the new church," said Mr. Forbes to his wife, as they drew near home after a quick drive through the pleasant evening air. "The foreman may be about the works still, and I want to ask how they've been getting on."

Mr. Forbes was the architect of a new church which was building in a suburb of the town; and both his children had taken a very great interest in its progress, from the day in which Katie and the clergyman's little daughter had been dressed in white and allowed to unite in laying its first stone, to that of its being finished outside; while all that now

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remained to be done before the consecration was the completion of the internal masonry and fittings. Willy, especially, enjoyed going there from day to day with his father; and he and Katie used to say to each other how odd it would seem to go to church there on Sundays when the building would be quite grown up, after their having known it so well while it was building.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Mason!" was Mr. Forbes' exclamation as he drew up at the sight of the foreman, who was still lingering about the works. "Have you got through the chancel work yet? I've been taking a day in the country, you see, and hadn't time to come down this morning."

"I wish we had, sir," was the reply. "We had ought to have got through with that bit of the work last week, and it won't be finished before the end of this, if so soon."

"I'm sorry for that," said Mr. Forbes; "I think that there must be delay somewhere among the men. We're getting sadly behind time, Mason."

"I know it, sir, and I've had my thoughts about turning off half a dozen of the men, and getting fresh hands in. The truth is, sir, if we had as many what I call *working* men as we have hands, we'd have been done ever so long ago. But we've a lot of them that are more for show than for use when the master's eye is off them. Then they've their own views about short hours, and taking things easily, to that extent that a dozen thorough-going workers would be more good than twenty of these Worthington hands."

"'How many Efficients?' again," said Mr. Forbes, looking round and smiling at the children, at the same moment that Mr. Anderson, the rector of Worthington, came to the spot, and joined in a few minutes' chat with the party. And it was with no little pleasure that, as their parents prepared to drive off, Willy and Katie accepted his invitation to get down and walk home with him, as he was going past their own door, during which walk they told him the whole history of their day in the country, including the bees, the hot house, and Mr. Tillwell's invitation, and finishing with a history of the drive from Barrow, and a gift from Katie of the wild roses she had gathered as they walked up the hills.

III.

About a month after, the Worthington Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in a tent in the Rectory Gardens; and as

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it was a fine summer's afternoon, and the collectors and contributors were invited to tea afterwards on the lawn by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, it was a day entered upon with great delight by all the children taking part in it.

Willy Forbes was a collector. He had begged hard for a Missionary Box; and, after talking to him upon the subject, his parents had allowed him to hold it,—a permission which at the time had given him great pleasure. But Willy's box had not of late grown much heavier. Little Katie's weekly halfpenny had not failed, nor the Sunday penny always contributed by his mother. But, if the truth must be told, a very superior style of marbles and glass alleys had been the fashion in the school to which he went, and Willy had been regardless of anything else since the desire had seized hold of him of having a grand collection of them in his own possession.

Then, later, some cricketing things had been the chief desire of his heart; and when now and then he had glanced at the box, and had been reminded that it would soon be opened, he had been rather inclined to wish that it would walk off of its own accord, or, at least, that he had been less anxious to possess it.

And now, if the truth must be told, Willy was rather shy of the meeting. He had an uneasy feeling that he had not cared very much about the real meaning of the box—that he had rather liked to have his name written down as a collector, and to be sure of being asked to tea at the Rectory; but that he ought to have had some better reason for becoming one than all this; and this feeling was not lessened by his mother saying to him as they prepared to start for the meeting, "I should like our Willy to have his heart more in the work than I fear it is."

It was a very pleasant meeting. Both Katie and Willy liked it better than any they had ever attended. As he whispered to his sister, when a Missionary from North America told them of his travels and adventures among the red Indians, and when another from Africa showed them on the map the places of which he had so many stories to relate, "If only geography was like that it wouldn't be horrid," which remark I ought, perhaps, hardly to repeat, as the geography master of Willy's class was sitting exactly behind him, and was not intended to hear.

All the children listened and glistened when, at the end,

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Mr. Anderson stood up. He told them that he was looking forward with great interest to the end of the meeting, and to the opening of the boxes, as it would answer a question concerning the children of Worthington which had been for some time in his mind. They should hear what it was.

Firstly, he talked to them of the Volunteer Review, and asked them if they had seen pictures of the day on the Downs; upon which a number of voices sounded an answer to the effect that they had. "And now," continued Mr. Anderson, "when I was reading the list of the corps which were gathered together for the field-day, there was one thing which struck me in a moment. It was as follows: '*Worthington Rifle Corps*, 340. 220 *Efficients*.'

"Of course we all think a great deal of Worthington," said Mr. Anderson; "and of course we are very proud of our volunteers; but I don't think we have much to be proud of amongst the non-efficients. I don't think a man can be called a soldier who doesn't take any trouble about drill, who doesn't appear when his name is called, who isn't a whole-hearted volunteer, throwing all his will into the matter."

"Frank is, though," whispered Katie to her mother, even at the risk of being hushed down, but feeling that some sort of testimony was at such a moment due to her brother; whereupon Mrs. Forbes smiled down to her little girl, who then listened again to Mr. Anderson as he proceeded.

"'How many Efficients?' that is a question which comes to my mind very often in the day," he continued. "Have you ever stood beside a bee-hive? They are not all working-bees. There are drones to every hive. The real work is done by the Efficients.

"Have you ever looked through a fruit orchard, and seen a number of trees blooming in the spring-time, to all of which have been given care and culture? It may be that there are only a few fruit-bearing ones amongst them; but the autumn and the fruit-harvest will answer the question, '*How many Efficients?*'"

By this time Willy and Katie had begun to look at each other, and Willy's face was growing very red, as a conviction came over him that Mr. Anderson was recalling the experiences of no less a personage than himself. Moreover, a certain consciousness began to steal through his mind to the effect that at the end, and when the boxes should be opened, those experiences might not be exactly in his favour.

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And when the next words were spoken, he tried so very hard to look as if he knew nothing of what was being said, that Katie was quite ashamed of the faces he made in doing so.

"I have seen a building rise up from its foundation," continued Mr. Anderson, "and have watched the builders at their work. It might seem at first sight that all were busy; but too often slow progress tells its own story. 'What! the top-stone not crowning it yet! and so many men at work!' say the bystanders. 'Yes, so many builders,' is the reply; 'but *how many Efficients?*'

"Now, we have met together this afternoon, and I have in my hand the names of our volunteer corps—the rank and file of our Missionary Collectors and Contributors. Each one has professed by the act of becoming one to have a heart and hands ready for Missionary effort. Each must answer the question for himself or herself—'*Am I an Efficient?*'

"I have before me the bees who are to bring stores to the Missionary hive. I hope there are no drones among them—noisy do-nothings who make a buzz and a hum about a very little real effort. I hope that I shall find, by and by, that each honey-cell is well lined—that we have none here but *efficients*—that the trees which have fair blossoms are bearing fruit for the Lord Jesus Christ—that the builders who are to build in His name, though by what may seem only little efforts, are efficients.

"By and by there will be a roll-call. The words will sound through heaven and earth, '*Call the labourers.*' On that roll there will be no names of pretence-workers, of show-workers, of those who have not desired to work for the love of Him who gave His life for them. Will your names be entered there? The number will answer the question concerning all the workers since the beginning of the world —'*How many Efficients?*'"

Willy's name was on the list in Mr. Anderson's hand, and Willy had been feeling more shy every moment as he proceeded, and having first buttoned his jacket by way of doing something active to take off the feeling, he had unbuttoned it again, so as if possible to relieve his mind more completely; while little Katie was so anxious to answer to herself the question as to whether "Mr. Anderson could be meaning us," as she recalled her day at Barrow, that she looked from her mother to Willy with a puzzled expression of countenance which he could not help noticing.

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Then the boxes were opened. Some were overflowing, so that one wondered how the last penny of all had been got in. Some made a loud rattle when they were shaken; but people accustomed to the language of Missionary-boxes could have told in a moment that their contents were more noisy than abundant; and Willy's was among these last.

There was a very merry party on the Rectory lawn after the meeting. Mr. Anderson and the Missionaries were full of stories which the children delighted in, and Willy and Katie were divided between the pleasure of strawberries and cream and that of listening to descriptions of the children of other lands. Perhaps, if I were to say the exact truth, however, it would be that Willy liked the strawberries and cream rather the best of the two; but then, it was a hot afternoon, and they had been at the meeting before, and—well, strawberries are strawberries!

After tea all wandered about in the gardens and fields, and Willy was observed at the top of a hay-cock, against which Mr. Anderson was leaning and talking to him, as they looked at the sunset beyond the completed building of the new church. When Katie asked him afterwards what Mr. Anderson had been saying, her brother's reply was only "Oh, nothing particular!" But it seemed as if that "nothing particular" had been something particular enough for Willy to remember it. For the next year it proved that his name was on the list of the Efficients.

Is your name, my young reader, enrolled as a Missionary Collector? I do not know to which of the Missionary volunteer companies you belong; but I hope that you are among the Efficients!

OUR COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

I.

THE PARSONAGE.

T is in the North. Not "the North" as we mean it generally, when in England we speak of Yorkshire or Scotland; but the cold, cold north of North America, with its long winter and its short summer, and its true-hearted Missionaries, whose love and zeal do not freeze, because of the sunshine which the love of Jesus in the heart always brings.

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Now, you will be reading this in August, when, perhaps, we shall be saying that the weather is hot and sultry, and when sea-breezes and a draught of fresh cool water are welcome and refreshing. And, as we cannot give you these, we will try to give you in the Green Book a breath of Northern air, in the shape of one or two sketches kindly contributed by Mr. Horden, the Missionary of Moose Fort, who sent us in our February number a description of the Indians in winter, and who now describes for us his own house, which, at the tip-top of the world, does not seem to be very much like an English parsonage. There are no roses and honeysuckles climbing up and peeping in at the windows; no fair-stretching meadows, with cows and sheep sprinkled over them; no tempting crops of strawberries and cherries in the garden; but we have just a plain wooden house, built according to the following description:—

"And first about my house. A foundation of stones was first laid on the ground; and on this logs of timber were laid, one on the other, and fastened together with large iron spikes. When the walls were sufficiently high, a roof of planks was put on. The seams between the logs were then caulked with oakum, just like the sides of a ship. The sides and roof were afterwards covered with boards overlapping each other, which are called weather-boards. The inside was then ceiled with thin boards, and the wooden floors laid.

"The windows are double; that is, instead of there being only one window, as in English houses, there are two, the one inside the other, and standing about five inches apart. In the summer the outer ones are taken down.

"But some one here says, 'Yet, with all this precaution, what a quantity of coal you must burn.' But you are mistaken, we never see any coal; we burn wood only. A large iron stove is placed in a convenient position, and, being kept filled with wood, we can defy the attacks of General Frost, who is most pertinacious in his endeavours to effect an entrance.

"'And can you get wood enough?' say you.

"Yes, God is very gracious to us in this matter; for our woods are very extensive indeed, and we are in no dread of exhausting them. And now I must tell you how we set about procuring the wood. The snow is already on the ground, the river is frozen, the cold outside severe; a number of men, shouldering their axes, proceed in the woods to a

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suitable spot, and soon the noise of the axes and the crashing of the trees testify to the work being done. A tree being felled, the chopper cuts it into billets the length of the stove. He then piles it into cords; and a cord is a pile eight feet long and four feet high. By and by, when a great deal has been cut, other men come to fetch the wood with large sledges drawn by oxen; the sledge, you see, has no wheels, as they would not run in the deep snow. They bring it to the wood-yard, where it is piled up afresh; and not a little glad are we when we see the year's supply of wood home, and know that for a time at least there will be a great difference between the temperature outside and inside.

"I am writing this on the first of April; the stove is still roaring, the snow still lies very deep, the cold is still severe, and it will yet be six or seven weeks before our noble river casts off its wintry coat, and allows us to see its limpid waters rolling onwards to the sea beneath a summer's sun. This is somewhat different, is it not, from dear old England? Its rivers are not frozen, its fields are now covered with the loveliest verdure, everything has already sprung to life. Be grateful, then, and, as you enjoy England's pleasures and England's beauties, think of and pray for those who in the bitter North are employed in inviting the poor Indian to seek that better country, where sorrow and hunger and pain and cold are entirely unknown."

II.

OUR NEAREST VILLAGE.

"And now we will go a little beyond Moose Fort, to a village a hundred miles distant, and that the nearest village. Not a house stands between it and Moose Fort. It is situated in a dreary solitude, dreary at every period of the year.

"You see the unpretending church; and the house by its side is the residence of the native minister, Mr. Vincent. The other houses are inhabited by the agent of the Hudson Bay Company and his men; for in the spring of the year a large number of Indians come here with furs of all kinds, collected during the previous winter; and then the whole plain is dotted with their tents. It is then, too, that the Missionary is so very busy, making the most of the golden opportunity; it is then "Work while it is day, for the night cometh,"—that long winter night of many months, when he

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BOILING GRASS FOR DINNER AT ALBANY.

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cannot well reach them, except by his prayers. Morning, noon, and night the work goes on; the planting and the watering are carried on vigorously, and God has given the increase. Many, many Indians have been converted to Christ, and have died in hopes of eternal life, and many more are living testimonies of Christ's Gospel.

"There is Isaac Hardisty, one of the most intelligent Indians I know, and one who not only knows Christ himself, but likewise does everything in his power to bring others to Christ. Whenever Mr, Vincent is absent on a Missionary journey, Hardisty assembles the Indians and conducts service, using the Prayer-book and Testament as readily as I can do myself.

"There is John Scott too, not particularly intelligent, but still happy in the use of his well-thumbed books, finding religion the great source of happiness. One summer, being at Albany, I knew that the Indians must be suffering from want of food, and I wished to ascertain on what they subsisted. I entered John Scott's tent. Cooking was going on, a kettle was on the fire, and in it was a quantity of a peculiar kind of grass, which they were boiling for food.

"'Is this for your dinner?' I said to John.

"'Yes,' replied he; 'I shall stay here as long as you do, for I do not want to lose any of the instruction you can give me, and we will try meanwhile to live on this kind of food.'

"He found Christ: being poor, he yet became rich; having nothing, he came to possess all things. Desolate, then, and dreary though Albany may be, there are flowers there of the Lord's planting which will bloom in the kingdom of our God.—J. H."

Perhaps some of our readers "go to school in the next village." Perhaps, in the pleasant summer weather, they cross the stiles and the green fields to meet kind teachers and friendly voices, and to be taught in their own tongue of Him who came to save them. Well, in some such goings to school think of the poor Indian of Albany living on grass, and willing to stay in hunger and difficulty that he might gather that knowledge, so constantly and freely offered to you, which was brought to him from the nearest village—a hundred miles off.

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MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

Judges.

1. What is the meaning of Bochim? Why was the name given? What sin did God look upon as specially a "transgression of His covenant," and why? Can you remember any special instance in Old Testament history of people trying to worship God and idols at the same time? How were they punished? How and in what two particular towns did St. Paul teach the heathen that they might from what they could see have known, even without the Scriptures, the folly of idol-worship?

2. What two tribes are mentioned in the song of Deborah as having "jeoparded their lives" in the cause of the Lord? In what spirit does it say that their governors and some of the people offered themselves for His service? And which of the tribes was kept back by their clinging to their homes and possessions? Of what Churches does St. Paul write to the Corinthians that they first "gave their own selves" unto the Lord? Can you bring texts to show that until we have done the same we can bring Him no acceptable service?

3. How many Missionary lessons can you find in the history of Gideon?

Ruth.

4. What harvest customs do we find recorded in the Book of Ruth? Where, throughout Scripture, do we find sowing, reaping, garnering, and harvest-rejoicing spoken of in a spiritual sense? And what Missionary teaching belongs to a harvest-field?

5. What was the custom for the *redemption* of an inheritance as spoken of in the Book of Ruth? What laws were laid down for it in Leviticus? What prophet, in a time when Jerusalem was besieged, showed his confidence in God's promise that "houses and fields and vineyards should again be possessed in the land," by redeeming his cousin's possession? What great truth did these customs show forth? How is Jesus our next of kin? What inheritance has He redeemed for Himself? What inheritance has He redeemed for us? Where are we told to make known the tidings of redemption?

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A VISIT TO THE PLACE OF THE FOUR FLOWINGS.

I.

THROUGH THE RAIN TO KUTIKAL.

THINK the English name sounds better in our English ears than Kamkutikal (or, more shortly, Kutikal), which is the Arrian title of a village in one of the valleys of the Western Ghaûts belonging to the province of Travancore.

Do you remember the story in our May number of "The Banner lifted up upon the Mountains," and of Mr. Baker and his Arrian Mission? If you do, you will be quite ready to accompany him, and his Missionary friend who has written this account for you, and to spend a Sunday with them at this village of the Four Flowings, so called because, near the thick jungle and lofty forest-trees by which it is surrounded, four mountain streams unite, each murmuring its own story of its travels from the mountains where it had its birth and its first cradle.

The start was made from Mundakyum, the place of Mr. Baker's residence, which also has a name with a meaning. For *Mundee* signifies egret, a kind of heron which frequents the deep pools in the hill streams; and *kyum* is the term used for those pools in which such mountain streams stand in dry weather: so Mundakyum means literally *Egret Pool.*

"Early on Saturday morning, September 8th, I started with the Rev. H. Baker from the Peer Merde, the summit of the Western Ghaûts, to walk some eleven or twelve miles to this village, where we purposed spending Sunday. On the Peer Merde there is also a Mission under Mr. Baker among the coolies (labourers) on the coffee estates, and a pretty little Gothic church has been erected, and also a Mission bungalow, which will be quite a cool retreat after the intense heat of the plain country. This is intended to be used as such in turn by those of the Mission party who require rest and change.

"The descent, 4,000 feet, was a very pleasant one; though on account of the hot, damp vapour steaming up from the ground, and the fragrant smell of tropical plants, you would

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fancy yourself in a hothouse in England. The road has been made by the Travancore Government at a great expense, by blasting the hard granite rock. We saw plenty of monkeys of a peculiar hooded kind. There are two other kinds in these hills (I do not know if there are any in the Zoological Gardens), who make a very funny noise in their throat; and now and then a snake. But neither wild elephants nor tigers were to be seen, though traces of the former were very evident. Mr. Baker told me of some hairbreadth escapes he had had himself, as well as his people, in God's providence, from wild beasts. A short time ago three or four men from Kutikal were successively carried off by tigers.

"On approaching the village we lost our way, the path being so narrow and overgrown, but were put right again by some coolies we happened to meet in the forest. We soon came upon the ripe paddy (rice), and could distinguish little huts on the tops of trees used as watch-towers, where the owners of the paddy nightly watch with guns to drive away wild animals. We heard a man cutting timber, and shouted to him, but he wouldn't come. He was afterwards ashamed of himself. At length three or four men came through the paddy to meet us and conduct us to the village, nearly half a mile distant from the cultivation. They said the reason they did not rush out to welcome their Missionary when they heard his shout was that, as they had not seen him for three months, they were so overjoyed they didn't know what to do. This was a little Arrian flattery. They seemed surprised to see a European stranger, but made me a very polite salâm (bow).

"It now began to rain very hard, and the umbrellas, which a little before we had used on account of the sun, now protected us from the wet, and we were glad to stop at the first native house in the village for shelter, where we sat for some time on the door-step. The Arrians build, for natives, very good houses, but I think my English readers would prefer their neat cottages at home. All natives build alike—the foundation of stone, the upper part of wood, and roof of thatch, the rooms narrow and low. Sometimes there is a verandah all round the house, where they will sit for hours to talk (as they have no books to read), and chew betel-nut. If a man is very rich, he still prefers small, dark, close rooms, and expends his money on fine carving outside on the front of the house.

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"This village is a Mission settlement—*i.e.* all the inhabitants are Christians, and the land belongs to the Mission. Before this arrangement was made, these Arrians were bitterly persecuted and tortured by a Rajah, who holds a great deal of land in his possession, and who pretended that these poor people owed him large sums of money and certain feudal services. He used to extort payments of grain, wax, ivory, or hard cash, or personal service for which no pay or return whatever was made. They can now worship the true God in peace, and cultivate undisturbed their rice.

"Where we stopped for shelter the people soon flocked around us to welcome their minister, who is at once their spiritual father, doctor, and magistrate, to tell him the news of the place, their troubles and sicknesses, and little grievances, which latter they call *sunkadum*, and which are presented neatly written with an iron pen on an *ola*, the long narrow leaf of a species of palm.

"The news of the village was soon told: 'There has been no dog (Patti),' a contemptuous name for tiger, 'here for some time,' said a fine, fearless-looking young Arrian, 'only now and then a rotten leopard.'

"The Reader, or Mission Agent, had one very sad story to tell: One of the men of the village had sought the aid of a heathen demon, and worshipped it, because his wife happened to have a little temporary derangement in her mind. When Mr. Baker pointed out the great sin of a man professing to be a Christian departing from the living God, and seeking the aid of a sorcerer, like Saul, who went to the witch at Endor, the man seemed very much ashamed and sorry, and afterwards repentant. Here was an opportunity for the Missionary of bidding the people seek the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, their precious Saviour at all times and on all occasions: 'Call upon me, saith the Lord, in the day of trouble, and I WILL deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.'"

II.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

"The rain having now ceased, we were conducted to our lodging, the narrow front room of a native house, in which were placed for us two little wooden cots, having for mattresses bisons' skins. Presents now began to flow in, the offering of their first-fruits, new rice, cakes, finest bunches

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PEEPING.

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of ripe plantains, &c., all which were gratefully received, for otherwise the donors would have been hurt. Some little boys, and big ones too, were very curious to know what were the contents of my carpet-bag, which, as they themselves have no books, and only two cloths for clothes, was a great mystery to them; and there were many pairs of dark eyes peeping through the bars of the room, which served in the place of windows. One came in to read in the Malayâlim Testament to me, which he did very fairly, and, as I am only a beginner myself, certainly better than his teacher.

"About four o'clock some villagers, men and boys, came to wish us good-bye, as they were going off to their cultivation to keep watch. They were armed with enormous guns of very primitive fashion, all flint or matchlocks; some were made from old musket-barrels, others native made. A man showed me one which had no stock, and was merely turned at the end like a walking-stick, seeming to me like a small cannon. It is held at arm's length, and fired. 'If it kick,' he said, 'you will know it.' Sometimes their jaws are thus dislocated. They *will* put enormous charges of powder, and lead and iron for bullets, to make a very loud report to frighten the wild animals, and, if possible, to kill them.

"We now went to see some of the sick. Some were suffering from dysentery, and others from dropsy after fever. Mr. Baker was very sorry to find that a girl, who had only been lately learning at Mr. H. Baker's school at Cottayam, had died. I heard that she had been a good girl, and attentive to her studies. She was about seventeen, had been lately married, and was named Pauline. He hoped she, with another named Eva, might be made school-teachers in their own village to the women. Only a few weeks before, on coming to Mundakyum to see Mrs. Baker, with the young man to whom she had been married, she presented rice-cake, and with a smiling face said, 'Thank you, ma'am,' the only English words she had picked up, and was now using to express her gratitude for past care. Of her last days we know little; but she had been a very good girl, with a tender conscience, and always affectionate.

"Later in the afternoon, through the pouring rain, a poor man, one of the wild jungle hunter-men, the natives of the country, came to see Mr. Baker. His appearance was rather singular. He had a covering loosely thrown over his

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head to protect him from the rain, made of large plantain-leaves sewn together; he held his left hand over his eye, which had received a severe blow. Under his arm he carried a fine fowl, as a present. Why did he come? He had walked some distance; and said he wanted Baptism. He knew something of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, but when he was asked about the Atonement, he said he didn't understand much, he had been learning two years, was a poor man, but didn't come for rice; wanted to be baptized. When he was asked what caste he would be in heaven, he said he didn't know anything about that: all he knew was that Christ would take care of him on earth, and Christ would take care of him in heaven.

"Mr. Baker thought he had better wait a little longer, and learn a little more under the Reader, and said he didn't want to take his fowl; but I noticed the man go behind the house, and, I fancy, to give it to Mr. Baker's servant.

"We slept very comfortably on our bison-skin beds, but Mr. Baker was disturbed in the night by a peculiar snorting noise like that of a wild beast, and holding the lamp outside, something skulked away into the jungle. We discovered afterwards that it was a large dog, which had a bullet-hole in the windpipe from one of these extraordinary guns; the wound never closed, hence the peculiar noise in its breathing."

III.

SUNDAY AT THE FOUR FLOWINGS.

"Sunday morning, 6th, dawned in pouring tropical rain. Still, very early, the villagers, in clean cloths, began to assemble in the verandah of the house, which was sufficient to protect them from the rain. Prominent among them was the jungle-man, earnestly entreating Baptism, and as he appeared very sincere, and answered more intelligently than yesterday, and promised to continue learning, Mr. Baker agreed to baptize him.

"Sometime in the morning (watches and clocks we had none, and no sun to guide us,) the bell rang,* and we went to church, and a very interesting scene met the eye. Passing over a heap of beautifully-chiselled granite stones,

* This bell was made by the people from a collection of brass images and small bells they used in their ancestral worship on their anniversaries, and was presented to the Church.

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the remnants of an ancient temple, where were distinctly visible the sacred stone and pedestal where the idol stood, and stone gutter to let off the water after washing the idol, we entered a temporary Christian church.

"Many years ago the site of the present Christian village was occupied by a large Nair population, and the temple was then dedicated to 'Tappen,' a son of one of the Hindoo Triad, called 'Siva the Destroyer.' Now, God willing, it will be the foundation for the house of Christ the Saviour, and the smooth stones of the altar pediment will thenceforth support the Sacramental table of our Lord. The walls are now partly built of the stones of the temple, partly of bamboo and leaves; the floor is of mud. Arranged on mats were some 250 persons, men, women, and children; the men on one side, the women on the other; all with bright clean faces and clean cloths. Some little boys were in a row in front. Three of these, I noticed, could read, and were provided with Prayer-books and Testaments. They looked so happy! The responses were warmly repeated; the devotion throughout the service was striking. In the corner of the building might be seen the jungle-man, with his left hand still over his eye, but with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"They listened with great attention to Mr. Baker's stirring address,—he knows the language as well as English,—and, when catechised, answered with great readiness. After the sermon, a little commotion—a brass vessel was brought; the candidates for Baptism came forward—babes, children, and adults. Among the latter was, of course, the poor jungle-man, and another man shivering with intermittent fever. The service was a very solemn and interesting one. The mothers of the babies each brought a chuckram (a small silver coin—1*d.*), as a kind of thankoffering. After the Baptisms, we gave a little medicine to the sick man.

"The Arrians are cutting down huge iron-wood trees, and Mr. Baker is collecting subscriptions, in order to build them a permanent church with the granite blocks, already cut and chiselled, of the ruins of Satan's temple. How striking, that the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ should have penetrated even to the thick jungle in the forests of the Western Ghaûts of India!

"Soon after the service was over, we were conducted across a rapid stream by means of a canoe (tree hollowed out), and

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set out to walk to our head-quarters at Mundakyum, some six miles distant, all the way through the jungle.

"I was glad when I reached Mundakyum, being weary and tired, but yet retaining very pleasant recollections of my visit to Kutikal."

THE STORY OF RAMCHUNDA.

E ARE often told of our privileges in being born in a Christian country, taught a true religion, and protected from persecution; but it is well now and then to be reminded of the hard fight which still must be fought in other lands by those who wish to profess and call themselves Christians.

The following story has been sent to us, of a young convert at Kurrachee, whose history may perhaps make us ask ourselves whether we are as much in earnest as he proved himself to be in the service of Christ:—

"On the Mission premises in a seaport town on the West Coast of India resides a little dark-coloured lad, well known to myself, and as I am going to tell you something about him, perhaps it may add to my young reader's interest to know that he is my godchild. Less than two years ago he was a heathen boy living with his heathen brother, knowing nothing of that Saviour whom you are so early taught to love. Now he is a baptized Christian, and his life and actions show his sincerity and earnestness. He is now looking forward to becoming, at some future day, a preacher of the Cross of Jesus.

"One day I was called to the door of our Mission House to speak to a lad who said his name was Ramchunda; he was a manly-looking little fellow, and his open countenance and straightforward way of speaking at once prepossessed me in his favour, in spite of his ragged attire. He had heard of our 'Children's Home,' and begged to be taken in: he further said he was ten years of age, and wished to become a Christian.

"I ought to say, that the 'Children's Home' is the name given to the institution at the Kurrachee Mission for any native children, especially orphans, who can be induced to come. Here they are clothed, and fed, and taught; the numbers are few, but the good done to the few is very great. These children are supported by the kind liberality of friends, some in England, some in India.

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"Ramchunda told me that his parents were dead, and that his brother, being only fourteen years of age, could not prevent his coming to the Mission, as he had no legal power over him. My husband and I agreed to take him; so he came. But now his trials and persecutions began. His elder brother was enraged; he did his utmost to entice the lad away, at the same time threatening my husband with a summons to court, which, however, never came. One morning he appeared at the Mission House and demanded an interview with his brother, which was of course granted. My husband said something to this effect, 'Ramchunda must choose for himself: you can see him and talk to him, and try and persuade him to return home with you; but if after all he still wishes to stay, I shall take care of him, and protect him; I cannot force him to go.' It was really very touching to see the elder brother even fall on his knees and entreat the little one to go home again. 'No,' said Ramchunda, 'if I go back with you, you will make me as bad as yourself, and I want to be a Christian.' Surely God was strengthening this little one to choose once and for ever whom he would serve!

"The next day Ramchunda was further tried: his brother came again, this time not alone, but bringing with him two rough-looking men, and holding in his hand a huge stick. We saw violence was intended, so were ready to protect our little friend, who found an asylum for some hours in our upstairs sitting-room. Being anxious that the boy's sincerity should be put to the full test, and that his brother should have no excuse for saying we had stolen him away, my husband took Ramchunda down for another interview. After extorting a promise that no violence should be resorted to, he went into the next room, so that his presence should be no hindrance nor check if the boy wished to change his mind; taking care, however, to peep through the glass window, so as to be ready in case interference were necessary. Ramchunda stood firm and unshaken. Truly out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise!

"After this we never allowed him to leave the compound (or ground enclosed round the house) unprotected by the presence of his young companions in the Home.

"One day, while crossing the road to church, another attempt was made to seize him, but we all rushed to his rescue.

"It is now some months since we left the seaport town I

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have spoken of, but the Missionary now there has written me from time to time most encouraging accounts of this young convert, in whom I hope you will now be interested as well as myself.

"In June, 1868, he writes:—'Little Ramchunda is doing very well, learning eagerly both in school and with me. His relatives are trying their utmost to get him away, threatening me with the court, and enticing the boy by bringing sweetmeats and clothes. He is, so far, very firm, and very affectionate.'

"Another letter from the same gentleman says that last Christmas Day our young friend was baptized, taking the name of Samuel, and that during his examination for this solemn rite, he gave most satisfactory answers to all questions put to him. After his baptism he brought his silver chain, his little all, as a thankoffering to God for having made him a Christian. E. J. B."

ANOTHER TIGER STORY.

FROM a Missionary in the Santhal country there has come a startling account of his encounter with a tiger. We, who have only made acquaintance with these fierce lords of the jungle from between the bars of cages in the Zoological Gardens, can only faintly picture to ourselves the horror of such a meeting as that described by Mr. Johnston, as follows:—

"I have now to be the bearer of bad news. I have lost my left hand. The particulars are as follow:—On the 10th of last month, the people near our bungalow, which is situated in the midst of the Santhal jungles (as you see by the above direction), came to tell me that a great male tiger was doing much mischief, and asked me to come and help them to shoot it.

"Taking with me my trusty rifle, with which on a previous occasion I had shot a bear, I immediately repaired, accompanied by our brave little Danish Missionary, who, though he could not shoot, said he would accompany me to the spot, and stand by and help me with his prayers. Unfortunately, I was out of caps and ammunition, and had but one effectual barrel left. I trusted though that He who had delivered me out of the paw of the bear would also deliver me out of that

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of the tiger; and most truly He *did*, but not in the way *I* hoped.

"When we arrived at the place, which was a little mountain stream, lined on both sides with bushes, suddenly one of the Santhals exclaimed in terror, 'There! there!' I peered and peered into the bush, but, seeing nothing, I descended a few steps into the bed of the river, to get a nearer view, when suddenly I found myself confronted by the terrible beast, who was under the bush a few yards above me, glaring upon me with all his royal dignity and fury. I remained a few seconds with my eyes steadfastly fixed on his; no way of retreat was opened, so I thought, 'I will level, and fire between his two eyes.' I had scarcely moved my rifle from the hip, when, with a jerk and three bounds, growling fearfully, he was upon me. I pulled the trigger as he advanced, but the ball must have missed him, or, if it hit him, wounded him but slightly; for in a second he was upon me. Knocking me down, he placed his paw upon my shoulder, and taking my left hand just about the wrist in his teeth, with angry growls, he crushed it, snapping the bone quite short; then suddenly looking upwards, he bounded over my body and left me.

"I must now go back to the place where I left my gallant brother Missionary standing on the bank. As soon as he saw the beast, giving up all for lost, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and cried to the Saviour to deliver me. Immediately a voice came into his heart, 'Clap your hands and shout out.' This he did most lustily, when the beast, with a sidelong scowl at him, left me at once, and plunged again into the jungle. Truly the Lord wrought a great deliverance.

"As soon as the beast left me, I lifted up my mangled hand, and rejoined my brother Missionary, Mr. Boerrsen, on the bank, but now, getting faint from loss of blood, I sank down, and called out to the Santhals to take me away. Mr. Boerrsen then, with the assistance of a few of them, bore me away. When I was brought in, the surgeon examined my hand, and finding the main bone and several other bones all crushed, said, 'This hand is gone.' Afterwards I suffered much agony, from fever, &c.; but I am now, thank God, so far restored that I am again with my family at the station."

Missionary Herald.

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"I'LL SING TO HIM!"

IT WAS a bright Sunday morning in spring; and as we walked to the Sunday School, falling in at every step with children gathering towards the place of meeting, and enjoyed the freshness of the May breezes, we seemed to hear in them a message from the coming summer, telling us that it was near at hand.

The hymn was over, and teachers were opening their class-books, and scholars were finding their places, when from one of the younger classes a little girl made her way up to the desk.

"Please, mother told me to say that Alice is worse, and she thinks she won't be long now; and Alice says, will you please to come and see her."

My class was waiting for me; but when the children heard the message, they begged to be allowed to join their younger schoolfellows, that I might lose no time in going to the cottage on the hill where little Alice lived.

How often we had seen her waiting for us at the gate! She was a gentle, quiet little girl—thoughtful and attentive in school, and so kind and loving to the younger ones out of school, that mothers were always willing to trust them to her, sure that she would keep them happy and quiet. But during the last two years, little Alice's strength had failed, and she had grown weaker and weaker; and of late they had been obliged to carry her from room to room, and now it was clear that she must soon part from parents and friends on the journey to the far land of which she had often sung to the baby-children around her.

The little patient face had grown sharp and thin, and the voice which greeted me, as I took the chair placed for me by her mother, was very feeble; but as we spoke of the Good Shepherd who had given His life for the sheep, and of the beautiful fold to which He will gather the lambs of His flock, I knew that Alice was happy in thinking of Him, and of the country to which He would safely bring her.

"Are you afraid to die, dear Alice?" I asked, as her mother said how much worse she had become.

"Oh, no!" was the reply.

"And why not?"

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"Jesus died instead of me—He took all my punishment, that I might go to Him."

"And what will you do when you see Jesus, Alice? when you see Him in the beautiful country, where He will come to meet you, and tell you how He loved you, and that He has wanted to have you to stay with Him?"

"I'll sing to Him."

The feeble voice was firmer then. Alice spoke as if she had been long thinking of that meeting with her Saviour—long looking forward to that first welcome of eternity, and had her song ready for Him who had loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood.

"I'll sing to Him, because He died for me to bring me there," she added.

We were still for a moment—thinking; then I asked her if she had any message to her schoolfellows that I could take for her.

"Please wish them good-bye for me; and—tell them I want to meet them all *there*."

Then she asked me to sing to her.

"What shall I sing to you, dear Alice?" I inquired.

"'There is a land of pure delight,' and 'Never part again,'" she said, gently.

They were her favourite words. Perhaps you know well the sweet hymn, with its chorus:—

> "We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
> We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
> And then we shall with Jesus reign,
> And never part again."

The door of the room was open, and the glad spring sunshine was stealing in, as the hymn was sung telling of the land where "infinite day excludes the night, and pleasures banish pain;" and I thought how soon little Alice would know the "everlasting spring" and the "never-withering flowers" of which she had loved to hear.

When I had taken a last farewell of our little Sunday scholar, and went out into the garden, where the opening buds told that the winter was over and gone, I thought of the delicate flower so soon to be transplanted to the garden above. And far away in the distance there was a ripple of light on the sea, where ships were sailing out for distant lands; and I thought of the "land very far off," for which

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our little bark was bound, and of the haven which it had so nearly reached.

And through the Sunday—when we sang in church "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," and when we met again at the Sunday School, and Alice's last message was given to the children, and when word came of the happy spirit having taken its flight,—and ever since, when I have passed the lane leading up to the cottage gate, her simple words, "I'll sing to Him," have come to my remembrance.

And often, when I look, as on that spring morning, to where, over the sea, the ships are spreading their sails before the wind for far-off voyages, I contrast the peaceful falling asleep of our little Alice with the sad lives and the sad deaths of those in distant lands to whom the message of Jesus has not come.

"Because He died for me to bring me there,"—that was her reason for loving Him, who had done so much for her. Alice had lived among kind parents and loving teachers; she had known all the influences of a happy Sunday School and of careful Christian teaching; and her little hand had been held out to the Saviour, who took it into His strong and tender hand, and who led her safely home to His own country to be with Him for ever.

Often, when I remember her, the thought of heathen children, in hard and cruel homes, ignorant, uncared-for, and without any knowledge of Jesus, comes to my mind. And sometimes I have thought that no self-denial would be too great, no effort too costly, to bring or to send to them the good news which made the English child's death-bed so peaceful; and that I would like to think that, over the sea, some sisters and brothers of a strange race and country were being led to know her Saviour, and to look fearlessly across the river of death to the meeting on the other side, with the glad words, "I'll sing to Him!"

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1 *Samuel.*

1. Of what child is it said that he ministered unto the Lord? Where in the New Testament is this expression used? In what ways may children now minister unto the Lord?

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2. From what sin, on his passing over the government of Israel to Saul, did Samuel pray that God would deliver him? Where does St. Paul show the same spirit of intercessory prayer on behalf of his Christian converts? What blessings does he say were granted in answer to their prayers for him? What lessons should we learn from these examples as regards our interest in the salvation of others?

3. What Missionary lessons can you draw from the story of David and Goliath?

4. In which of David's Psalms do you trace allusions to his shepherd-life? Of what Good Shepherd was he an ancestor and type? Can you prove this from a chapter in one of the greater Prophets? Where is Christ called the Great Shepherd of the Sheep? Where did He speak of "other sheep not of this fold" which were to be gathered in? Can we help to gather them in for Him? When will there be one fold and one Shepherd?

BY AND BY.

We must leave it for a while,
The seed which we have sown;
The spring-tide will not smile
Until wintry months have flown:
The land is not asleep
'Neath the mantle of her snows;
And roots are striking deep
While the storm of winter blows:
When April comes to earth,
Clouds and sunshine in her sky,
The seedling will spring forth;
We shall see it by and by.

We stand upon the shore
Whence the stately ships go forth
From the East to bring us store,
And full cargoes from the North;
But years may come and go
While the watchers look in vain,
Till the children murmur low,
"They will ne'er return again!"
And o'er the pathless sea
Their mother strains her eye,
Saying, "We must patient be!
They are coming by and by!"

The message which we sent
To call the wanderer home,—
We wearied till it went;
But the answer has not come.
And early in the day,
And in the evening late,
Hoping still, we softly say,
"We must trust and we must wait!"
And at each glad New Year
We whisper with a sigh,
"The spring will bring him here;
We shall see him by and by!"

We must work and we must wait
With patient heart and will,
Though the harvest may be late,
Though the promise tarry still;
Though no vessels we discern
Bringing tidings to our shore,
Of the wanderers' return
Through the message which they bore:
Yet, not seeing, we believe
In a word which cannot die;
Our times with God we leave;
We must wait till by and by!

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THE GREAT BRITAIN OF AFRICA;
OR,
MISSIONARY WORK IN MADAGASCAR.

PART I.

I.—FIRST DAYS.

THERE is an island of the Indian Ocean which is to the Continent of Africa very much what Great Britain is to Europe. Its name is Madagascar.

Have you ever read the history of England? You know, it seems to begin with the coming of Julius Cæsar, the great Roman conqueror, about forty years before the birth of Jesus Christ, to subdue the British savages, who were painted black and blue, and who, with their clubs and battle-axes, were not able to war against the armed Roman soldiers, or to keep them from landing as masters upon their white cliffs. And the history—the real history, I mean—of Madagascar had also a beginning in the landing on its shores, about fifty years ago, of some men who, in like manner, came as conquerors, and whose coming brought about more lasting results than those even which followed the great General's landing on our own island.

These men were Missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society. But their warfare was a very different one from that of earthly conquerors. They came, in the name of the Prince of Peace, to win Madagascar from the slavery of Satan and superstition; and at Antananarivo, its capital city, began to teach, as best they could, the knowledge of Jesus, which makes free.

It was no easy work. They had neither grammars nor dictionaries to make the Malagasy tongue plain to them, and when they began, it seemed as if teaching would be an impossibility. But Christian Missionaries do not work with faint hearts. By degrees they made themselves masters of the language. The good king, Radama I., who was a little like Alfred the Great of our history, took them under his care; and, when schools were opened, sent the sons of his highest nobles to be taught, and used himself to visit them, listening to the lessons and singing with unwearied pleasure. The children, meantime, became so fond of their schools and of

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their teachers, that often before daybreak they would gather round their houses, repeating the multiplication-table and other lessons, under their windows, which, at all events, showed how much they enjoyed their lessons.

When the first holidays were given, great consternation spread, both among children and parents. The latter thought that the school was closed because the Missionaries wished to punish their little ones for having done something wrong. A public council was held, to find out what was the matter; and the King himself sent to inquire what the children had done. I wonder whether you ever had such a notion about your holidays!

When the Missionaries had learnt the language sufficiently well, they translated the Bible into Malagasy; and, much to the astonishment of the people, printing-presses were set up. How fast they learnt to read! Books could not be provided nearly so quickly as they were required.

Two young persons came to the Missionary, one of whom, a respectable female, had a slate in her hand, which she presented to him, with the following note written upon it:—

"I have long lived in darkness, and now desire to be brought into the light, that I may know about God, and his Son, Jesus Christ. Oh! pity me! Have compassion upon me! Give me a copy of the New Testament! I am greatly in need of it. Be merciful to me, and grant me my request, if you possibly can!"

The good news of Jesus spread rapidly through the land. Bible classes and congregations were collected together, and, during the reign of Radama, prosperity followed the Missionaries in their labours. But dark days were at hand, and our second picture of the history of Madagascar might furnish another list of names to the martyrs' chronicle in the 11th of Hebrews.

II.

DARK DAYS.

In the year 1828 Radama died, and Ranavalona, one of his wives, a cruel and bad woman, contrived, after the murder by her executioners of the rightful heir, to grasp the sceptre.

Queen Ranavalona hated Christianity, though at the beginning of her reign she did not show all her enmity. Up to the year 1835 public worship had not been prevented;

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and never before had the churches been more crowded, or the people more eager to hear of Jesus.

But enemies of the truth roused her anger by saying that the idols of the land were being dishonoured; and on the 1st of March the people were gathered together to hear the royal command that all Christians should confess their crime within a month, or suffer death.

You can imagine how great was the dismay which spread through the ranks of those to whom the glad tidings of Jesus had been brought. Through the watches of the night, as the dreary week passed away, little companies of brothers and sisters met to pray, and to strengthen each other with the words of the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble;" and by one and another the resolution was taken to die rather than renounce their Saviour.

At the beginning less severely, then with fury, with flame and with sword, the *first great persecution* broke out. The whole history of the Martyrs of Madagascar will be found in books which you will do well to read.* Here we can only give from them one or two short histories of the faithfulnsss unto death of these witnesses for Jesus.

In this year, 1835, the devoted Missionaries, Messrs. Johns and Baker, were obliged to leave their people—to leave them, however, with precious copies of the Scriptures and other Christian books, not to mention eight copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in their own language.

"Amongst the ten Christians who were first imprisoned was a young woman called Rasalama. While under confinement, she was overheard to express her astonishment that she and her Christian friends should receive such treatment, and then added, with much warmth, 'When the officers came to my house, I was not afraid, but rather rejoiced that I was counted worthy to suffer affliction for believing in Jesus.' This utterance having been reported to the judges, she was ordered to be put into heavy irons and severely beaten; but throughout these sufferings, so long as she had strength, she sought comfort in singing her favourite hymns. Her firmness and fortitude confounded her persecutors and astonished the people; and the only

* "The Gospel in Madagascar," and "Madagascar, its Missions and its Martyrs," from which these sketches are taken, are both deeply interesting abstracts of Mr. Ellis's larger work.

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explanation of the mystery which they could imagine was that she was under the influence of some very powerful charm. There were those, however, who looked at her calm countenance, and listened to her triumphal words, with far different thoughts and feelings.

"During the afternoon before the day of her execution, the common chains she wore were exchanged for rings and bars fastened around her hands, feet, knees, and neck, so as to force the body into a position which caused great agony. It was done, not for security, but simply for punishment. Joyful, therefore, was she, as the time drew on when she would be rescued for ever from the tyrant's power. Seldom has the dawning of day proved more reviving to the sick and the sorrowful than when it came to Rasalama. To her it was the hour of release and redemption. As she was led away she continued to sing, and thus set an example to be followed afterwards by many who were called to tread the same pathway to death and heaven. When passing the House of God in which she had been accustomed to worship, she exclaimed, 'There I heard the words of the Saviour!" Though many sympathised with Rasalama, and earnest prayers were offered on her behalf by Christian friends, they knew that, by making one with her, the little aid they could render her would be at the peril of their own lives. But there was one who could not be restrained by such considerations. He was a young man, who, as it appeared, possessed her spirit, and was prepared to follow in her footsteps: his name was Rafaralahy. Fearless of consequences, and pressing through the guard of soldiers by whom Rasalama was surrounded, he walked as near to her side as he could, and said to her, 'My sister, I will not leave you till the end!'"

At length the gloomy procession reached the spot where this Christian woman was to suffer. The name of it is *Ambohipotsy*. It forms the southern extremity of the crest of the hill upon which the city stands. "When Mr. Ellis and the Bishop of Mauritius afterwards visited it, they saw there the remains of the broken cross, upon which many had hung in anguish, and in a ditch just by were strewed the bleached bones of Christian martyrs—sad memorials of dark days and darker deeds, now soon to be buried though never forgotten.

"This, then, was the place to which Rasalama was con-

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ducted. But the scene did not disturb the deep calm of her spirit. Though reviled by the heathen, she rested upon the Saviour, and reviled not again. The only request she made to her executioners was for a brief interval, that she might pray. This was granted, and she kneeled down upon the rocky ground. Some said, 'Where is the God she prays to, that He does not save her now?' Others looked on with pity. But she was regardless of all around, and held communion with her Divine Saviour; and while thus commending her spirit into His hands, the executioners from behind buried their spears in her body. So calm, so firm was this noble sufferer, that even the hard men who took her life were constrained to say, 'There is some charm in the religion of the white people, which takes away the fear of death;' while that courageous friend who had accompanied her to the last exclaimed, as he turned from a spectacle at once so sorrowful and so sublime, 'If I might die so tranquil and happy a death, I would not be unwilling to die for the Saviour too.'"

It was not long before these words of Rafaralahy were made good. Not long after, at the same spot where he had encouraged and supported his Christian sister, he too was permitted to win the martyr's crown. "After a few minutes spent in prayer he arose from the ground, 'ready to be offered.' When the executioners were about to throw him down, he assured them that no force was necessary, as he was quite willing to die. He then laid himself upon the ground, and in a few moments he had entered into the joy of his Lord."

These noble witnesses for Jesus stand at the head of a long list of names, the glorious roll of the Martyrs of Madagascar.

III.

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE."

In the year 1840, Mr. Johns, the father of the Madagascar Mission, ventured, although at great risk, to revisit the capital, Antananarivo. Almost the first news that greeted him was to the effect that a number of Christians who had been captured were awaiting their trial; and, shortly after, the sudden booming of a cannon through the city announced that nine of them were condemned to die. One was the

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writer of the beautiful hymn of which you will find the translation at the end of this number. This man, Rasanisi, was, with eight Christian companions, brought forth to Ambohipotsy, and was there speared to death.

In the year 1849, when the cruel Queen Ranavalona seemed to stretch out her hand with more hatred even than before against the followers of Jesus, four nobles of the land were burnt alive—one of them being a Christian lady in weak bodily health, but strong in the near presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. At the same time fifteen other Christians were sentenced to be thrown over the precipice from "the place of hurling down."

"There were two places," we read, "to be rendered sacred by the sufferings and the spirit of those who were there cruelly sacrificed in one day. One is called Arapimarinana. The meaning of the name is, 'the place of hurling down.' It is in the midst of the city, and the place of execution is a precipice of granite rock 150 feet high, over which condemned persons were flung. Hither, on this dreadful morning, flowed the stream of people: some prompted by the desire of excitement, others by their hatred to the Christians, but many, no doubt, by deep sympathy; and here, crowding the dreadful spot almost to the edge of the giddy precipice, stood the gathered throng. But let us turn from them to the prison. Meek, like their Divine Master, though seized with rude violence and flung upon the ground, no complaint escapes the sufferers' lips. But other sounds are heard. As they sit upon the prison floor, with heart and voice they unite in singing a favourite hymn, which thus begins—

'When I shall die, and leave my friends,
When they shall weep for me,
When departed has my life,
Then I shall happy be!'

And when that hymn was ended, they began another, the first line of which is—

'When I shall, rejoicing, behold Him in the heavens.'

But these sounds of sacred melody were now drowned by the hoarse, harsh voice of the Queen's messenger, who, in the name of Ranavalona, is pronouncing upon each the sentence they were that day to suffer. Four of them—all

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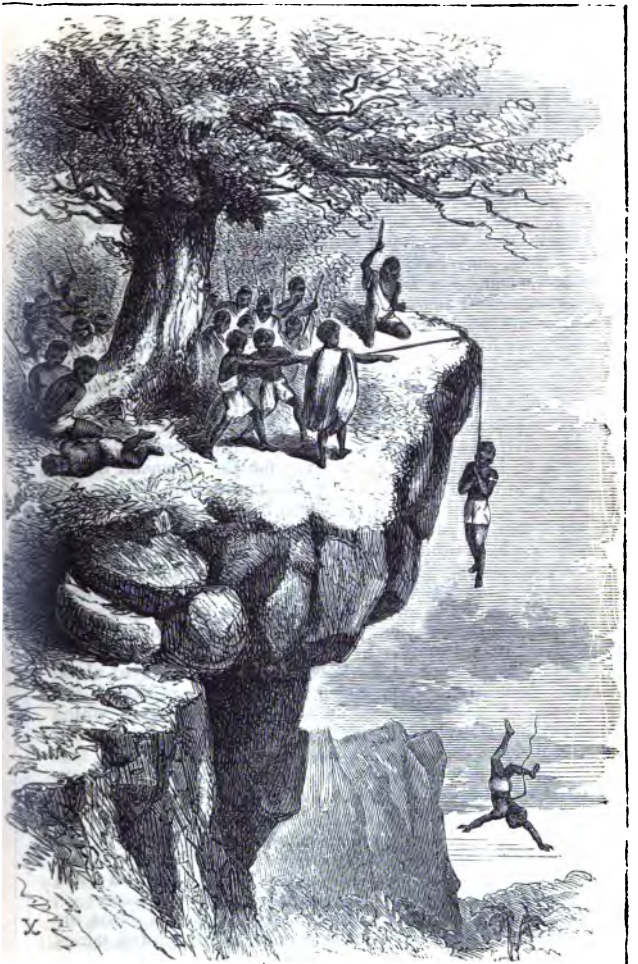

"THE PLACE OF HURLING DOWN."

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nobles, and one a Christian lady, whose blood it was unlawful to shed—were to be burned alive, and the remaining fifteen to be thrown from 'the place of hurling down.' As the officer was leaving the prison, the nobles sent to request that they might be killed before their bodies were burned; but even such mercy was denied. The fifteen, having been wrapped in mats, and mats having been thrust into their mouths to prevent their speaking to each other or to the people, were then hung by their hands and feet to poles, and were thus carried to the place of execution. But the attempt wholly to stop their mouths failed, for they prayed and addressed the crowd as they were borne along. 'And some,' we are told, 'who beheld them, said that their faces were like the faces of angels.'

"Thus they reached Arapimarinana. A rope was then firmly tied round the body of each, and, one by one, fourteen of them were lowered a little way over the precipice. While in this position, and when it was hoped by their persecutors that their courage would fail, the executioner, holding a knife in his hand, stood waiting for the command of the officer to cut the rope. The question was then put for the last time, 'Will you cease to pray?' But only one answer was returned. It was an emphatic 'No.' The signal was then made, the rope was cut, and in another moment the mangled and bleeding body lay upon the rocks below. One of these brave sufferers for Christ, whose name was Ramonambonina, as he was led to the edge of the precipice, begged his executioners to give him a short time to pray, 'for on that account,' he said, 'I am to be killed.' His request being granted, he kneeled down, and prayed aloud very earnestly. Then rising up, he first addressed the people, in tones and words of solemn eloquence which amazed all, and awed many; and then, turning to his executioners, he said, 'My *body* you will cast down this precipice; but my *soul* you cannot, as it will go up to heaven to God. Therefore it is gratifying to me to die in the service of my Maker.'

"What the people thought and said, as they left that spot and returned to their homes, we are not told; but who can doubt that from that hour not a few saw, for the first time, the truth, and felt the power, of the religion of Jesus?

"But there is another place where martyrs of Jesus are to suffer on this fatal day. Its name is Faravohitra, which

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means 'the last village.' It stands high on the crest of a hill on the northern part of Antananarivo; and what took place here on this memorable day could be seen from a large part of the city. As it was well known that four of the nobles of the land were here to be burned alive, a crowd was soon collected, and the preparations for the horrid execution were eagerly watched. The stakes were firmly fixed in the earth, fuel was laid around them, and the grim executioners stood ready for their dreadful work. Instead of being carried on poles, like their humbler brethren, it would appear that these titled sufferers were allowed to walk to the place of execution. And how great, how triumphant their faith! There was no wavering, no shrinking back from the fiery ordeal. Even the Christian lady was raised above all weakness and fear. And as they went along, they sang together a hymn, which begins with—

'When our hearts are troubled;'

and each verse of which ends with

'Then remember us.'

They reached the place, calmly gazed upon the preparations for their death, and were fastened to the stakes. Just then a bright rainbow arched the heavens, one end of which appeared to rest almost upon the spot where they were to suffer. The pile was kindled, and then, from amidst the crackling and roaring of the fire, was heard, not the sounds of pain, but of praise. That scene, and the hymn which these martyrs sang as they rose in their fiery chariot to heaven, will never be forgotten in Madagascar. But prayer followed praise. 'O Lord,' they were heard to cry, 'receive our spirits; for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us; and lay not this sin to their charge.'

"'Thus,' writes a witness of that wonderful and memorable scene, 'they prayed, as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly—gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there.'"

Such are a few of the stories of the persecutions which for twenty-five years, while England was going prosperously on her way, raged in Madagascar. When, in 1861, Queen Ranavalona died, and the throne was secured to her son,

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Radama the Second, it was found that the number of Christians had increased from 200 to 10,000! So greatly had the Word of the Lord extended amongst His persecuted children.

We hope in our next number to give you an account of Madagascar Missions from that time to the present; and, as the Missionaries now labouring there are kind enough to send us letters for the Green Book, it will interest you to learn the history of these fresh labourers' departure to help forward the work in that far-off Great Britain of Africa which has so wonderful a story. It has been because I think it is always much more interesting to know of a Mission from the beginning that these accounts of the Martyrs of Madagascar have been here written. When we are inclined to think little of the blessings of Christian teaching and of our Bibles, it may be well for us to remember the faithfulness of the brothers and sisters in that distant island to whom the promise was so dear:—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

A DARK STORY OF TRAVANCORE.

OU have heard of the Travancore Missions, and of the spread of God's word among the Arrians, among the poor rice-slaves in the paddy-fields, and among the other natives. In contrast with these bright stories—peeps at the golden spots on the map—you shall hear a very dark one, told to us some years ago by a Missionary who long laboured in this part of India, and who knew from experience the truth of the word that "the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty."

Many fierce and powerful landowners divided among them large portions of the territory; and some Mussulman lords of the soil were especially distinguished by the ferocity with which they plundered all upon whom they could lay their hands. One of these, from his own retreat, would send out gangs of slaves, who were charged to fall upon any travellers whom they might discover, and to plunder them of all the goods they might possess. This fierce chief was the scourge of the neighbourhood. He was a stranger to pity or repentance; and year by year his bands of robbers became more dreaded, and more thirsty for spoil.

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He had a daughter, who in course of time was given in marriage. On occasion of such an event there is always amongst these rulers great display of feasting and revelling, and a very large outpouring of presents. Often a father will nearly drain his revenue to do full honour to his daughter's marriage, and to prevent its being said that he did not outshine others in magnificence and show.

Accordingly, the bride was brought out with feasting and rejoicing. Rings and bracelets covered her hands and arms, and every one, as they looked at her, remarked on the jewellery with which her father had caused her to be adorned.

One party of slave-robbers was, however, absent from the wedding. They had for a long time been away on a distant plundering expedition, and knew nothing of the feasting and ceremony going on at home. They were commanded by the fiercest of all the leaders sent out by the cruel chief to waylay and rob unwary victims—a man who was remarkable for his extraordinary strength as well as for his great cruelty; and it was not until some time after the bride had gone from her father's house that he returned with his company to give an account of himself to his master.

He was proud of his success. Never, he said, had such good fortune attended his company. They had found their greatest spoil nearly at the close of their expedition, and rich was the booty which he poured out at his master's feet. Rings, bracelets, money, were there; but it was with a changed countenance that the avaricious chief looked down upon the plunder.

"And what," he cried out in terror, "became of the wearers of all these ornaments?"

"We were by a river," was the answer; "their treasure I have laid at your feet—they themselves were thrown into the river and drowned."

It was indeed true. The rich man knew in a moment the ornaments which he had collected by spoil and violence in order to heap them on his daughter for her marriage; and now, terrible to believe, by the hands of his servants sent forth by him to rob and murder, his punishment had been brought home, and his own young daughter had been slain.

Place this story side by side with some of the bright histories of Travancore which you have read in these pages,

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and see how the dark cruelty of the heathen ruler stands out in contrast with the holy lives of many a convert to the religion of Jesus Christ. Such a contrast makes those who love Him long for the day when "the wealth of the heathen shall be gathered together, gold and silver and apparel in great abundance," and on all things shall be written for evermore, "Holiness unto the Lord."

"A BONNY BOY!"

PERHAPS you may have heard this adjective applied to some merry, laughing little brother or friend, whose rosy cheeks and bright eyes have made his mother glad in her play with him. But you would not be inclined, probably, to give it to a Negro lad, with black skin, woolly hair, and the peculiar features of his race.

And yet, from the paper which has been kindly sent us by one of the Church Missionary Association Secretaries, you will perceive that a certain young African who attended one of our meetings the other day had as full a claim to be called "A Bonny Boy" as the merriest and rosiest English urchin who is fortunate enough to have a fond mother to call him pleasant names, or a father to carry him on his shoulder—a fuller claim, in fact, than many of our young readers can possibly have. Let us see how he holds it:—

"We wish that some of our young friends had been with us on Sunday last at a little village church in one of the midland counties. One of the Association Secretaries was preaching on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, and among the school-children who were present was one lad, about fourteen years of age, whose thick, black, curly wool, ebony skin, sparkling eyes, and pearly teeth, all proved him to be a genuine African. The little Negro knew so little of the English language that he could not understand much of the sermon, and therefore he was not quite so attentive, and did not sit quite so still, as we hope our young readers are in the habit of doing. But the preacher in his sermon happened to speak of Missionary work at Bonny, in West Africa, and some of those present observed that, immediately, the little Negro's glistening eyes twinkled and sparkled with

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more than ordinary glee. And why do you think it was that his jet-black face thus beamed with pleasure? It was because he knew the place so well, and had been born, and had grown up, within a very few miles of it. The sound of 'Bonny' fell upon his ears as a 'dear familiar voice,' for it sounded to him of home, and so it made his heart rejoice. His countenance reflected the pleasure which he felt at hearing the name of his own far-distant land.

"The lad's father is the heathen chief of a district adjoining Bonny, and when the preacher described the horrible worship paid to the false god Juju, and the rows of hundreds of skulls with which his temple is ornamented, the boy knew and remembered well the nature of the sacrifices offered him, for he himself has not only often seen his father bow in adoration before that cruel Deity, but has also seen him slay with his own hand the human victims, and feast upon their bodies.

"His father has sent this youth, who is named Samuel, to 'finish his education,' as it is expressed; but it would be more correct to say, to commence it, for we are told in the Word of God that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;' and at present all that Samuel has learned is that *God can see him, although he cannot see God.* But although this is all that Samuel as yet clearly understands, it was very plain that since his arrival in England he has heard of the Saviour, and is beginning to love His precious name; for whenever the preacher spoke of Jesus, or quoted any of those simple texts which describe so beautifully the love of God in giving his Son to die for man, Samuel's attention was at once arrested, and he listened eagerly to his words. Next to hearing of his own country, he seemed best pleased to hear the 'old, old story' of the Saviour's dying love.

"We hope that when he has been longer in England, and learned more of the Bible, his eyes will sparkle more brightly, and his countenance beam with greater delight, when he hears of Jesus, than even when he hears about his earthly home. At present he has only been here a short time, having been brought by a person who trades with that coast of Africa, and having been put by him under the care of a Christian schoolmaster, in whose house he has been living for the last few weeks. At the end of two years he is to return to his own land, and to his father's home.

"We would ask our young friends to pray for Samuel, that the Lord may call him, as He called his namesake of old,

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—that he may learn to fear the Lord in his youth, and may grow up to be a servant of God, and a disciple of Jesus. He is very intelligent, but his temper is very peculiar and uncertain.

"The preacher mentioned above had a few minutes' chat with Samuel, and asked him the name of the King of Bonny: he remembered it correctly—George Pepple. Perhaps our readers have heard of the father of George Pepple, King William Pepple, who came over to England, and was baptized in this country, and when he returned, after five years, begged that Bishop Crowther would send Missionaries to Bonny to tell his people about the One living God. When the Missionaries were sent, he encouraged them in every way that he could. Now Samuel's home is still in heathen darkness and misery; but we must trust that, when the time comes for him to go back to Africa, he will return as a young Missionary, to be a blessing to his countrymen, and perhaps, in the providence of God, to introduce Christian clergymen among them, and thus to extend the Redeemer's kingdom."

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

2 *Samuel.*

1. When King David sat in his house, and the Lord had given him rest from his enemies, what work did he most earnestly desire to undertake? What Psalm tells us of the strength of this desire? Why did God prevent the fulfilment of the desire, and by whom was a temple for the Lord afterwards built? Where does St. Paul tell us that an invisible temple, made of living stones, is now being built up? What is its foundation? Who are the builders? How may you and I help forward the building?

2. Whose crown was taken at the city of waters? Why did Joab send for King David? Where does it say "Let no man take thy crown"? Who did St. Paul say would be his crown of rejoicing at the coming of Jesus Christ? In what manner may we seek to obtain such a crown in the day of His appearing?

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3. (Chap. xiv. 14.) What means has God devised "that His banished be not expelled from Him?" How are we by nature banished from Him? By whom are we brought nigh? Can you give instances of the manner in which banished ones in heathen countries are even now thus brought nigh to Him?

4. In what manner did David ascend the Mount of Olives when he fled from Jerusalem in consequence of Absalom's rebellion? What Son of David was, for our sakes, bowed down with sorrow, many years after, on the slopes of the same mountain? Where are we told that, in a day yet to come, His feet shall stand on the Mount of Olives? What Missionary promise belongs to this prophecy?

5. What lessons concerning "giving unto the Lord" do we gather from the history of Araunah? Can you remember any instances in the New Testament of those who would not give unto the Lord of that which had cost them nothing?

HYMN OF THE MADAGASCAR MARTYRS.

Loud to the Lord your voices raise,
Extol His name, exalt His praise;
Publish the wonders of His hand
O'er all the earth, in every land.

Tell of the pity of the Lord,
Of grace and mercy:—preach the Word;
For wonderful to us appears
That love for us He ever bears.

Though guilty, we're with pardon crown'd;
Condemn'd and lost, we now are found;
Though dead, new life to us is given,
And everlasting life in heaven.

Oh! God, our God, to Thee we cry,
Jesus, the Saviour, be Thou nigh;
Oh! sacred Spirit, hear our prayer,
And save the afflicted from despair.

Scarce can we find a place for rest,
Save dens and caves, with hunger press'd;
Yet Thy compassion is our bliss,
Pilgrims amidst a wilderness.

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THE GREAT BRITAIN OF AFRICA;
OR,
MISSIONARY WORK IN MADAGASCAR.

PART II.

I.—"COME AND HELP US!"

IN the year 1861 the cruel Queen of Madagascar died. Just as Queen Mary of England is remembered by us in connexion with persecution, fiery stakes, and cruel tortures, so Ranavalona, as long as history lasts, will be remembered as the persecuting Madagascar Queen, to whose reign belongs the era of the Martyrs.

Great joy was felt throughout the island when King Radama the Second came to the throne, and ordered that fetters should be struck off, and that Christians should have free permission to worship, and welcomed Missionaries to come and spread the good news of Jesus.

Do you remember a story of the New Testament which tells of a morning on the sea of Galilee in which, when Jesus gave the word, fishermen who had toiled all night, and taken nothing, found so great a multitude of fishes enclosed in their net that the net brake? What did they do? We read that they beckoned to their partners in the other ship that they should come and help them.

The noble Missionaries of the London Missionary Society had been permitted so well to sow the seed in Madagascar, that, when Radama threw open the island to foreigners, it was found that the number of Christians had increased from 200 to 10,000; and so great was the outcry for Bibles and teachers that they found it impossible to supply either in sufficient numbers. Accordingly they beckoned to partners in the other ship; or, in other words, they invited their friends of the Church Missionary Society to come and share the work, and gather in souls for the Lord Jesus.

King Radama's reign was a short one. Though friendly towards Christians, he was not himself anything but a liberal heathen prince, and was so carried away by his love of ease and pleasure, that he often neglected the real good of his people. He was murdered by conspirators on the 12th of May, 1863; and his queen, Ravoherina, ascended

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the throne. She, though a heathen woman, had sense enough to perceive the importance of being on good terms with European powers, and one of her first actions was to write to Queen Victoria and to the Emperor of the French, telling them that she would like to be good friends with them, and would welcome their subjects to her shores; so that there was no fear now of a persecuting Queen, as had been the cruel Ranavalona.

II.

A FIRST SUNDAY IN MADAGASCAR.

On the 9th of November a ship from Mauritius sailed into the harbour of Vohimare, which you will see on the north-east of the island of Madagascar. Its name was the *King Radama*. In London, people were keeping Lord Mayor's day amidst the November fogs, and according to old English usage. At Madagascar, two Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society landed to carry forward the work of teaching, not at Antananarivo, the capital of the island, where Missionaries of the London Missionary Society were again earnestly labouring, but elsewhere, and in places whither Christian teachers had not yet arrived.

The names of these Missionaries are Mr. Campbell and Mr. Maundrell. They were welcomed by a very friendly Governor, a Christian, who had built a small prayer-house for himself and his family; and you will be interested in reading the account of the Missionaries' first Sunday on shore. Mr. Maundrell writes:—

"November 13, 1864.

"Mr. Campbell and I had scarcely finished breakfast this morning, on board the vessel, when the Governor's private secretary (a Christian) came on board, with a message from him to this effect—'The Governor says, the Lord's Day has now come, and he wishes you two white men to come and join with him in singing and prayer.'

"We at once accompanied the messenger to the Governor's house. He was reading the Bible when we arrived, and his wife seated at his side. After a little general conversation, he alluded to the meetings for prayer, &c., which he used to enjoy in Mr. Freeman's time, and expressed a wish that all of us should now join in like manner in singing the praises of the Lord.

"The order of our meeting was as follows:—Many hymns

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were sung, some to English and some to Malagasy tunes. (I believe this singing lasted quite two hours—I was completely fatigued.) Then I read the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, Mr. Campbell the Litany, and Charles le Bon concluded with an extempore prayer. Afterwards we had some more singing, and an explanation given of the Morning, Evening, and other Services of the Prayer-book. There were present, besides ourselves, the Governor and his wife, his secretary, two other officers, two females, and the players on the violin. The Governor seems exceedingly fond of music and singing, and was really delighted to find that I had an harmonium on board. How I wish I was a better performer upon it! I think that no person should leave England as a Missionary to Madagascar without some knowledge of either singing or music."

I dare say that you, like the Malagasy people, like to hear and to sing hymns on Sunday, and will agree with me that the Governor was very sensible in getting the Missionaries to hold a service so soon after their arrival. He proved himself a most true and Christian friend to his two visitors, and obtained for them the royal permission to reside in Madagascar.

III.

A MADAGASCAR DINNER-PARTY.

You will like to read of the dinner-party which the Vohimare governor gave to the Missionaries on their arrival. Mr. Campbell writes :—

"November 17, 1864.

"In the evening I attended the Governor's dinner, which was served up at half-past six o'clock. Covers were laid for twenty persons, and that number sat down. There were sixteen men and four women—the Governor's wife and three others. The plates were nicely arranged, with a glass, knife and fork and spoon, beside each. There were several bottles arranged along the middle of the table, and four candlesticks. There were two long bottles, which were placed upon plates to prevent the grease from spoiling the table-cloth. The first dish was soup; then beefsteak; afterwards roast beef; next, curry and rice; then stewed fowls; and, lastly, cutlets.

"Before dinner and after it there was a toast drunk to the Queen of Madagascar. It was drunk with the greatest

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solemnity, while the troops outside presented arms at the word of command from one of the officers, who bawled out to them from the dinner-table. The other toasts drunk were, 'The Governor and his Wife,' 'Captain Rosalie, of the *King Radama*,' and 'The two Missionaries.' The toast-drinking was not such an extensive business as it is at home, as one small bottle of beer was quite enough for eight or ten persons, and the same might be said of the claret. The Governor is a very abstemious person, and drinks scarcely anything but water. Mr. Maundrell and I were placed by the Governor at his right hand, while the captain of the *King Radama* and a French gentleman were placed at his left. During the whole time we were sitting at dinner the band strummed away outside, and I felt it to be the greatest relief imaginable when the fiddlers stopped for a moment to resin their bows. At nine o'clock the Governor suggested that it was time to retire, which we did, after spending a very pleasant evening."

The people of Madagascar are divided into four great families, or tribes. The most powerful are the Hovas, who live chiefly in the centre of the island. The Sakalavas on the west side are more indolent, but are a fine, strongly-formed race. The Betsileo tribe occupies the south of Madagascar, and on the east are the Betanimenas. The Missionaries were much struck with the English look of the country, which is green and wooded, like our own island.

IV.

"VERILY, A MAN!"

After about eighteen months spent at Vohimare, in the north of the island, the two Missionaries found it desirable for many reasons to change their quarters, and removed to Andevoranto, where they are now stationed. Andevoranto is on the east of the island and near Tamatave, the port of departure for the Mauritius. From this place they have made many expeditions into the country. Of one village we read—

"The village of Ambohimaha is beautifully situated on a little rising ground in the midst of a great basin. At the entrance of the village the whole population, which was considerable, stood and looked at our Missionary as he came forward; but on his approaching them they rushed away as though he had been a wild beast. The sound, however, of

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"VERILY, A MAN"

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the Malagasy tongue allayed their fears, and as he spoke to them they gathered confidence, and some of them became so communicative as to teach him one or two Betsileo words. One old woman, after peering into him until she was satisfied, exclaimed, 'Verily, a man!' and another, an old man, after sitting down and looking at him for some time, exclaimed, 'God fallen to the earth!'

"Before leaving, I sat down in the shade, and declared my message to the assembled people. All listened with profound attention until I had concluded, when I wished them God's blessing, and bade them good-bye. Many thanked me, blessing me in return; while the little ones followed me for some distance, and cheered and sang as if they were really delighted."

Fianarantsoa is the chief town of the Betsileo country, and Mr. Campbell found there many Christians, who cordially welcomed him, and who with a loud voice thanked God for having at last brought a Missionary among them. He stayed there a week, and found an attentive and affectionate congregation, a church, and many proofs of the deep root which the teaching of Christ had taken among the once persecuted people.

The account of Mr. Campbell's departure from Fianarantsoa is very touching:—

"The following morning I got up early and finished my packing, but crowds were outside the door, waiting to see me and to say good-bye. The men first filled the house, and afterwards went out to make way for the women. We had several hymns together, and prayer, after which I prepared to go. I had written to the Governor and bade him good-bye, thanking him and his officers for their kindness to me during my sojourn. He sent some rice and fowls for my journey, as well as two officers of the 6th honour to accompany me as far as Mananzara.

"On leaving, crowds of people were waiting to see me pass, and a little way out of the town I came up to the Christians, who had all assembled to accompany me part of the way. There must have been over a hundred of them, all marching in procession before me, the women taking the lead. They chanted hymns on the way, and it was a grand sight to see them all dressed chiefly in white flowing lambas, as they wended their way along the path singing the songs of Zion with sorrowful hearts. This strange and novel sight

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must have had an effect of some sort on the people about, and may have led some to inquire the meaning of Christianity. Many came running from their fields and houses as we passed along about a mile outside the town. Here we halted, and, after singing a hymn, knelt down on the ground, while good old Ramahatsena offered up prayer, as well as he was able amidst sobs and tears. I thought of the great Apostle of the Gentiles when separating from some of the Churches, and could enter in a measure into his feelings when the Ephesians 'all wept sore, and fell on his neck and kissed him.' After prayer they came and shook hands with me in turn, while some rubbed the back of my hand with their noses—the Malagasy mode of kissing. All this I felt much, and shall not readily forget the whole scene. I then pursued my journey with a sorrowful heart, and a firm determination, if the Lord will, to spend a part of the next good season at the same place."

V.

A GREAT DAY AT THE CAPITAL.

NOVEMBER 17, 1868.

It is very difficult in a small space to tell even a little of what is interesting in the history of Madagascar. The most thrilling account has been given of the consecration, at Antananarivo, the capital of the island, of Mission Churches built by the suggestion of Mr. Ellis "the Apostle of Madagascar," on the spots where the martyrs were executed.

At the opening of the second Memorial Church, the Queen, Ranavalona II., who succeeded Ravoherina, and who at her coronation on the 3d of September, 1868, declared herself a Christian, was present, attended by her Prime Minister.

"It was considerably past nine o'clock," writes Mr. Toy, one of the London Missionaries, "when the Missionaries met the Queen on her arrival at the principal entrance north of the building, and accompanied her and the leading officers inside. As soon as her Majesty was fairly seated, the singers were admitted to a place set apart specially for them, and immediately afterwards all the doors were thrown open to the people, who had been patiently waiting outside for several hours. For some time the crush was terrible, and, after every available space was occupied, the pressure near the doors from the crowd outside was so tremendous that it seemed as if some serious accident must result.

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"When at length silence had been obtained, and the National Anthem had been sung, the Prime Minister, in the name of the people, paid the usual hasina to the Queen. Then, turning to the congregation, he gave a short address, urging them to become Christians by trusting in Christ, and accepting the Bible as the Word of God. He told them that by doing so they were not worshipping the forefathers of the white people. God forbid that they should do that! 'No, it is not so; but we worship the God who created us; and the Christ who died for our guilt.' He closed by exhorting the people to cleave to the religion of Jesus Christ

"The regular service then commenced. I read a short paper, stating the purpose for which the church had been built, and the arrangement made with the late Queen for securing it in perpetuity for the London Missionary Society and the Malagasy Christians associated with them. Mr. Sewell then read a portion of Scripture; the son of the prime minister's eldest sister offered prayer; Mr. Briggs read a very excellent paper on Church principles; the native pastor of the church preached from the words, 'Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things' (Ps. lxxii. 18); Mr. Pearse offered prayer; and Mr. G. Cousins then preached a most eloquent sermon, riveting the attention of the congregation to its close, notwithstanding the heat of the chapel and the unusual length of the service. At its close Mr. Street pronounced the benediction, the National Anthem was again sung, and the people, after saluting the Queen, dispersed.

"I ought to mention that the Queen, just as the service was about to commence, having noticed my Malagasy Bible lying upon the book-board, and seeing that it had a common brown binding, and was not in any way improved by several years' constant use, sent down her own—a handsomely bound one, presented to her by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society—and requested the preachers to use it instead of the old one.

"It was generally acknowledged, both by the natives and Europeans, that the opening had been a great success. The presence of the Queen and her highest officers, the speech of the Prime Minister, the immense number of people in attendance, and the exceeding excellence of the sermons preached, all combined to make it a day which will not readily be forgotten."

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I hope that what you have read will cause you to take a deep interest in the work at Madagascar, where Mr. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Maundrell, as Missionaries from our own Society, are working at Andevoranto, and where, in the centre of the island, among the Hovas, memorial churches are a perpetual remembrance of the martyrs, and noble-hearted Missionaries carry on their work under the protection of a Christian queen. I hope, too, that you will find on the map the places to which we refer in these and in future notices of the work in the Great Britain of Africa. Meantime, we cannot do better than conclude with a letter which is your own property, having been sent to you by Mr. Campbell himself.

VI.

A LETTER FROM MADAGASCAR.

"April, 9, 1869.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have been invited to write and tell you something about Madagascar; and though I am a stranger to you, I cannot do better than send you a first letter by way of making your acquaintance. If this find a place in the Green Book, our acquaintance may ripen into friendship.

"The subject of Madagascar has seldom been brought before your notice in your pages, though our Society has had a Mission here for several years.

"We were first sent to a place on the north-east coast, called Vohimare, and there laboured for about a year and a half; but, owing to the scantiness of the population, we were removed to our present station at Andevoranto, some 500 miles farther south on the same coast.

"The only Missionary lady in connexion with the Church of England in this country, Mrs. Maundrell, has already told you something of Andevoranto, and given you a fair idea of a day's work at our Mission station; and as I have travelled much since my arrival, I think I had better tell you something of my journeys.

"Shortly after our arrival at our new station, I took my first journey to the south, and travelled along the coast about 200 miles, preaching the glad tidings of salvation where no European had ever done so. I found many small native congregations of Christians; but most were badly taught, and in their mode of worship somewhat indevout. There were a few exceptions to this rule, and some of the

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people pleased me very much. During this visit I had the pleasure of baptizing, I think, twenty persons, most of whom could read the Word of God.

"After a few months I not only revisited the same places, but went into the interior of Madagascar some 150 miles. As no white man had ever been seen in this part of the country, I was to many an object of fear, and to most a rare curiosity. The little ones looked rather suspiciously at me; but by a little generalship I was enabled to gain their confidence.

"The people whom I visited were very ignorant, most of them never having heard the blessed name of Jesus. The Malagasy are idolaters, though their idols are not numerous. I only once saw a real idol, which was a rough attempt at the human form. One of its eyes (a piece of glass or stone) had fallen out, but as the poor thing had no hands, it was not able to put it in again. I am sure you will pray for the degraded ones, who in their ignorance and blindness can worship such a horrid object. This idol was believed to be the guardian of the town, and I was told that it cried out if an enemy approached. I asked if any one had ever heard it cry; but the answer was, No!

"Though Madagascar is as large a country as France, yet the population is probably not more than four millions of souls, and these are divided into many tribes. The great tribes are four or five in number, and of these the Hovas are the chief, though in numbers they are far inferior either to the Sakalavas, the Betsileo, or the Betsimisarakas. It was the English who made them the rulers of Madagascar, by giving them guns, powder, and cannon, and by sending soldiers to teach them how to use these deadly weapons! They have been, and are, a very cruel people; but the blessed Gospel is beginning to make them better. Many of the Hovas have embraced Christianity, but hitherto it has been their wish to keep it to themselves. As the Church of England Missionaries have always been labouring among the conquered tribes, they have had much opposition, secret and open, from the authorities; still the Missionaries have persevered, and are beginning to see that their labours have not been in vain in the Lord. They have had the honour of proclaiming Christ to the Betsimisaraka, Betanimena, Betsileo, Sakalavas, Antanalas and others; and the door which God hath thus opened will not, I trust, again be closed.

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"If the Lord will, I may tell you, at a future time, something of the introduction of the Gospel to some of the tribes mentioned above, but for the present I must say good-bye.

"Believe me, my dear Children, affectionately yours,

"THOMAS CAMPBELL."

"IN THE SWING."

THE picture-book days of the year are over,
The waving flowers, the flush of June;
The harvest-reaping, the purple clover,—
We shall be talking of Christmas soon!

Even the gold of our calm October
Has faded at last into brown and gray;
I with the year must be growing sober,
For I do not care to swing high to-day.

Backwards and forwards! slower and slower!—
There fly the rooks to the top of the spire!
The November clouds drop lower and lower,
While they whirl solemnly higher and higher.

Are you chattering there of the fortunate swallows,
Who afar to the summer-lands have flown?
To orange gardens and vine-clad hollows,
Till our winter days shall have passed and gone.

Or, architect-birds, are you holding a meeting
For settling repairs of the winter nests?
Each in his own solemn voice repeating
His sage decree and his grave behests.

Wise old rooks at the top of the steeple!
You only caw while the other birds sing:
I think you are rather like grown-up people,
Who have to look on while we young ones swing.

Grown-up people! I sometimes wonder
When I hear them talking of days gone by,
Whether they ever sit still and ponder
On the year which only grows up to die.

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"IN THE SWING."

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Is it because they have known so many
That they speak of dead years as familiar things?
I, who scarcely remember any,
Wonder at all that each *season* brings.

It seems almost sad that when sowing and reaping,
And the beautiful work in the world is done,
The earth should wake always from rest in sleeping
To find quite a strange new year begun.

I was thinking on Sunday, half through the sermon,
Of the short sweet Psalm that was read before,—
Of the hill of Zion, and dews of Hermon,
And the blessing promised for evermore:

Was thinking how sure is the firm foundation
Of the hills that are round about us here,
And God says that as sure is His great salvation,
And the blessing which does not die with the year.

Then a breath of the Autumn wind passed sighing,
And pushing aside the heavy church door;
I saw it had left a dead leaf lying
On our Gracie's grave in the chancel floor.

Only last Spring! I so well remember
Her quiet smile and the kiss I gave;
It was April then—and it's now November,
And the withered leaf lies on Gracie's grave.

When Christmas comes we shall feel so lonely:—
She was our Christmas gift one year:
I long for her often and often;—only
Heaven is better than being here.

"We all do fade as a leaf" was engraven
On the marble stone under which she lies;
But she is a beautiful flower in Heaven—
Our baby Grace with the happy eyes.

Books say that the life we live every minute
Is like the year as it travels past—
Spring, and Summer, and Autumn in it,
And—"we all do fade as a leaf"—at last.

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I suppose that *my* fading will happen one day
(Though things in books are not always true);
And I was wishing in church on Sunday
For the promised blessing which falls as dew.

For spring-time and sowing should come together;
I may be having a seed-time now;
Scattering seed which in harvest weather
Into some blossoming ears may grow.

A child's hand, even, can plant a daisy;
And the dew falls even where daisies grow:
I always long, when I think of Gracie,
To be doing something for Jesus now:

For Jesus Christ whom she sees in Heaven,
Who took her tenderly while she smiled;
For Him in whose name we have been forgiven,
Who knew what it was to be a child.

I should like, in the day in which angel-reapers
Shall gather the children their Lord to greet,
And shall gently awaken the quiet sleepers,
To lay some gift at the Master's feet.

Some little efforts and offerings lowly
I even now unto Him may bring,
His love in taking them makes them holy—
He would not like me to waste my Spring.

. . . . . .

Backwards and forwards—slower and slower—
I hear the pattering drops begin:
The clouds have been falling lower and lower;
I think it is time to be going in!

A LETTER FROM BEZWARA.

DO you remember the story of Venkara* in our July Number? If so, you will be interested in the following letter from Mr. Darling, the Missionary at Bezwara, which has been kindly forwarded to us.

* We are informed that the name should be written Venkyya.

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It is to the children of the Windsor Sunday School, who have for three years contributed £4 a year to support a lad in the Telugu Mission; and who now have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from himself. What is specially interesting is, that this boy is a nephew of the Telugu convert who offered up, as you may remember, the prayer "Show me Thyself!" and to whom it was so remarkably answered.

"Bezwara, Kistna District, South India,
December 29, 1868.

"I return my hearty thanks for both your letter and the remittance, and beg that you will assure the dear children and friends who thus care for 'Jovan' that I am truly grateful to them for their sympathy and help. Jovan himself, I feel sure, is grateful; and he would convince you of this, if you could see him, by making a very humble salaam and telling you that he is very happy. I am thankful to be able to tell you that he is quite well, and to give you a good account of the lad. I think I mentioned in my last letter that he had been removed into our Training School. The highest class in this school is for training teachers; but Jovan is only in the third class. At the examination just closed he did creditably, but did not get a prize. I did not expect that he would, as he has not yet had a fair chance. However, he is getting on as nicely as can be expected for a boy of his years, and he bears a good character.

"I remember telling the children at Windsor that Jovan is the youngest of four brothers who were made orphans in one day, both parents having died of cholera within a few hours of each other; and that they were respectively named, by the wish of their uncle, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John (Jovan). Matthew has learned the trade of weaving, Mark has taken to the plough, Luke is at school with Jovan. All of the brothers, I trust, are fearing God. Their pious uncle, Venkyya, trained them in the good way of peace, and they promise to walk in it.

"I enclose a letter of Jovan's to his young benefactors, as a specimen of his handwriting in Telugu. It is considered to be very fair. The following is a translation of it:—

"'To the very honourable and respectful the benefactors whom God has given me to care for me I send many humble salaams. If Jesus Christ the Lord had not sought me and found me and brought me into His fold, I might still have

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been a heathen boy, but now I am a Christian boy. I have no father nor mother living. They both died before the Gospel came to them. God has favour upon me, for He not only gives me food and clothing more than many others, but I have also the opportunity of learning everything that is useful and good. I beg to thank my friends and benefactors for their kindness to me. My minister, Mr. Darling, has asked me what I should like to have from England. If you would do me the favour to send me a strong penknife I should be very happy. "Your obedient son,

P. JOVAN.'"

We must hope that Jovan will get his strong penknife, and that it may have several blades, and be very useful to him. And we further hope that he, like his uncle, may learn the reality and true happiness of the religion which his unknown young friends in England have so plainly set before them at home, and which they desire to send out to him at Bezwara.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1 *Kings.*

1. How far did Solomon's kingdom extend? What were God's promises concerning his kingdom? What Psalm of David's is called "A prayer for Solomon"? What missionary prophecies does it contain concerning the kingdom of "a greater than Solomon"?

2. Who came from afar to hear the wisdom of Solomon? What Missionary prophecy is connected with Sheba? Where did our Lord refer to this story? What lessons may we learn from it?

3. What was Jeroboam's great sin? What evil consequences did it bring to Israel? What remembrances belonged to Bethel? To what was the name of this place changed, and which of the prophets refers to it in speaking of the idolatry of Israel? What were the meanings of the two names? How would you prove from the history of Jeroboam the sin and folly of idolatry?

4. What Missionary lessons can you draw from the story of Elijah?

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"WE WISH YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!"

COMING events, we are told, "cast their shadows before;" and, as Christmas is the coming event which makes December welcome to all children who know anything about Christmas-keeping, we may conclude that our December Number is one of its shadows, just twenty-five days long, which, however, differs, we must hope, from other shadows, in having some substance in it for all upon whom it may fall.

I suppose that there is no time of the year when "dear old England" is dearer to us than in that of Christmas snows and clear Christmas sunshine. On the other side of the world they may have grand decorations of flowers and rich tropical plants; but holly, and ivy, and mistletoe for us! And if we want flowers, there are little snowy Christmas daisies here and there, which may remind us of One who came pure and spotless into this wintry world long centuries ago, in His lowly birthplace at Bethlehem, telling of peace on earth, and goodwill towards men.

I remember, in old days, and in our old home, how busy we used to be on Christmas Eve: how we all started forth into the woods, thinking that we could not get evergreens enough; how anxiously we kept all the grown-up people out of the way as we wreathed round the mirrors, and adorned the bookshelves, and made the portrait of our venerable great-grandfather look like a sort of Jack in the Green, while he smiled upon us out of his ivy wreaths; how early on Christmas morning we were about the house in order to make the day longer, and to give finishing-touches to our decorations; and how proudly we looked upon them until the matter-of-fact day arrived, when they were decreed to be too dusty to remain, and the house went into plain clothes once more.

Which all sounds very different from things at that portion of the globe where Christmas falls in summer. Listen, for instance, to what we heard of last year's Christmas weather in Australia:—"At Gundagai, during Christmas week, the weather was intensely hot. The air was dim with smoke and haze, and bush-fires were burning on many of the ranges round the town. All the Bush, indeed, from Nangus in a north-eastern direction, was in flames, and station-holders

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were up watching for some nights. At Nangus a strong, able-bodied man, while assisting to beat out the flames, was so overcome by the heat, that he fell senseless on the burning grass, and but for the aid of his mates might have been seriously if not fatally injured. At Albury on the 24th the thermometer stood at 150 degrees in the sun, and 115 degrees in the shade. A dreadfully hot wind was raging during the early part of the day."

So you see that in Australia the Christmas fires were larger than ours, as the poor man who fell into one of them had reason to know. I suspect that they were hardly so welcome.

A very different description, however, comes to us from N.W. America, from Moose Factory, where Mr. Horden and his Indians keep holiday among the snows. Do you remember our looking together through the Christmas glass last year, and visiting Ibadan, Ceylon, and Ning-po? Well, this year we have some different scenes opening before us —four more Christmas views drawn for us by friends of far-off Missions; and the first, in the far North, is—

I.

CHRISTMAS AT MOOSE FACTORY.

LORY to God in the Highest, and on earth peace: goodwill towards men! In how many different languages are those glorious words spoken on this glorious day, and in what a diversity of climes do the different members of the Christian family assemble to do honour to the Son of God, and yet One who took the same nature as ours! In the burning lands of Africa, on the sultry plains of India, among the hardy Esquimaux of the North, and the Red men of Rupert's Land, we may not use the same words; but still, each in his own language joins in the great hymn of praise to Him who understands all languages.

"How different the words used by the Red Indian, as might be heard at Moose Factory! 'Kutta we mamechemakuneweu Kechemuneto kechekeshekok, uskēk kutta we etukwun kayamāletumowiu; kutta we shawālemakunewewuk elelewuk!'

"Yes, it is Christmas morning, the stars are still shining, but the bell has already rung for service. I am up and dressed, but the cold inside the house tells me that my

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CHRISTMAS AMONG THE SNOWS.

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walk to the church will, if short, be bitterly cold. But I wrap my coat around me, and hurry forward. A biting wind is blowing, and I am unable to face it long at a time; I therefore occasionally turn my back to it, and move on in that way for awhile.

"But how is it I meet none of my people? Has the cold frightened them? I begin to feel uneasy, but that feeling is changed for one of joy, as, on entering our well-lit and well-warmed church, I find the congregation already seated, awaiting my arrival; and with what joy do we welcome the new-born King!

"That service over, we by and by hear the bell again, and now I meet a congregation such as I might find in an English village, all dressed in their best, all speaking English, and all reading English. And we do not forget the poor and the widow. The sermon is over; the collection-plate goes round; Christmas has warmed the people's hearts, for they give liberally, and later we draw near, and partake together of the Lord's Supper.

"In the afternoon the bell again summons us to the house of God. The Indians are in their places; heartily they raise their voices in a song of praise; attentively they listen to the reading of the word of God; and then, as the shades of evening are descending, a number of those too commemorate together their Lord's death. It has been a busy but a blessed day.

"And now the day following that of Christmas has come, and a long string of widows approach the Parsonage. They give us a Christmas greeting, and we then gladden their hearts by giving a half-crown to each of them, causing them to feel that as far as may be we desire the sympathy of the different members of a family to exist among us. They thankfully receive the gift, and by and by, over an extra good cup of tea, they will be able to discourse on the change which Christianity has effected in their condition. Those unable to be present through sickness are not forgotten; and on their tables the cheerful cup of tea brightens up the countenance furrowed by care and suffering.

"But what a Babel of sounds breaks on my ear now! Well, actually it is a room full of little people, and as they are all talking, some in English, others in Indian, and some listening, and occasionally breaking out into a hearty laugh, I must see what it is all about. Really a difficult matter,

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but I fancy that the words 'magic lantern' are frequently repeated. Yes, my little ones; here's the sheet; come over, Sophy, and Johnny, and Charlie, hold it up while I nail it.

"What quietness reigns now, as the different eyes behold the stretching of the sheet! And here's the lantern. Out go the lights; a laugh rings through the room, for a man has actually lost his head. And so the time passes: some slides provoke mirth; others great surprise; some, as the representation of places in England, great curiosity; and many, the last exhibited, excite deep reverence, for they represent scenes in the lives of our Lord and His Apostles. These bring my dear young friends to a serious frame of mind: we join in a song of praise; we bend the knee in prayer, and then all return to their respective homes to relate their evening's adventures. Ah, well; it is cold and dreary out here, but my little ones must know that when the heart is warmed by the love of God, we rise superior to all our outward circumstances."—J. H.

When our Christmas Day comes this year, shall not we think of the wintry snows at Moose Factory—of the poor Indian congregation—of the little company keeping the feast and remembering the dying love of their Saviour and ours; of the poor widows relieved by the lonely Missionary who tells them of Christmas joy in that far-off land? And shall we not ask that he and they may, as they meet together on the cold star-lit morning, be cheered by the light of the bright and Morning Star, which as on this day arose long ago, a Light to lighten the Gentiles?

And now for another Christmas! Have you ever seen dissolving views, and noticed how one picture melts and fades into another, softly, silently, and almost before we know that the first has died? Look now. The snows of the cold North are melting into green hills and rich valleys; the stunted shrubs, barely showing above the white ground, are giving place to the glories of the palm, and the glowing lightning-plant, and the tall traveller's-tree; and the solitary little company gathered under the dark skies of that cold region, are exchanged for another Missionary company keeping!

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II.

CHRISTMAS IN MADAGASCAR.

OF his first Christmas in the island we have a description written by Mr. Maundrell, of whose work at Andevoranto you have already heard:—

"*December 24th*, 1867.—All our native friends have kindly displayed much energy and taste to-day in decorating our houses for to-morrow. Both men and women, and the few children who have commenced learning, went to the forest early this morning, and cut down small palm-trees and the branches of shrubs, which they brought and arranged around the largest room of our house.

"*December 25th, Christmas Day.*—This has been our first Christmas at Andevoranto, and though obliged by our yet unsettled state to rest satisfied with few of the customary enjoyments of the season, Mr. Campbell and I have had much to gratify us.

"Our friends from Voiboahazo and Maromby came here last evening, to be with us to-day. These made our congregation to consist of as many as sixty persons, most of them unbaptized, some hopeful, and others having a liking for Christianity, though living according to the course of this world. The few Christians, most of whom have been baptized by Messrs. Hey and Holding, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, joined with us in celebrating the Holy Communion. The first service was at 7.30 A.M., at which Mr. Campbell preached.

"In the afternoon the whole congregation partook of some biscuits and tea. As we had no large table, nor sufficient chairs, they squatted on the ground, the provisions being placed on a nice mat in the midst. The broad leaf of the traveller's-tree was a good substitute for dishes and plates. From it also the people made their spoons.

"All thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The decoration of the house, the novelty of the occasion to the people of Andevoranto, the hearty singing of the natives, with their almost enthusiastic delight, made the day one not to be forgotten by any who witnessed it. God grant that many of them may learn more and more to know, love, follow, and rejoice in Him, whose first coming amongst us we have endeavoured to commemorate!"

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CHRISTMAS TEA-PARTY IN MADAGASCAR.

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We are fortunate in having received from Mrs. Maundrell an account of *last* Christmas at the Church Missionary Station in Madagascar, of which you have already read so much in the October and November numbers. Of course the chief and most noted rejoicings are at Antananarivo, the capital, where Missionaries of the London Missionary Society so long ago sowed the good seed; but we must hope that ere long Christmas will come to the whole of that beautiful island, and that some future Number of the "Green Book" may contain for another generation the good news that idolatry has completely vanished before the preaching of the Gospel.

Mrs. Maundrell writes:—

"Just before our morning service we hear the music of the band—an unusual thing, for there is no band attached to this village. It is the Governor of Tanimandry, who frequently comes across the river to attend our church, and, as it is Christmas Day, thinks he must bring his band!

"We proceed to our church, which we find beautified with palm-leaf decorations; the scholars and others have been busy at this the greater part of yesterday, and have really proved themselves very tasteful.

"The service is always well attended on Christmas Day, and we are to-day joined by the Christians from Tanimandry, the congregation all in best array, wearing mostly white lambas. It is a sight full of interest to us. Our first hymn is a nice translation, by the late Rev. W. Hey, of the S.P.G. Mission in Tamatave, of the hymn, 'O come, all ye faithful,' &c.

"'Pray baptize me on Christmas Day,' said one who was desirous of embracing the Christian profession. 'Oh, let us be married on Christmas Day!' said also an old man and woman lately baptized. Accordingly, a Baptism and a Marriage enhanced the interest of to-day's services, which were happily concluded with the Holy Communion.

"The Malagasy Christians think a very great deal of Christmas. Having, I suppose, caught from the English the idea of beef as a Christmas dish, they have killed two bullocks, one here and one at Voiboahazo.

"Mr. Campbell has been conducting the services at the latter place, and was joined by the Christians from a village called Ranomafana. He returns in the evening reporting full and attentive congregations, in the church decorated just as ours had been. Indeed, Christmas is a happy season to us here with our poor people."

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And now we must travel westward; but first let us cross over to Mauritius, with which we are now well acquainted, and take a peep at Crêve Cœur, our Church Missionary Station there, where the Tamil children seem to be keeping Christmas among the roses.

The same friend writes:—

III.

CHRISTMAS AT CREVE CŒUR, IN MAURITIUS.

MORNING has scarcely dawned before our slumber is surprised by the voices of the school children and their teachers singing, just outside our windows, a Tamil Christmas Anthem. They continue their singing as they walk round the house for about a quarter of an hour, and then retire, leaving one in the happy consciousness that this is Christmas morning.

"Every face we meet looks smiling and happy, just as it always is at Christmas at home; but how different the season here in other respects! Who can fancy Christmas Day very *warm*, and that every little school-child who comes to wish you a 'Merry Christmas' will offer a rose, or some other flower! The Missionary and his wife are waited on by the Catechists, after the Indian fashion, with an address expressing their respectful affection and gratitude, and their good wishes, and so on. It is read by one of their number, and then given to the Missionary, who makes a short and appropriate reply.

"There is the usual service, and then Mrs. Hobbs will question her boarders on the reason of their rejoicing to-day; and I think there will not be one, unless quite a new comer, unable to give a satisfactory account of it. Our Mission House, indeed, looks gay to-day. We have been presented with no less than five large nosegays of beautiful roses and dahlias; which, however, make it very difficult to an English mind to believe that it is the time of holly and evergreens at home."

Many of you who read this account will be joining in Christmas festivities, and be gathering with eager thoughts at schoolrooms all ready laid out with cake, and tea, and bread and butter; but you will not, I suspect, have leaves

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for plates and dishes, or have biscuits and tea on the ground; you will not, like the Madagascar people, have decorations of palm-leaves round the room, or, like the Mauritius children, be able to bring roses to your teachers.

Our last Christmas picture is more in connexion with Missionary work than directly of the work itself. We hope very shortly to give you a story of the Schools established at Cairo by Miss Whately; and a very pleasant introduction to our acquaintance with them has been kindly sent to us by her sister, Miss E. J. Whately, who introduces us to

IV.

CHRISTMAS IN AN ORANGE GARDEN.

OURS was a strange Christmas Day last winter in Cairo. No snow and ice, no blazing fires, no Christmas joy-bells, and, alas! no public worship. There is no regular chaplain as yet; the only clergyman among the various travellers who come in search of health from the Egyptian winter climate was voiceless from illness, and English residents there are scarcely any.

"The children of the 'English Mission Schools' are half of them Moslem, and the Coptic and Greek Christians keep Christmas at a different time from ourselves. So my sister and I, and the excellent Syrian Missionaries who help in her work, with our dear young friend Mrs. Shakoor, the wife of the elder of them, read the English service for the day together, and felt we were united in spirit with the many groups of friends in Europe, to whom our thoughts naturally turned; and then we took advantage of the holiday at the school to make an excursion to an orange-garden in the neighbourhood, where we proposed to spend part of the day. The Moslems not regarding it as a special day, there was no reason for abstaining from a drive, as we might have done in England: and by eleven o'clock a two-horse open carriage was at the door, driven by a curiously attired coachman in a macaw-like costume of scarlet turban and blue caftan; and soon we were driving down the sandy road bordered with tamarisk and *lebich* trees (a kind of acacia) which leads to the suburbs of 'Old Cairo.'

"A most un-Christmas-like sun was shining gloriously

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over-head; the air was delicious, mild and fresh, the palaces and minarets shone clear and bright in the transparent atmosphere, and the groups we passed were subjects for a picture.

"Now a stately white-turbaned Turk in flowing caftan and striped silk waistcoat; then a peasant woman in dark blue mantle, bare feet, coral necklace, and silver bracelets on her graceful round arms, a large water-jar poised on her head; then a coffee-coloured Nubian in red cap and white mantle; and next a negro from one of the interior parts, blacker than any negro one ever sees at home, and like an image in ebony. And none of these knew anything of *why we* keep our Christmas! But are there not many at home who, though they enjoy the holiday and the good cheer, think as little of why we rejoice?

"At last we reached a road between high-walled gardens, and leave was asked to enter one. The gatekeeper, for a small fee, gave us leave, and carrying our shawls and lunch-basket, we left our carriage, and I found myself for the first time in an Eastern garden.

"Nothing can be more unlike an English garden! No grass-plats, no neat gravel walks, no smooth flower-beds. It is more like an orchard or thick grove; but there is a kind of luxuriant, neglected beauty and richness about it. Flowers and flowering-plants are mingled with the trees; crimson China-roses, large white Egyptian jessamines, a pale blue phlox, small yellow and mauve crysanthemums, marigolds, and a spreading plant with dazzling scarlet calyx leaves, called the 'consul's daughter,' grow side by side with the red capsicum and the pepper-plant, with its curious pods, among the orange-trees, which are the chief product of the garden.

"But those orange-trees! No one who has not seen a grove of them can conceive their beauty. At this time the leaves were dark glossy green, and among them shone the rich golden fruit, 'like golden lamps in a green night;' and the whole air was scented with the sweet perfume which comes from the bark, leaves, fruit, and indeed from every part of the tree. We found a dry spot on the mould under the trees, sunny and yet sheltered, and there we spread our shawls and took our lunch, and sat looking up through the dark green leaves, at the deep blue sky, and enjoying the fine perfumed fruit, and listening to the nightingales in full song. And all this on Christmas Day, when friends in

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England were coming from church, perhaps, through mist and sleet!

"I thought of those beautiful words in Solomon's Song, 'I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' Many have thought the orange was the fruit meant, as apples are neither common nor much esteemed in Palestine. And if the 'apple' in these verses means the orange, what a beautiful comparison it is, to liken our Lord to a tree so full of beauty and sweet perfume and refreshing shade!

"And then I thought, How few among those who enjoy an orange-grove in Egypt know anything of Him who is described in those verses!

"But the day will come, in which we shall have both the outward and inward, the type and the reality together. A day will come when 'the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom,' and 'instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle,' and when God Himself shall dwell among His people, and be their God;

'And what will it be to be there!'

"Meanwhile, when we see these poor Moslems bowing and repeating their unmeaning prayers, and the Copts worshiping pictures and trusting in vain ceremonies, how should we pray that the power of the Gospel may enlighten them, and teach them to believe savingly in Him whose birth we celebrate on Christmas Day, and to know what it is to 'sit down under His shadow with great delight,' and to find 'His banner over them to be love?'"

Christmas among the snows! Christmas among the palms! Christmas among the roses! Christmas among the orange-trees! We have been reading of all four. Do not you feel a longing desire that in every country—in dark, sorrowful heathen lands—there should be the real joy of knowing Him whose coming gave Christmas to the world? Do not you desire that when the second Christmas shall come, when He who came in great humility to Bethlehem shall return in exceeding glory, there may be some waiting for Him whom you may have helped to bring into His fold?

And now we wish you a Happy Christmas! That means more than a *merry* one. And we give you a Christmas motto,—one which is to be hung up in every heart at Christmas-

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time, one which should bring more gladness to each of us than Christmas presents or Christmas meetings,—one which should make us long to send Christmas everywhere, and it is this:—

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift!"

RINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

AT a little before midnight on the 31st of December, our chimes will sound through the night, ringing the Old Year out. And then there will be a silence, and solemnly twelve o'clock will be heard to toll out through the darkness, telling that the year 1869 has gone for ever.

Gone for ever! Gone, with all its opportunities, with all its bright days and with all its dark days. Gone, never, never more to come back again.

And how has it been with us through the past year? Of all the thousands of children who read these pages, each one has had a different history during the year,—a history which God only fully knows. Does the close of this year find you really and truly travelling on the way to heaven,—loving Jesus, resting your sins on Jesus, following Jesus? Will you at that midnight hour be able to say, "I am a year's march nearer home?"

We have had pleasant meetings on the pages of this little book. We have wandered together from one Missionary Station to another, from north to south, and from east to west, reminded everywhere of the great "power of Jesu's Name" wherever it is proclaimed. But, remember that you can do little to make that Name known, unless it has really come to your own heart with power, unless you love Him because He first loved you, and therefore long to spread the knowledge of His love to others.

Will you then agree, on the night of the 31st of December, at whatever time you may be able to do so, to join in prayer that God will send to your own soul and to those around you more of His Holy Spirit, to show you the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world? Will you ask Him to bless all those who are working afar off as Missionaries,

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and to bless their converts? Will you ask Him to stir up the hearts of many more to carry to far countries the good news of salvation?

We shall speak to you next month of the bells which ring in the New Year; but as the chimes ring out the Old one those of us who hear their sweet voices through the night will be able to unite in the prayer:—

O satisfy us early with Thy mercy,
That we may be glad and rejoice all our days.
And let the beauty
Of the Lord our God be upon us;
And establish Thou
The work of our hands upon us,
Yea, the work of our hands
Establish Thou it!
Amen.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There came a little child to earth, Long a - go, Long,
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth. High and low, High
long a - go,
high and low,
Out on the night so calm and still, Their

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THERE came a little Child to earth,
Long ago.
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
High and low.
Out on the night so calm and still,
Their song was heard,
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A Child was born,
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn:
And in mortal weakness, in want, and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land:
And he leads to where fountains of water flow
That chosen band.
And for evermore in their garments fair
And undefil'd,
Those ransom'd children His praise declare
Who was once a Child.

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MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

2 Kings.

1. What story do we read of a little girl who was a Missionary? To what great man did she bring her message? How may children now follow her example? To what fountain, better than the waters of Jordan, may they be the means of showing the way? How does that fountain cleanse from a greater disease than the leprosy which typified it?

2. What money-box was set up at the door of the Lord's house? Who placed it there? How was it like a Missionary-box? For what was the money used? Can you show, from a former question concerning the house of the Lord, that the carpenters and builders who built and repaired it may remind us of those who in every part of the world are building up Christ's spiritual temple? Can you do anything towards increasing the store?

3. What heathen king sent a Missionary of the true religion to Samaria? To what place did he send him, and what made that place a remarkable one? Why was his mission unsuccessful? Does this history remind you of words of our Lord's in the sermon on the Mount? How does it show that before God's true religion every kind of idolatry must give way?

4. What Missionary lessons can you find in the history of Hezekiah? Which of them is specially suitable at the close of another year?

TWO THINGS WHICH WE ALL NEED TO KNOW.

It was on a beautiful morning in the spring of this year, which will so soon draw to a close, that an aged and venerated friend—one of our most liberal Missionary contributors—while taking his usual morning walk, was suddenly seen to fall, and in a few moments had entered into the presence of the Lord. Shortly before his death he had been calling at the house of a lady in whose labours he took a warm interest. "I am often now confused," he said, "and feel the infirmities of age increasingly; but there are two things which I can never forget: the first is, that I am a great sinner, and the second, that Christ is a great Saviour."

Do you, who know not how soon or how suddenly you may be called away, know these two great truths? If so, you will, like him who spoke those words, long to make them known to others.

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THE

Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

1870.

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

AST night, when twelve o'clock had sounded, the chimes rang in the New Year with a glad, joyful peal. And now 1869 has gone for ever, and we have started our history for 1870.

And I want to tell you a story which has been on my mind through this New Year's morning. A story which, perhaps, you would like to hear.

You have heard, and, it may be, read, of the terrible war which was carried on in America a few years ago, in which fathers and brothers were called off from those who loved them at home to fight in the dreadful battles which left so many widows and orphans lonely and sorrowful.

Well, some time ago a stranger entered the soldiers' burying-ground at a place called Nashville, and there saw a man planting a flower on one of the graves. His whole heart seemed in the work, as gently and tenderly he raised the soil, and rooted in the plant, and then prepared to place an inscription at the foot of the mound.

The visitor stopped for a moment, and then began to talk to him; and soon the story was told of the flower on the grave.

"I was poor, and had a large family," said the man; "but my name was called to go out in the army. I couldn't find any one to take my place, and it seemed hopeless to think of getting a substitute. So at last we made up our minds that I must go.

"Then a young man came to me: 'You've a large family,' he said, 'and your wife can't support the children when you are gone. I'll go for you.'

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"Well, he did, poor fellow! And in the battle of Chickamanga he got a death wound; and after a time, he died, and was buried here."

And as the man ended his story he took up a small board and placed it at the foot of the grave. It bore only these words:—"*He died for me.*"

Shall I tell you why this anecdote has been in my mind to-day? It is because I think we may take those words as our New Year's Motto:—

"He died for me."

The love and gratitude of the poor man for whom his friend ventured out to the battle-field were burning warmly in his heart. He could do but little for him; but what he could, he did lovingly and earnestly.

And through this New Year I am longing that we should all have it as our great object to show forth our love and gratitude to One who died for *us*.

> "Which of all our friends to save us
> Could or would have shed his blood?
> But our Saviour died to have us
> Reconciled in Him to God."

If we have this motto in our hearts, if we put it into our lives, I am not afraid of our growing cold in Missionary work. We shall want all our words, all our actions, all our efforts to be showing forth our love to Him who so loved us. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Now do you, on this New Year's morning, believe that the Lord Jesus Christ died *for you*, gave His life instead of yours, bore all your punishment as your substitute on the cross? If so, take "*He died for me*" as your motto. Can you do enough for one who did so much for you? Can you bear to indulge yourself in words or wrong thoughts which would grieve Him? Will you not try to do more towards teaching others, and sending the news everywhere of His great love?

As I said before, I have generally good hopes of Missionary love, and of Missionary earnestness, and of longing efforts in Missionary work, where the words are deep down in the heart: *He died for me.*

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GOING TO SCHOOL AT CAIRO.

BOUT eight years ago, Miss Whately, an English lady, went to Cairo, in Egypt, and her heart was filled with pity for the children there. No one cared for them, no one seemed to think that they had souls.

So she began to gather a few little girls in her sitting-room, and taught them reading and writing, and the knowledge of the Scriptures. From this time the school grew, just as the little stream grows into a river. Now there are schools for girls and boys—about one hundred and seventy boys, and eighty girls; and the numbers are constantly increasing. About half the children are Moslems; the rest are Copts, Greeks, and Syrians.

Miss Whately's sister, who told us of her Christmas in an orange garden, has kindly written for us an account of these schools.

"Come with me down a narrow street, which turns off from the broad new road bordered with trees, leading to the railway station. We make our way through many obstructions. Here a string of gigantic camels laden with wickerwork cases full of oranges, or bundles of corn. There a troop of donkeys loaded with green clover, or grass, for fodder. Past white-turbaned men in long captans, women in ragged dark-blue mantles and coral or gold necklaces, with a large jar, or a tray of bread, or a heavy basket of oranges, poised on the head—through this crowd we make our way till we come to an old archway ornamented with rude carving, and over it, in English and Arabic characters,

ENGLISH MISSION SCHOOLS.

"We cross a small court, and find ourselves in a large *fezzah* or entrance-hall, round which, on plain benches, sit circles of boys in every variety of dress, and of every variety of nation — Egyptians, Greeks, Syrians; some of them with olive cheek and black eye, others quite fair; coffee-coloured Nubians from the upper country, and one or two jet-black negroes; and among all these two rosy, light-haired English or Scotch lads, looking indeed as if they had dropped from a different hemisphere.

"The costumes vary from the smart silk waistcoat and full

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trousers of the well-to-do class, to the scanty blue shirt and bare legs of the very poor; the red cap or white turban is worn by nearly all.

"The religions are as diverse as the dress or complexion. About half the number are Moslems; the others Copts, Greeks, &c.

"All these boys are daily and carefully instructed in the Scriptures by the Christian Syrian Missionaries who superintend the work. Come into the inner, or class-room, and you will hear the more advanced classes answering Bible questions in good English, reading English books by no means of the easiest kind, and translating passages fluently into Arabic if desired.

"Ask them any questions about Bible history, and the great truths we learn from the Scriptures, and they will answer as readily as any children in our own Sunday or day schools, better perhaps than some. None will hesitate when they are asked, Who can save us from our sins? 'Seid na Issa' (Our Lord Jesus) is the ever-ready answer.

"The head boy is a fair-haired young Syrian from Aleppo; next him stands a pale, sickly-looking Moslem, with weak eyes bending earnestly over the page; Ibrahim, that is his name, is one of the very best answerers. I heard him, when a visitor asked him what was meant by the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head, answering in English, and explaining how Christ was to destroy the power of Satan by suffering death for our sins.

"Besides the Scriptures, they learn history, geography, arithmetic, and their own difficult Arabic grammar and writing. About a hundred boys learn English, and some also French and Turkish. Distinctions of rank are little thought of, and rich and poor sit together.

"But we must pass on to the girls' school, held in the same building. Down a dark passage, up a steep and narrow staircase. I must own there is plenty of dust. In the climate of Egypt it requires incessant hard work to keep it off, and the natives are lazy, and not very alive to the blessings of cleanliness.

"We come into another large entrance-hall with rooms opening into it—forming three separate class-rooms. No 'school appliances' such as we are used to! Pictures must not be allowed, as the Moslems think them unlawful, and the Copts might worship them; and the conveniences of an

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English school can hardly be procured; even benches could not at first be had.

"But the bright-eyed little groups, in their gay coloured veils and picturesque dresses, give a cheerful air to the bare white-washed rooms.

"We will first enter that for the beginners. They are mostly Moslems, and rather of the poorer class; the presiding teacher, a pale, slight, sickly-looking Moslem girl called "Fatmeh," seems to keep her class well in hand. Some are reading in the Arabic Gospels, and all, even the little ones, answer correctly from a short and simple catechism of easy questions and answers on the leading points of Christian doctrine.

"This poor Moslem teacher certainly knows the truth; how far it has touched her heart only God can know, but my sister has great hopes of her.

"Some time ago her eyes were very bad, and the doctor declared that nothing could save them. Her mother said she heard the poor girl praying continually in the night, 'O Lord, save me from blindness! O Lord, help me, and do not let me lose my sight!'

"Now, *we* might think it very natural, even for one who did not care for her soul, to pray to God to save her from such a terrible affliction. We know that in a Christian country people will pray to God in times of danger, who never think of Him when all goes well. But Moslems are never taught to ask for what they want in prayer, as we are. The women in general do not pray at all. My sister was once reading in the Gospels to some Moslem women, and one of them told her that she *did* pray, which was thought a very wonderful thing for a woman.

"'What do you say when you pray?' said my sister.

"'God is good, God is merciful, God is great,' said the woman, repeating these words over and over again very quickly as the Moslems do when they pray.

"'If your little boy were hungry, and instead of asking you for bread, were to say, "My mother is good, my mother is clever, my mother is handsome," would you think he really wanted what he asked?'

"'No, to be sure.'

"'Then you should not think God will care for your saying words like that. No; when you are in trouble, say, "Lord, help me; Lord, I am a sinner, forgive me. *That* is *prayer*."'

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"You see by this how hard it is for a Moslem to learn what prayer really is; therefore it was a sign that poor Fatmeh had learned something of its nature when she cried to God to save her from blindness, and He heard and answered her. He blessed the means my sister (who is very successful as an eye-doctor) used, and her sight was entirely restored.

"The other two classes are superintended by two young Copt girls. The head class is chiefly composed of girls who came to the school as quite little children, and have remained ever since. These, alas! will some of them soon be taken away to be betrothed,—girls in Egypt being generally married at eleven or twelve; but it is a matter of thankfulness to have kept them so long. The girls in this class are some of them children of respectable and even rich parents. About half the number are Moslems, the others, Copts, Greeks, and Syrians.

"Here we have a fair-haired, slender little creature, rejoicing in the stately name of Cleopatra. She is of Greek origin, and is quick and lively, but not always attentive. Next her is a plain-looking Coptic girl, Martha by name, steady and diligent, and we hope well-disposed as to the concerns of her soul. Then comes a bright, black-eyed Syrian, Zenobia; a lively and intelligent girl; but her expressive brow can sometimes assume as haughty an air as her namesake the Queen of the East. Her elder sister, a very lovely girl, wished to come to school, but she is betrothed, and her bridegroom does not wish her to learn; he says women ought to be stupid!

"The girls in this class will answer Scripture and general questions very well; their answers in geography are especially good, and all can repeat texts correctly.

"At noon there is an hour's recess for rest and dinner. They close the morning school by standing round the outer hall and repeating the Ten Commandments together. Both schools are opened with prayer. The afternoon is chiefly devoted to needle-work with the girls. They are taught useful plain sewing, and also learn the beautiful embroidery of the country from a mistress who is constantly employed in the school.

"The girls are from seventy to eighty in number, the boys upwards of one hundred and seventy, and the numbers increasing constantly, especially among Moslems.

"We cannot, of course, yet speak of open conversions from Mahometanism. At present, as we have been assured by

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those who know the Moslem mind in Egypt, an open profession would be *death* to the convert, and certainly put a stop to the work. The time is not yet come for reaping; but we can rejoice in knowing that between two and three hundred children have an intelligent head knowledge of gospel truth, and we trust that in many cases it is something more than mere head knowledge.

"The moral improvement among the children is very great. As an instance of this, a little boy had been one day buying fruit of a woman in the street; he had no change, and she allowed him to take the fruit. On returning with the money, he was hurried along by the crowd, and forgot that he had not paid, till, on taking out his little store to make his mid-day meal, he found the money still in his pocket. The teacher found him in tears, saying he had looked in vain for the fruit-seller. 'Oh, do you think Jesus Christ will forgive me?' He was only calmed by the teacher proposing that if he could not find the woman, he should give the money to the poor.

"On another occasion, the verses on 'binding and loosing' were read. One boy, a Copt, said it meant to go to the priest. 'No,' interposed a little fellow of five or six years old (a Moslem), 'if one really repents of his sins he is loosed, but if he refuses to repent he is still bound.'

"Several girls repeat the Scripture stories they have read to their parents at home: and one girl regularly reads the Bible to her mother, putting in very modestly a few words of simple explanation as she goes on.

"I shall hope to give you next month a short account of the visit paid by the Prince and Princess of Wales to the schools at Cairo."

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN TINNEVELLY.

OU have heard and read of Tinnevelly. It is one of the districts in India on which a great blessing has fallen, and from which teachers go forth in all directions to tell of Jesus.

Mr. Thomas, who has for many years laboured there, has sent us a description of New Year's day, as

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observed among his people. I am sure you will like to hear it; indeed I suspect that some who read the account would not mind sharing a little of the sugar-candy with the Missionary, and would very much enjoy looking on at the fireworks in the evening.

Mr. Thomas writes:—

"Our New Year's day is observed by the people with great rejoicing. They have services as on Christmas day, besides which the people throughout the whole district come in to the principal station for the purpose of paying their respects to the Missionary and his family.

"But before doing so, all assemble in Church to hear various addresses delivered by the Native Clergy and others, on the progress and prospects of the Native Church Fund. The amount received from different villages and individuals is read out, and the accounts are fully explained to all. The number of people generally present on such an occasion exceeds 2000.

"Afterwards they bring with them to the bungalow a great many cheap gifts, such as garlands, fruits, sugar-candy made from the juice of the Palmyra tree, and plantains; singing hymns and carols suited to the occasion. These they sing to native tunes, for though in Divine Service the hymns are sung to our familiar English tunes, yet the Hindoos are passionately fond of their own music. To our ears it is not generally pleasing; the melody is a sort of chant, whilst harmony is rendered impossible on account of the defective scale of Hindoo music. Generally a single voice introduces the subject-matter, and almost in every arrangement a loud and boisterous chorus is joined in by the whole assembly.

"But I may mention that the children in our boarding-schools come to the Missionary's bungalow at an hour still earlier than that at which Divine Service begins, and serenade the family with carols and other hymns.

"It is a long business to see and talk to every congregation; but we sit in the middle of our verandah, and some members of the different congregations are admitted at one end, and one after another pass down before us, when they present their gifts, make their salaams, and often say a few words of congratulation, and each party moves off at the other end of the verandah.

"This being over, great numbers of people meet in an open

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NEW YEAR'S DAY AMUSEMENT IN TINNEVELLY.

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place outside the village, where there is a grand display of fireworks, a sort of amusement of which the Hindoos are immoderately fond."

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

WE made our plan by the fire's red light,
As we sat on the hearth-rug, Janie and I;
We wanted so much to sit up last night,
To sit up, and to see the old year die.

We thought how much we should like to hear
If the clock sounded just as at other times,
And to wish each other a Happy New Year
As the last stroke died of the midnight chimes.

But they all of them shook their heads, and said,
How long we should both of us have to wait;
And that birds in their nests go so soon to bed,
And how cross we should grow if we sat up late.

Yet, once we stayed up until half-past ten,
When we went to the feast at the harvest-home;
We haven't been much more cross since then,
And it's very seldom that New Years come.

But we couldn't get them to give us leave,
Though they let us stay until nearly nine;
And then—the last thing on our New Year's eve—
We peeped out to see if the night was fine.

We waited until we were left alone,
And then in the darkness we raised the blind;
To have wakened and found the old year gone
Without one good-bye, would have been unkind.

It seemed to us that the world outside
Had never before been so full of sighing—
As if down the valley, and far and wide,
Everything knew that the year was dying.

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Round the church, from across the meadows,
The wind was sounding like burial marches;
And where house-lights glimmered the muffled shadows
Seemed stealing past towards the old grey arches.

And two stars like funeral tapers shone
Through the clouds which had gathered across the sky;
Heavy cloud-blinds which would be let down,
We said, when the good old year should die.

Then we promised each other to lie awake,
And we tried very hard the watch to keep;
But Janie's eyes *would* grow heavy and ache,
And at last we both of us fell asleep.

And now, and now it is New Year's day,
And the snow has fallen all white and glistening,
Over the meadows and far away,
A spotless robe for the New Year's christening.

Have angels or fairies been here by night,
To where earth and leaves were all brown and sodden?
I want Janie to wake and look out at the sight,
At the pure white glitter of snow untrodden.

Untrodden now!—o'er the meadows hoary,
Soon many feet will pass to and fro:
At the end of the day we shall read its story
In foot-prints left on the spotless snow.

Every one who comes through the garden,
Must leave his track on the path to-day;
A track which the clear sharp frost will harden,
Till the sun shall have melted the ice away.

I think I am glad,—it seems almost right
That things this morning should happen so,—
That the world without should be hung in white,
And not even a foot-print have marked the snow.

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I suppose they would call it a childish dreaming,
Which grown-up people can't stay to hear,
But the things outside in the world are seeming
Like a picture to me of the opening year.

I mean, that it seems as if, like the snow,
An unwritten page were before us spreading;
The year is new and unsullied now—
The path which we all shall so soon be treading.

A path in which each of us leaves a track,
In which foot-prints of children's feet remain;
A path over which we can't travel back,
For old years never are new again.

I think that the months pass so very slowly,
Though one's parents say that they fly too fast:
I wish I could keep this New Year holy,
Better by far than I kept the last!

I can't, without Him for my one true Guide,
Whose face the children in heav'n behold:
Where the snow is untrodden, the path untried,
He, only, aright can my steps uphold.

He can make me walk as His loving child,
He can teach me to work for Him here below;
And when my ways have been sin-defiled,
He Himself can wash me whiter than snow.

* * * *

Janie, I've been the first to waken,
And oh! such beautiful things are here!
The mists and darkness their flight have taken,
And I want to wish you a Happy New Year.

Wake up, Janie, and see the sight!
Wake up, Janie, and look at the snow!
The good old year died at twelve last night,
And it's eighteen hundred and seventy now!

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THE FIRST MEETING OF A JUVENILE WORKING PARTY.

LADY, who was once herself engaged in Missionary work, has kindly sent us the following account of her Missionary working party :—

"Will my young readers take a peep into a comfortable room in a house belonging to the vicar of a district in the North of England?

"It is half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, October 13, 1869.

"You must fancy you see this room full of children of various ages, but all with happy, beaming faces. You will ask, 'What makes them so bright and cheerful?' They are trying to help others; this is the reason. For even children, and young ones too, can live not for themselves alone; and the more they assist others, the happier they will be.

"In the middle of the room is a table, on which is placed work of different kinds, for the busy fingers which are all eager to begin.

"Let us first look at this work and see of what sort it is. Here are four little shirts, the hems turned down and tacked, so that the willing, but inexperienced fingers can make no mistakes. Then we find small pieces of silk, with narrow ribbon to be seamed round them for mattrass pincushions, little bags made of scraps of silk, a dressing cape, the wool and card for the manufacture of a ball, a crochet needle and cotton, with a pattern of edging all ready begun; some kettle-holders in simple patterns, and mats for tea and coffee pots. Perforated cardboard has its place also on the table for bookmarkers, either to be worked in silk or cut out with a penknife. The skeins of silks and wools are cut and arranged in papers ready for use. The needle is on each piece of work, ready threaded, so as to save all bustle at the time of meeting.

"This work has been prepared beforehand by one of the ladies who have undertaken to superintend this gathering of working busy bees.

"A pincushion filled with pins, a needle-book with needles,

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a case of scissors and a bag of cottons, completes the set-out.

"Now let us follow the work from the table to the hands of the workers.

"'Plain sewing, or fancy work?' is the question asked by the lady who gives to each her portion. One chooses a shirt, another a pincushion, a third a bag, &c. &c. One child has a bad hand so as she cannot sew, so the ball is given into her charge, as it is made easily, by winding coloured wools round cardboard, cut into a particular shape. A fourth is not far advanced in the art of sewing, so she has the pieces of canvas for kettle-holders, &c., to overcast, to prevent them from roving out at the edges. Each receives according to her ability.

Now all are settled. The Vicar comes in, accompanied by a friend of his, a Missionary, who is spending the day with him. This Missionary speaks a few words of encouragement, and then the Vicar offers a short prayer, commending the workers and the cause for which they work to God. We must ever remember that all our doings must be 'begun' as well as 'continued and ended in God.'

"The Vicar and his friend then leave, and work commences in right good earnest. Happy talk is kept up for a while; then one of the ladies (who was formerly engaged in Missionary work in India) reads a Missionary story—a true one—of a lad she herself knew, and passes round a letter written by the lad himself, and received by her not a month ago.

"There are frequent calls for assistance from one and another; one is too young to thread her needle herself, another is tired of hemming, and so has a piece of canvas given her. Another puzzles over a book-marker, never having made one in her life before; puzzles how to fit the pattern into the corner of the card, and says she cannot make it look right. But these difficulties are overcome one by one, and all is good-humour and kindly feeling.

Three or four make request to be allowed to take work home with them. One little girl has been mastering the cross-stitch in the rug-work. She says, 'May I take my mat home?' The lady is afraid the child is not sufficiently clever in her new work to be trusted; but the little one is not to be daunted, she says, 'Mamma will help me,' so she gains her point. But time has flown while we have been

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examining work and looking on, and it is now half-past four, time for closing. A hymn is sung, one suitable for the occasion.

"Each child takes her hat and jacket from the corner on the cupboard, puts them on, shakes hands, and is off home—happy because helping to make others happy.

"Let me just say that this working party is to be held once a month, and the proceeds from the work to be given to aid the Church Missionary Society." E. J. B.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1 *Chronicles.*

1. What story of David belongs to the well of Bethlehem? Who were the three mighty men with him there? What fountain was long after opened at Bethlehem to all people? How may we show the way to that Fountain?

2. What made the children of Zebulun such good soldiers? Where do we find that God likes order in all that we do? In what respects does Missionary work specially require singleness of heart? Can you explain from Scripture what this means?

3. With what Psalm did David rejoice when the ark was brought to the temple? What does it say of the idols? What did he say that men should declare among the heathen? What should they tell among the nations? How are these messages carried now?

4. Why are we told that the people rejoiced when they offered for the house of the Lord? In what verses do we find that God does not accept unwilling offerings?

5. In what beautiful words did king David speak of giving to the Lord? In what ways can you prove that we give Him of His own when we offer Him anything that we possess?

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STORIES OF THE BULLOM SHORE.

I.

CHURCH UNDER A TREE.

HO can tell where lies the Bullom Shore?—Now for a guess! Georgy, where is the Bullom Shore?

"I don't know! Perhaps in Japan."

Oh, such a bad guess! Now, Mary, you try.

"Perhaps in India."

No, not India. Come, Alice, can you tell?

"I think it's in Africa."

Well, that sounds like a guess too; but it is right at last. However, I suppose it is my turn now to tell you whereabouts in Africa it lies. First find Sierra Leone on the map. Now, if we were standing on the south side of this wide Sierra Leone river, and were to get into a boat, and to pull hard, hard, so as not to be carried out to sea by the current, we should arrive at its northern shore, a low-lying wooded country. The natives would say, "The boat done come;" and fastening it, to prevent our being left at Yongro without the power of getting back, we might at once begin to explore this, the chief Missionary Station of the Bullom Shore.

Yongro has a history of its own. Years ago, in 1813, when your grand-parents were little children, or perhaps not even born, there was at Sierra Leone a clergyman named Mr. Nyländer. Often he used to look northward towards the Bullom Shore, across the wide river, to where on the other side the people were living and dying in the blackest heathenism, their one idea of religion being a horrible belief in the work of witches and charms, and in evil spirits, who they said had power over them, body and soul.

At last, Mr. Nyländer became so anxious for these poor heathen, that he determined to settle among them, and to give his life to the effort of bringing them to the happy knowledge of Jesus. So he crossed the Sierra Leone river, and founded the station called Yongro; and then he set to work to learn the language, and began to collect some young scholars around him.

Do you like hymns? I hope you do, for I think that nothing hardly is so sweet as to hear voices raised in love and praise to Jesus. Mr. Nyländer knew how much hymns

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will often do to teach of Him. As soon as he had learnt the language well enough, he translated part of the New Testament, and some of our favourite hymns, into the Bullom language.

On the 19th of January, 1817, he preached his first sermon before the King of Bullom, who called himself King George, his own scholars, and about fifty other hearers, being present.

You will like to read his account of this out-of-door service. He writes :—

"On Sunday, we made public use of our Bullom hymns. I preached at Yongro under a shady tree; and had about fifty hearers, besides my own scholars. We first sang in Bullom—

"This day belongs to God alone," &c.

The Bulloms were much pleased to hear a hymn sung in their own language, which they so plainly understood. I then prayed with them. Seeing that some of them did not kneel, I told them the reason of our kneeling when we pray to God.

"We sang again in Bullom : I then preached from Mark xvi. 15. 'I am sent,' I said, 'to preach the Gospel unto you ; that is, to tell you the good news, that to you is born a Saviour. His name is Jesus Christ. He is come to save sinners. He wishes you to go to heaven, when you die ; and therefore he has now sent his Word into your country.'"

I wonder whether you would have listened all through to this sermon preached under the tree. It might have been rather tempting to you to look about, and to follow the birds and butterflies with your eyes, and to be listening to the waves on the shore, or the wind in the branches, rather than to the clergyman. However, the Yongro people were very fairly attentive ; but as they had never been taught how to behave in church, they interrupted their clergyman very often by jumping up and down, and by making remarks upon what he said. Suppose somebody were to do this next Sunday in church, how surprised we should all be ! Mr. Nyländer says :—

"At last the King rose, and said that he had been in England, and in English churches, and he knew that no person was permitted to speak while the minister was speaking. If they had anything to say, they should reserve it till I had finished my speech : and thus my congregation became as quiet as in a church."

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After service, the people said how much they liked what they had heard, and asked the Missionary to preach to them again, and even proposed that they should build a place of worship. You will be amused by what came after the sermon on the next Sunday. Mr. Nyländer tells us:—

"On the following Sunday, January 26, my text was—*And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.* I had about thirty hearers. We sang Bullom hymns. The whole service lasted about an hour and a half.

"When I had finished, some old women sent to me for tobacco, because they had 'attended to my palaver.' I told the messenger, that I did not buy any hearers. My wish was, to tell these old women how they might go to heaven when they should die: if they liked to hear, they might come: if not, it would be to their own loss. By and by, some people would say, 'Dat palaver be bad; but people go to hear him, because he give 'em tobacco;' and, in this fashion, I shall only spoil my name, and the name of the good thing that I am talking to you about."

II.

THE SAD STORY OF YECKREH.

Mr. Nyländer's hardest work was in trying to show the poor people of Bullom the folly of believing in witches, and sorcery, and the power of evil spirits. As King George was one of the most superstitious of them all, and was very cruel to any one who was suspected of witchcraft, he had a very difficult task. Some sad stories are told of these heathen notions, and of the cruelty which belonged to them. Here is one:—

"A poor slave-boy, of the name of Yeckreh, got a very unpleasant and infectious disorder. Nobody would have him near. He had no house, no food, no clothes, nor any friend to comfort him. He came to my house, to get a little rice from our boys; but his sickness was such that I was afraid our children would catch it, and therefore told him not to come to the house. He begged me to let him get some oranges from my trees. He came regularly for them every day, and then went away.

"I had not observed Yeckreh for some days, and asked where he was. Nobody could tell. A week or more went

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by: I asked, 'What is become of Yeckreh?' and was then told that he had been found guilty of witchcraft; and, by the consent of King George, had been BURIED ALIVE last week! I was struck with horror. Oh, Christians! pray for us."

This and many other sad stories of the Bullom Shore are told by Mr. Nyländer, and belong to the early days of his mission. He had not much encouragement. The slave-trade became once more a real and far worse evil than any which these ignorant heathen believed to belong to witch-craft. If they could sell slaves and buy rum, they cared nothing for a Christian Missionary. Complaints were made against him, that he spoiled the country by not bringing rum. They said, "He only sit down to teach children and talk God palaver: that good; but suppose he bring good trade, that much better."

And, as at that time nothing more could be done for them, Mr. Nyländer left the country in the year 1818. It did not seem as if there had been fruit; but a most precious treasure was secured through his labours: the four Gospels, other portions of the New Testament and several tracts and hymns, having been translated into the language of the people.

III.

DAME DAMOR PURSEY.

There was darkness on the Bullom Shore for forty years. At last, in 1861, the Church Missionary Society sent a native Missionary, a negro catechist trained at Sierra Leone, to begin work there once more. His name is Mr. Boston, and he writes such nice letters, that I think we must ask some day for stories of the boys and girls in his schools for our Green Book.

He found that a great many Sierra Leone people had come to settle on this side of the river, and that most of them were willing to hear him, though they were often too much inclined to fall into the heathen ways of the natives. Some of them, however, knew better. On his first Sunday at Bullom, Mr. Boston says:—

"I saw one of them, an old man, who had been a soldier, going to farm this morning. 'Old man,' I said, 'where are you going?'

"He replied, 'To farm.'

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"'Don't you remember that to-day is Sunday, a day set apart by God for us to cease from all our worldly work, and to rest, thinking about the safety of our souls, and attending to holy things?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I know it; but I have worked hard in planting my seeds; and now that they are growing, cows and other creatures come to the place and destroy the plants and fruits; so I am going simply to keep them away from the farm.'

"He assured me that he was not going to work; and added, 'The Lord sees me if I put my hand to the ground on this day to work,' and went away."

Mr. Boston began with a school for grown-up people and one for children. In the first were fourteen people, eight men and six women. You might like to hear that the first baptism on the Bullom Shore was when Bishop Beckles baptized the eldest scholar of this class.

How old do you think she was?

More than one hundred years old! I hardly think you know of any scholar so old in England.

Her name was Damor Pursey.

One day, when Mr. Boston was showing her the folly of idol-worship, he was told that she had some stones in her possession. It is a custom with this people, when any one in the parish dies, to choose a smooth stone to represent the dead relative, and this, being placed in a corner of the house, is worshipped.

Damor Pursey's life had been long, and she had lost many friends, her memorial stones being as many as eighteen. But on being told how sinful all this was, she readily gave them up, saying, "I am willing to do all that you say is good to be done, in order to please God."

The baptism of this aged woman in November, 1861, by Bishop Beckles, was full of interest. The palaver- or meeting-house, where it took place, was filled with people, there being from eighty to one hundred present, besides several heathens standing round.

She was dressed in white, with a white handkerchief tied round her head in the usual manner, and was supported by a long staff. She answered the questions in her own words, and with much feeling.

When the Bishop was about to pour the water, she knelt down and took the handkerchief from her head, showing

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a head of hair perfectly white, owing to her great age. Its appearance was very strange, for she herself was particularly dark. Her conduct throughout was most becoming, showing much peace and solemnity.

She died three years afterwards, faithful to the end, never joining with her countrymen in their heathenish ways, and always in attendance on the means of grace until prevented by illness.

The last time she was visited she said, "I pray always, night and day: I have the desire to go to church, but have no strength. I look to God alone. I remember that I was washed in His name; so I trust in nothing besides Him."

IV.

THE SCHOOL WHICH BEGAN WITH FIVE SCHOLARS.

As you are not so old as Damor Pursey, you will be asking what Mr. Boston did in the school for children. There were only five to begin with, and the King, whose name is David Wilson, came and looked on with a great many of his people while they said their catechism, and learnt their A, B, C.

By and by the numbers increased, and in his last letter Mr. Boston tells us that there are eighty-two on the books. The King sent his daughter to school and to live with him, that she might be taught the truth; and he was present himself at the baptism, on the 14th of December, 1863.

Mr. Boston writes in 1864:—

"On a moonlight night, as I was returning from visiting, I met a number of children at their play, and took three of them home with me. They were afraid at first, and cried out; but I spoke kindly to them that they need not fear, for I would do them no harm.

"I told them that the children in our school are happier than they, and I wished them to be happy too by coming to school, and they must ask leave of their parents to come.

"One of them was very glad, and said she liked to come, and wished to stay with me altogether as the King's daughter, if her parents would let her. The other two said their parents constantly spoke against their going, telling them that if they do they will die; and this they repeated in the presence of their parents when I sent for them.

"I told them this notion is false: none of the children die since they were coming to school: though we shall all die,

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THE FIRST WHITE MAN.

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yet it is not going to the house of God that will cause our death, but, on the contrary, our going there is to learn how to prepare to die that we may not suffer a second and eternal death. I told them, also, how the children who go to school are taught to fear God, and to be good to their parents. Two of the parents consented to send theirs, but never did: the other was angry, and spoke many hard words to us, threatening her child, and went away."

The Bullom children are not unlike English children in some things; for Mr. Hamilton, an English Missionary who went to pay Mr. Boston a visit in 1865, says, that the first thing he saw when he came to a village called Carmem, near Yongro, was a little black boy whipping a top. But the little black boy, when he saw the white man, ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. I hope he remembered to take his top with him!

V.

HAPPY FORAY; OR, "THERE IS LIGHT!"

Mr. Boston's mud walled church held a larger congregation than that which listened to Mr. Nyländer under his shady tree. We read, too, of Missionary Meetings. At one of these King David Wilson made a very nice speech, in which he reminded his hearers of Mr. Nyländer, and said he hoped that now his people would all have the Gospel among them, and that it would remain in the country as long as the world lasted.

The collection after this meeting was three shillings and a penny, but that was eight years ago. In 1868 we find that the poor Bullom Shore sent £10 9*s.* 8*d.* to the Missionary Society, for the purpose of telling to others the good message of Jesus Christ which had been sent to them.

I have only room now for one more story of the Bullom Shore, where Mr. Boston is still busy at work; and the one I told you of poor Yeckreh was so dismal, that I must end with something brighter.

It is of a slave boy. He was thirteen years old, and his name was Foray. He had been brought when he was eight years old to Bullom, and Mr. Boston gives us this account of his death:—

"Since my coming here, Foray was a regular attendant at service, and came also to our Sabbath School. He was very attentive both in service and at school; had gone through

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the alphabet, could repeat the Lord's Prayer, and was, with others, being taught the little 'First Catechism' of Dr. Watts.

"Latterly, before his death, his attendance at school was stopped, as his master and others became careless; but he was to be seen at times in the service, whenever he had it in his power, even when others stayed away.

"His master allowed him to attend the house of God, which privilege many slaves of this place are denied; but he was several times employed on the Sabbath, so that he was not always at church, though he desired to be there, as he told me.

"I was not present at his death, nor did I know of his short illness, which lasted only about three days, but was told of it, and the manner he died. He was suddenly attacked with pain and burning fever on Friday, and on Saturday he grew worse. He called upon those around him to pray for him; he confessed that he was bad and needed forgiveness, and asked them over and again to pray with him. Upon their telling him that they knew not how to pray, they brought a little boy of the Huntingdon School to do so; but the child got frightened, and would not come near him. He asked them to send for me to pray for him, and to teach him more,—something of that which I told them often. But this they neglected, thinking it would be troubling me, and not knowing that a part of my duty is to visit the sick.

"Foray, however, set upon praying for himself. He would have no one moving about in the room, saying, 'There is light.' He repeated the Lord's Prayer three times, after which he remained silent, and it was an unbroken silence, for his spirit was gone—for ever gone, we trust to Jesus."

From the darkness of the Bullom Shore to the light of the heavenly shore! Oh, dear children who read this, will you not pray that of those dark heathen lands of which you so often hear, it may be said, in Foray's words "*There is light*"?

Will you not ask Jesus to come into your own hearts, and to bring you pardon, and peace, and joy, by His love? Then of each one of you it will be said "*There is light!*"

And when you and I come, as Foray did, to a dying bed, and when everything on earth grows dark and dim, may His presence be so near, and the joy of heaven so set before us, that we may be able to say, like the poor boy of the Bullom Shore, "*There is light! There is light!*"

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"THERE IS LIGHT!"

"*There is light!*" the slave-boy said,
As the parting hour drew near;
And around the dying bed
Watchers lent a wondering ear.
Softly falls the cry "Our Father,"
On the stillness of the night;
Though the shadows darkly gather,
Christ is there, and "there is light!"

"*There is light!*" The morning breaks
Of an everlasting day.
As its leave the spirit takes,
And the shadows flee away,
Jesus calls; the slave is free;
Heaven opens to his sight;
Christ has whispered "Come to Me!
To the land where all is light."

"*There is light!*" Oh, happy they,
Who, by sin and guilt enslaved,
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Look to Me, and be ye saved!"
Who have brought their griefs to Him,
Even in the darkest night,
When all earthly joys grow dim,
Still rejoice, for "there is light!"

"*There is light!*" To every land
Let us send the tidings forth—
To the far-off Southern strand,
To the dark and dreary North:
Till upon a cloudless shore
Faith and hope be lost in sight;
God, our Temple evermore,
Christ, our everlasting Light!

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE SCHOOLS AT CAIRO.

YOU will remember the history which you read last month of Miss Whately's schools at Cairo; and you will now like to hear the account of the Royal Visit which they received last spring:—

"You may believe it was a time of great

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excitement when the Prince and Princess of Wales were expected. The boys were all ranged round the outer hall, in their freshest and cleanest clothes; the doorway was decked with palm-branches, and as the Prince appeared all joined in chorus in singing a poem composed by Mr. Shakoor (the elder of the Syrian Missionaries) to a native air. The Prince himself questioned some of the boys, who answered him in good English; and he then looked at their writing in Arabic and English.

"The Princess, being tired and busy, had not come with him, and the little girls were disappointed in the thought that the royal lady, the name of whose native city, Copenhagen, they had taken so much pains to pronounce, would not be seen by them.

"But scarce a quarter of an hour after the Prince had left, a breathless message from the school informed us of the arrival of the Princess. The boys were mostly gone home by this time (it being the Saturday half-holiday); but the few who remained did very well, especially one, who answered in Arabic a number of hard geographical questions asked him by a Pasha who accompanied the Princess.

"But her chief attention was naturally drawn to the inner room, where the little girls in their gayest attire were ranged and eagerly awaiting the wished-for arrival. The quiet, graceful travelling-dress of their royal visitor formed a curious contrast to the bright-coloured gauze veils—apple-green, violet, scarlet, or pink—the gay flowered jackets and trousers, and the profusion of ornaments worn by the little scholars. Those who owned none had borrowed, or even hired them, from neighbours; necklaces of pearl, coral, gold coins of all sizes, eardrops, massive bracelets, abounded; and the whole group, with their teachers at their head, resplendent in embroidered veils, looked like a bed of tulips.

"The Princess looked kindly at the bright, intelligent faces so eagerly turned towards her. She admired the work, and expressed particular pleasure when told that mutual love and kindness was the rule among all.

"The visit will long be remembered with pleasure by both children and teachers.

"And now, will not our young readers help us by prayer, that the seed sown among these poor Copt and Moslem children may yet bear fruit an hundredfold, and many from the Egyptian schools be 'added to the Lord?'"

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MR. RUSH'S REFLECTORS.

HEN we were children—Amy and I—there was nothing we liked better than to be sent out together to make the family purchases, when evening had come, and the Markton streets were bright and busy. Our mother was not strong, and was always very busy, and liked to be at home when our father returned from the day's work at his office; and she knew that she could trust us and the people to whom she sent us.

How well I remember those evenings! I carried the basket, and Amy the purse; and very particular she used to be in counting her change and in seeing that the money was right. We used often to say to each other that it was very good of the tradespeople to make the shops so bright and gay, like a sort of show that we could look at for nothing—our parents not being able to afford for us a great many pleasures which other children freely enjoyed.

Mr. Chester's toy-shop! What a sight it was when the gas was turned on! when a Christmas-tree appeared in all its glory adorned with dolls and purses, and with little watches having hands, and a watch-key that wound them up, with dogs that barked, and men that made strange movements with their feet. How we used to say to each other that if we were rich and grown up, the first thing we would do would be to buy the rocking-horse at the back of the shop, and to ride on it for hours every day!

Then Mr. Stone the grocer's was a place at which we were always glad to stop. The candied fruits and the preserved ginger surely looked better in the sparkling light of the gas than at any other time. We liked going into his shop with the basket and the purse; and when we had bought all our mother had told us to remember, he used often to give us some raisins, or an orange apiece, and would pat me on the head, and tell me to be a man soon, and take care of Amy. Altogether, his was one of the cheeriest places we ever entered.

It would take a long time were I to go over the names of all the other places of interest to us. There was the fruit-stall, at which great boughs of holly and misletoe seemed to have perched themselves among the heaps of oranges and chestnuts, as if they had kindly come all the way from the country to keep Christmas with us townspeople. We liked

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to see the flaring jets of gas which streamed out their light into the street and cast shadows of their leaves on the bright bit of pathway.

The jeweller's too, with its clocks and watches and dazzling stones, was like a fairy palace, we used to say to each other, as we stood at the window and settled which of the watches we would, if only we were grown up, choose for our own.

The bookseller's was beautiful too, with bright gilt-edged books, some of them left open as if on purpose for us to have a glimpse at their pictures, and to dip into little bits of Fairy stories, to which, as we could not finish them there, by reason of the impossibility of turning over the page through the glass window, we used to make endings of our own after we were put to bed at night.

The chemist's, the furniture shop, all were full of interest in our eyes; and yesterday, when I walked down the High Street with Amy's eldest little girl, and told her of our evening expeditions, I found myself looking out for the old shops, and wondering at the changes which have come to Markton since those days, long ago.

But I must come to the subject of my story, and not allow myself to run off into more talk concerning those far-away times.

One autumn—I remember that it was quite at the end of autumn, for we were just beginning to talk of a Christmas present for our mother, to buy which we had been saving up pennies—there arrived, after a great deal of knocking down and building up at the corner of High Street, a new shop-owner. His name was Mr. Rush. He sold haberdashery and ready-made clothes; and in front of his shop were one or two pretence figures for showing off very beautiful garments, which Amy used to admire. But on the first evening after the opening of his shop, as we stood at the top of the street and looked down the line of light to the square at the end, we wondered at a long dark patch of gloom where the lights of the new shop should have been bright and gleaming. What could have happened? Had Rush and Co. been put out suddenly and at the beginning of their career? Or had they been too busy to think of lighting their lamps at the first start?

Of course we at once made for the furthest point to which our commissions led us, and then found out the reason of our perplexity. Mr. Rush had, in setting up his new shop, departed from the cheery fashion of all the other shop-keepers of

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Markton, who seemed determined to brighten up every one, whether customers or not, to the utmost of their power, and had chosen quite a new way of showing off his wares. Each bright gas-lamp was shaded from the street by a tin-lined reflector, whereby all the light was thrown upon the wares in his own shop. These were, indeed, made very distinct by this arrangement to every one pausing to look in upon them. All the goods of Rush and Co. were reflected upon and lit up most grandly; but outside there was no inviting glow on the path to gladden up passers-by, and to make those who were dull and dispirited bright and hopeful instead.

I have every reason to believe that Mr. Rush was a worthy and kind-hearted man; but it came to pass that Amy and I took to fancying him quite the reverse. We did not like the dark patch of shadow outside his shop; and we wondered whether he could be good-natured and amiable to any little Rushes who might be inside, and strongly doubted his ever playing blindman's-buff with them in the evening, or giving them Christmas presents. Indeed, Amy went so far as to say that she had come quite to dislike the fine clothes in the windows, for there was such a quantity of light thrown on them, and on nothing else, that they looked as if they were there only to show themselves off; which of course was true, only Amy had no reason to be affronted with them on that account.

It is curious how often Mr. Rush's reflectors have come to my mind since those old Markton days. A great many people remind me of them.

I have sometimes seen a boy or girl at school, to all appearance diligent and steady; but *my* lessons, *my* play, *my* being praised, *my* being first in the class, is everything with them. No less forward companion gets help after school in some difficult rule of arithmetic; no game of play is given up for the sake of amusing some of the little ones; no new story-book is laid aside that some sick school-fellow may enjoy it instead. When I notice any children of this description, a little private remembrance steals into my mind concerning Mr. Rush's reflectors.

Then there are children, and grown-up people too, who know nothing of the real meaning of *giving*. Hoarded money, charity sermons escaped, Missionary-boxes filled by begging from other people, these are things which one sometimes meets with. They have generally the gloomy bit of

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shadow before their doors. They do not know how much happiness comes from giving out light and love, from doing kindnesses, from showing sympathy, from bestowing always, every day, every hour, all that they can for others in His name who gave Himself for them.

"Ye are the light of the world." "Among whom ye shine as lights shining in a dark place." Is this what you and I are doing?—or are "*I*" and "*my*," and what pleases us, the ugly shades between the light we might shed in the world and on those around? I hope it is not so. It is so much happier to try and be shining out on others with loving deeds, and bright loving words, and self-denying ministry, than to be seeking that in everything *we* alone may appear to advantage, and that *our* wishes and *our* objects may be attained.

If such a thing should happen as that a selfish boy or girl, one who has never thought of caring for people at home, or for perishing heathen across the seas, should get hold of this Green Book, I hope he or she will not be offended, but will stop and think whether or not it is the happiest thing in the world to be like *Mr. Rush's reflectors!*

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

2 *Chronicles.*

1. What part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple was a Missionary prayer? Does his petition to God "that all people of the earth might know his name," remind you of a portion of the Lord's Prayer?

2. What battle did Asa fight against an Ethiopian king who came out against him with a great army? What Missionary lessons do we learn from the history of this battle, and from the prophet Azariah's words afterwards?

3. What lost book was found in Josiah's reign? What effect had its words on the king and on the country? Can you show that wherever the Word of God is believed and obeyed, idolatry and heathen practices will be put aside?

4. For what great sin did God cause the people of Israel to be carried away into captivity? Can you find other instances of their being punished for idolatry? Where are we told that, when Jesus comes again, "the idols He will utterly abolish"?

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STORIES FROM THE HAPPY CITY.

I.

AMONG THE ORANGES.

I WONDER which you would like best if you were to start on your travels—a nice smooth journey in the train, with a drive from the station at the end of the day, to your own home, or to a friend's house where you would be sure of a welcome and a comfortable bed; or travelling such as our Missionaries have in China.

You must look on the map for Fuh Chau. It is on the river Min, and about thirty-four miles from the sea. Fuh Chau means "The Happy City." It lies on a beautiful plain; hills stand round about it, and there are a million people living in the city. But I should call it a very *un*happy place; for there can be no real happiness where there is no knowledge of Jesus, and where the people are heathens.

Twenty years ago we sent Missionaries there; and now there are two. One is Mr. Wolfe, and the other is Mr. Cribb; and Mr. Wolfe has told us stories of some of his journeys which you will, I think, like to hear.

In the month of November 1866, a little party of travellers started from the Happy City at six o'clock in the morning. The leader of the party was Mr. Wolfe; and with him were his head catechist, a colporteur or Bible-seller, and two coolies or servants, carrying a number of Testaments and tracts.

Even at six o'clock in the morning the streets were crowded, and the little party found it hard to squeeze through the throng of buyers and sellers; so that they were glad to cross the river, and to get out of the town where they could enjoy the fresh morning air. After walking for about two hours, their path brought them to beautiful orange-groves. Mr. Wolfe says that the crop of oranges was so great that every tree was loaded with ripe fruit, and the valley looked as if a cloth of gold had been thrown over it. If you had been under one of the trees, you would not, I daresay, have thought it too much trouble to give it a good shake, and to run after the oranges which would have tumbled down.

At eleven o'clock the travellers were tired and hungry,

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after five hours' walking on a hot November day; for China Novembers mean something different from English ones. So at a little village called Linsai they sat down and had an out-of-door meal.

Numbers of people crowded round the strange-looking white man and his friends; and Mr. Wolfe was neither too hungry nor too tired to tell them his great message. There was one boy who was made very happy that morning. Mr. Wolfe says:—

"I was very much interested by a little boy, who came and asked for the book which told about the good Man who raised the dead and cured the lepers.

"I asked him who told him that we had such a book. He said: 'A man in my village has such a book, which he got from a foreign man, and it is a very good book. My village people never saw such a book before, and they all come to listen to him when he reads it to them.'

"After some further talk with the lad, I gladly gave him a New Testament and a few tracts. He thanked me very politely, and ran off as proudly as if he felt he had possessed some great treasure."

We much hope that by this time he has found out how great a treasure it is.

In the evening, at a village called Tai-song, a kind shopkeeper invited the travellers to lodge at his house, and gave up his own bedroom to Mr. Wolfe; but here again the travellers had little rest, as crowds of men and boys surrounded them till midnight, listening wonderingly to the story of Jesus which the Missionaries were going about to tell the people.

The next day they had a beautiful walk through a long narrow valley, meeting constantly with numbers of coolies carrying heavy loads to the nearest city. What do you think these loads were? Can you guess? They were loads of *old bones*, which would be bought at the town, and made into combs and all sorts of pretty things by clever Chinese fingers.

When eleven o'clock came on this second day, the party stopped at an old Buddhist temple by the way-side. The temple was nearly in ruins, but still it was some sort of shelter for tired and thirsty travellers. Inside there were two very miserable, half-starved priests, who had hardly any clothes on, and who, when they had stared well at their

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visitors, seemed, after a time, to be too miserable even to stare.

Mr. Wolfe called for two things—a table, and some boiling water for a cup of tea. They had not anything so grand as a real table, but they promised to get the boiling water. The priests had, however, very bad manners; for when, at last, they brought the boiling water, they used it for themselves, and would not give their visitors any. Two good things, however, came out of the visit. Mr. Wolfe's Chinese companions gave the priests some very wise advice as to their bad manners, so that we much hope that they have been more polite to travellers ever since; and a great many passers-by were spoken to concerning their souls, and their need of something better than a religion of idols.

I am sorry to say, however, that neither Mr. Wolfe nor his companions had their cup of tea; and the poor coolies were so thirsty that they were glad to eat raw potatoes which grow wild; for no Chinaman will drink cold water, which is considered very dangerous in that hot country.

II.

THE FOREIGN GHOST.

The next day's dinner-hour was spent at a town called Ek-tu. Mr. Wolfe and his party had had a steep climb over a mountain, and at two o'clock were glad to rest in a shop. In a moment, however, the shop was surrounded by men, women, and children, all anxious to see the white man, whom they called the foreign ghost. Mr. Wolfe writes:—

"The shop in which I rested was immediately surrounded by crowds of men and boys. Even the women ventured in the crowd to take a look at the 'foreign ghost,' of whom they had been told frightful tales from their infancy, but never had had an opportunity of seeing in their lives. They looked at me half frightened, half curious; and when I spoke to them in their own language, and told them not to fear, that I was only a man, they seemed rather disappointed, and exclaimed, 'He can speak: he is like one of ourselves.'"

The shopkeeper was very kind and civil, but plainly looked upon the white travellers as a sort of show which he was to have the pleasure of showing off.

The Chinese seem to have strange ideas about white

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people. They were very much disappointed when Prince Alfred visited China this last winter, to find that, though the Queen's son, he had only two eyes, and was not taller than other people. They expected that he would have had three eyes, and would have been at least ten feet high.

But when the next evening, after a long walk across the mountains, and after a thunderstorm and flood of rain, Mr. Wolfe and his travelling friends arrived at a large town called Tein-tsong, there was still more noise and surprise when the people saw him.

"Cold, wet, hunger, and fatigue," he writes, "all joined to make us feel miserable, and long for a place to lodge ourselves in. I immediately sent my servant in quest of a lodging, while I stood under a shed, surrounded by a crowd, and anxiously wished for his return. He came back, after a long search, unable, he said, to find a comfortable place. We were followed by the crowd, which grew as we went along, till, after five minutes' walk, we arrived at the Chinese hotel. There we were politely shown into our rooms, or rather room; for we were all expected to have the same room, but it was a most miserable place. The rain poured down through the roof, and the walls were literally green from damp, so here, of course, we could not remain.

"A friend now said he would lead us to the Buddhist temple, which was about two or three *li* outside the town. We were still followed by a large crowd, the children of which amused themselves by running on before us, crying 'Here comes the ghost, the foreign ghost! here comes the ghost, the foreign ghost! Come and see! come and see!'

"As we came towards the door of the temple, one of these little urchins ran ahead, and called out that the ghost was coming. Two men rushed from the temple door, and, having caught a glimpse of me, rushed back again, screaming, at the top of their voices, '*Huang kiang! huang kiang! huang kai! huang kai!*' 'The foreign child! the foreign child! the foreign ghost! the foreign ghost!'"

At the temple the poor Missionary, cold and wet though he was, did not get much more comfort than the day before, when the Buddhist priests used the boiling water for themselves, instead of giving it to their visitors. From one place to another they wandered, until at last a Fuh Chau shopman came forward and offered them a shop and his back-rooms

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for a lodging. For this they were indeed thankful, though the night was so cold that they found it hard to keep warm. Indeed, as Mr. Wolfe and his catechist slept on the same bench, and as the catechist had most of the blankets, the Missionary shivered, and caught a bad cold, and found the hours very long till Sunday morning dawned.

The next morning the Fuh Chau shopman and his friend took care that the Missionaries should have a good breakfast. A cow, which was not to have been killed for three days, lost its life that Sunday, in order that the travellers might have fresh meat; and though the Chinese themselves hardly ever drink milk, having found out that the "white man" liked milk for breakfast, they sent for some. Mr. Wolfe tells us:—

"The night before, they asked my coolie what sort of food I used. He told them beef for dinner, if it could be had; milk, and tea, and eggs, and rice, for breakfast.

"This decided them to get milk, at some great inconvenience. They sent, at daybreak, to some neighbouring village, where there were cows, and got some milk fresh from the cow. They at the same time bought a cow, and killed it, so we had fresh beef for dinner as well."

I think that the Chinese must have thought that the foreign ghost had a better appetite than ghosts in general are said to have.

Crowds came to hear Mr. Wolfe and his companions preach, as they did twice that Sunday. The message which they brought was very different from the teaching which the Chinese believed. They hold fast by the writings of a wise man called Confucius, who lived hundreds of years ago, and whose name is great in China; and the story of Jesus sounded strange in their ears. Mr. Wolfe says:—

"As I was preaching, an old man came forward and said: 'Stranger, listen to the words of the old man. I will speak.'

"I replied: 'Venerable Sir, I will hear: let wisdom flow from your lips.'

"He went on: 'I am an old man, you are young; the grey hairs have covered my head, and my eyes are growing dim. I have read the books of our great sages, and I love to hear of true doctrine; but what can be purer than Confucius? what can be wiser than his words? If a man follows Confucius, he can obtain purity of heart.'

"I said: 'Venerable Sir, I too have read the sayings of the

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great Confucius;' and I then tried to show him the better wisdom of Jesus Christ. After a little friendly talk he took some tracts, bowed politely, and took his departure. I bowed in return, and told him to 'slowly, slowly walk.' He went on his way, and I saw him no more."

III.

THE IDOL AND THE SUGAR-PLUMS.

The Chinese give very fine sounding names to their towns. Perhaps they are more amusing ones than those we have in England, such as London, Bristol, and York.

On through the province of Fuh Kien, or "The Happily Established," our travelling party made their way, after their busy Sunday, by Hok-Chiang, or "The City of Blessedness and Purity;" and Teong-Lok, or "Eternal Joy;" to the great sea-side town of Lo-nguong, or "Fountain of the River Lo."

On their way among the mountains they had to be on their guard against wild beasts; for large tigers, wild boars, and wild cats have their homes in these parts. The tigers sometimes attack travellers who are out late, and the wild cats are such dangerous neighbours that the poor Chinese offer them incense and rice, and other food, and worship them, to prevent their being angry. Mr. Wolfe says that he used to see sticks of incense, and food, thus offered, in caves and mountain places.

We must not stay at Lo-nguong, as there are so many stories belonging to this place, that I hope in a little while to give you some for which there is no room here; but you will like to read of what happened on this journey at a place called Ku-cheng, where the Misssionary party stopped afterwards.

At Ku-cheng there is a temple filled with idols. Mr. Wolfe writes:—

"I looked at all the idols. The colporteur had a large number of books, which were given away here. I bought some sweetmeats of a lad who had a stall by the temple, and gave some to the colporteur; but he, with more zeal than prudence, went to the huge idol which stood in the entrance or portico, and placed the sweetmeat in its mouth, saying, 'Come, let us see whether this fellow can eat sweetmeats.'

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"The whole affair looked so foolish, that the crowd turned round and laughed heartily at the idol, and made no very respectful remarks on the senseless piece of wood. This gave me an excellent opportunity of preaching Christ. I took up my stand in front of a large idol, and spoke to the people for an hour. The greatest attention was paid during the whole time. I pointed to the idol, and showed how foolish it was to think it could either do good or harm to anybody; that it could not protect itself from insult or injury; to worship it was disobeying God's commands. After I had spoken, several asked who was this great Creator? who saw Him? where did He live? who could worship what they did not see? &c. The catechist stepped forward to speak, and we answered all their questions."

We must hope that as there are now both a chapel and a school at Ku-cheng, the idol which could not eat the sweetmeats has been cast aside; and that the little scholars who are learning the sin and folly of idolatry, sometimes have sugar-plums instead.

IV.

A STRANGE SCHOLAR WHICH HISSED THE TEACHER.

Mr. Wolfe returned to Fuh Chau, preaching at different places on his way, and still run after as "the foreign ghost." But as I want you to know about the places near "The Happy City" where the religion of Jesus is being so earnestly taught, I should like to tell you two more stories about them before we have done with China.

The first belongs to a place called Ming-ang-teng, where there are many Christians. It is about twenty miles from Fuh Chau, on the river Min. At this place a good catechist called Timothy, who has since suffered much for the name of the Lord Jesus, has brought many to know their Saviour. On three evenings in the week, besides Sunday, he had his scholars, and all who were wanting to learn about the true religion, to his house, and there taught them out of the Bible, and answered their questions.

One evening he was teaching them about Adam and Eve, and the forbidden fruit, and the Serpent's tempting Eve to eat it. Then he began to explain the first prophecy of Jesus Christ which we have in the Bible. Do you know which it is? It is in the 3d of Genesis, and tells us how God said that the seed of the woman, the promised

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Saviour, should bruise the head of the Serpent, or destroy Satan; just as St. John wrote, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he should destroy the works of the devil."

Well, Timothy was making all this as plain as he could to his Chinese scholars, as they sat round his table, with their eyes fixed on their teacher, when, suddenly, a loud hiss was heard.

Who could it be?

Surely not one of the scholars, for they all loved and respected their teacher; and besides, Chinamen are the most polite people in the world, and would never dream of being so rude.

Once more came the sound. Hiss! hiss! hiss! ss—ss—sss—ssss—ssssss—ss—ssssssss!!

Everyone looked up, and what do you think they saw?

A large serpent, coiled round the beam quite close to the table, hissing with all his might at the catechist! All flew to the door, but the catechist brought them all back, saying, "Come, let us bruise his head, and then go on with our meeting." So they set to work, and at last managed to kill the serpent, and then buried him in the garden.

It must have been a strange funeral—that of the serpent in the catechist's garden. After it was over, the little party knelt down and thanked God who had kept them from its poisonous bite; but, above all, they thanked Him that by sending His dear Son He had saved them from the great serpent, the devil, and that Jesus the Saviour had Himself come to bruise the serpent's head.

I suspect that this story will be read by many and many a Sunday scholar, and perhaps by Bible-class hearers as well. But I am pretty sure that not one who reads it has ever had, or would like to have, so strange a companion as that which came to the Chinese Bible-class and hissed the teacher.

V.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON." HOW THEY SAY IT IN CHINA.

About 130 miles north of Fuh Chau, there is a place called Sang Jong.

In this large town our Missionaries have a church and a school, and one of those who is most earnest in trying to bring hearers to both church and school is a good old man,

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who was the first in the town brought to know the Saviour, and who goes about with his staff from house to house, begging people to come and hear good news of Jesus.

Mr. Cribb, one of the two Fuh Chau Missionaries, has sent us a story of Sang Jong, which must be the last piece of China which we can place before you for this month.

The Sang Jong catechist was very unhappy at the beginning of the year. What was the reason?

The reason was that some enemies had been throwing stones and all sorts of other things through the windows of the Missionary Chapel and on to the roof, and as in China stones break windows and do damage just as much as they do in England, it was no wonder that the catechist shook his head and looked very dismal about the matter.

Who threw the stones? That was the question which had to be found out. The catechist suspected who the people were. For just opposite the chapel there was a gambling-house, where a great deal that was bad went on both by night and day; and as gambling and the religion taught in the church were by no means friendly to each other, he had good reasons for guessing where the stones came from.

At last the worst of the stone-throwers was found out; and the catechist went to the Chinese officer whose business it is to keep order, and asked him to prevent any more harm being done. But the man who had been found out was in a great rage. He went to the chapel and said that he had never thrown stones at the windows; but, as if to show that he was telling lies, after abusing the poor catechist, he got some men to help him, and together they broke open the church doors, destroyed the seats, did as much harm as they could to the walls, and then, after ending by beating the catechist and his friend the chapel-keeper, beat a retreat themselves.

The catechist sent for the Missionary, and the Missionary came to Sang Jong, and very soon sent for the chief men of that part of the town, asking them how such bad conduct had been provoked.

The elders of the town looked very sad and solemn over the Missionary's complaint. Then they begged him not to think that any but a few very bad men would have acted so wrongly, as they and all their neighbours were quite shocked at their evil doings. These men, they said, should

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A PUBLIC APOLOGY AT BANG JONG.

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put the church to rights, and make a public apology; that is to say, should make every one know that they had done what was very wrong, and that they humbly begged the Missionary's pardon.

So first the chapel was put in order by the men who had broken into it, and then the public apology was made. Now how do you think this is done in China?

In the first place, the guilty people have to make a present to those whom they have wronged. This present consists of a piece of red cloth about twenty feet long, two large candles, and two strings of crackers. It sounds rather an odd present, but the use made of it is odder still.

In front of the house of the injured person, and before the piece of red cloth, which is fastened up in all its length, a table is placed, with the two lighted candles upon it. Then some one lights the crackers, and lets them off in front of the street door. When people hear them go pop! pop! pop! they say, "Ah! that is at Sing Sang's house. Sing Song has had to beg his pardon!" And so a public apology has been made.

I suspect that some of the boys who read this are inclined to wish that people in England would beg each other's pardon in the same fashion; and that, if this should ever come to pass, the business of letting off the crackers may be left to them.

FOUR QUESTIONS FOR MISSIONARY COLLECTORS.

1. Have I already given myself unto the Lord?

2. Is my one motive that of trying to do something for Him who gave Himself for me?

3. Am I showing my love to Him by denying myself, and am I giving what I can of my own, besides asking from others?

4. Am I looking to Jesus only in this work, well knowing that to those who seek for the praise of men it will be hereafter said, "They have their reward?"

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RAMCHUNDA'S LETTER.

HE Missionary lady who told us in our September number the story of Ramchunda, has kindly sent us this capital letter from him, which we shall all be glad to read :—

"To Mrs. ———

"I am quite well, and I am now in the third standard, and I am reading II. book, part II. I am learning the Bible, Luke XVI. chapters, and I am preparing for the fourth standard, and I am learning the Catechism and the Collect every Sunday.

"And give my salaam to my godmother, and hope she and Alice and baby are all quite well. And my brother came and talk with me, and then two years have passed since that I left my brother, and he sick and now quite well.

"And Mr. Herbage gave us a cricket-ball to play, and we played a match with Government school; we are do ninety-five runs and they do twelve runs, and we defeated them.

"Samuel."

The lady to whom this letter is written says :—

"Is not this a nice letter from a lad who two years ago did not know a word of English?

"I must just explain, that 'salaam' is the Indian mode of saying 'How do you do.' Also, that 'Alice and baby' are my two children. "E. J. B."

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

O you know what it is to have a search through papers which have been thrown away, for something valuable which "may have got into the waste-paper basket?" I have had many such a search, and sometimes have darted joyfully at a letter, and once, even, at a paper for the Green Book, which had dropped into it by mistake, and which, but for having been found in good time, would have been thrown into the fire.

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Now I want to tell you about what a Mahomedan once found in his waste-paper basket.

Not very far from Agra, in North-Western India, is a large town called Bhurtpoor; and at Bhurtpoor there lived a Mahomedan gentleman who was very much longing for something which he had never been able to find.

What he wanted was the knowledge of some way by which his soul, which he knew to be sinful, might be saved. He had no friend who could help him. They would say "God is great!" but that would not make him happier. Or some would tell him to do very hard and painful things, or to go on a pilgrimage, so as to make his salvation the more sure; but he knew better than to think that penances, or any work of his own, could save his soul.

At last he began to pray to God. Was not that the very best thing he could do? He was like Venkyya, whose history you read last July, and whose prayer was "Show me Thyself."

This Mahomedan's prayer was, "Oh, God, show me Thine own truth;" and he prayed on and on, hoping that the answer would come, though never having heard the promise, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

One day a quantity of waste-paper was sent to him for a very useful purpose. It was for tying up medicines for the dispensary at Bhurtpoor, with which he had to do. As he was wrapping up something in one of the leaves of this waste-paper, some words caught his eye. What were they? Words answering some of the questions which had so long been in his heart, but which the Koran and his Mahomedan friends could never answer.

He searched for more leaves of the same book, and read them eagerly. "What else could it be," he sa. , "but the Lord's answer to my prayer for light, that I should find these leaves in this large heap of waste-paper?" He searched again and again, and, behold! scattered through the whole heap, he found a complete copy of a Christian tract called the *Din-i-haqq*, "An Inquiry into the True Religion."

He was convinced that this was God's doing. The book pointed him to the Bible, and he applied to the Christian catechists for one, but they had none; the Bible in Urdu character having long been out of print.

Then they went to the Agra Missionary, Mr. Dæuble,

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"SOME WORDS CAUGHT HIS EYE." (*See page 45.*)

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who happily had some newly-printed ones; and by and by the true light shone into the heart of the Mahomedan, and he saw that Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, is the same who says, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Mr. Dæuble writes: "He has found the comfort of his heart of which he was so long in search. He knows well that his friends and relatives, perhaps his wife and children, will leave him, but he also knows that Christ has called on His true disciples to give up all for His sake, to take up the cross and follow Him!"

Now which do you think would have been the most precious discovery? That of a bank-note for a hundred pounds, or a thousand pounds, or ten thousand, or that of the tract showing the way to Jesus and to eternal life, which was found in the waste-paper basket?

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Ezra.

1. Of what Missionary work do we read in the Book of Ezra? Who was the Prince, who was the High Priest, and who was the Scribe, chosen to take a leading part in the work?

2. For what reason did Ezra and his companions stop at the river Ahava on their journey to Jerusalem? Does the story of what happened there remind you of any promises in the Bible to those who wait on the Lord? What encouragement can you see in it to Missionaries in their work?

3. What two prophets stirred up the people to their work when they grew careless about building up the Lord's House? What Missionary promises and prophecies do you find in their writings?

4. From what part of Ezra's history do we learn to be very particular about all money matters which have to do with God's service? What free-will offerings did he bring to Jerusalem for God's House, and what plan did he take to prevent there being the smallest loss? Where are we told that he that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much?

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BE AT WORK.

I saw a streamlet flowing
O'er the meadows fresh and free;
And I said, "Where art thou going?
Stay, oh stay, and speak with me!"
It answered "No;
Down, down to the sea I flow;
And merrily sing on my pebbly way,
The whole of the livelong day."

I saw a bright bird winging
Its way unto its nest;
And I said, "Oh, gaily singing,
Tarry here a while, and rest!"
It answered "Nay;
I fly on my homeward way;
And merrily warble my gleesome lay,
The whole of the livelong day!"

A busy bee was humming
On its flight among the flow'rs;
And it said, "The night is coming;
I must work in daylight hours.
The moments fly:
I work till the night draws nigh;
And busily hum on my flow'ry way,
The whole of the livelong day."

We must all be up and doing:
There is work enough for all;
With stedfast hearts pursuing
Our path till night shall fall:
The hours fly fast;
And daylight will soon be past:
Let us stedfastly march on our onward way
To the close of our lifelong day!

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DR. DUFF AND HIS BOYS.

A STORY FOR A RAINY DAY.

SUPPOSE you know the old rhyme, "April showers bring May flowers;" and I hope you are more sensible than we used sometimes to be, when we wanted to go out to play, or to work in our gardens, or to run down and look for shells on the sea-shore, and were kept indoors by the patter-patter of the rain. Then, as we looked out of the windows, and watched the "drip drop" in the pools of water, and felt it very hard that the rain should come on a half-holiday instead of keeping to school hours, we used to wish that the wet weather would do as we told it, and depart till we called it back again.

Well, April has come round once more with its April showers, which we must hope will bring us May flowers; and it may perhaps amuse you on some showery afternoon to remember what people in other parts of the world think about the rain.

In some countries there are men called *Rain-makers*, who pretend that they can bring down the rain by their magic power; and the poor ignorant people are foolish enough to believe this, and to make offerings to them, in the hope of having their fields well watered, and their fruit-trees bringing forth fruit.

But one of the strangest notions on this subject is one of which I read in the newspaper some time ago. It tells of a custom in Burmah called "*Pulling for rain.*" "We learn," it is said, from the Indian papers, "that the ceremony of 'pulling for rain' has lately been performed at Mandalay, the new capital of Burmah. It seems that the inhabitants have an idea that pulling at a rope will produce rain. Two parties tug against each other. One is a rain party, the other a fair-weather party. By previous arrangement the rain party are allowed to come off winners." Probably you will agree with me that this sounds very like a description of a game which we used to call "French and English," and which we used to play in old days; but we never thought of making the rain come by any such doings as these.

Not very long ago it was our privilege to have several visits from Dr. Duff, one of the greatest and most success-

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PULLING FOR RAIN.

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ful of Indian Missionaries. We had many questions to ask him about his work at Calcutta, and you can fancy how interesting it was to hear of its beginning, when, more than forty years ago, he went out on his great mission. People at Calcutta were inclined to wonder, when they saw him spending hour after hour, day after day, in teaching little half-naked Hindoos, some of whom would come for a time and then never return to their teacher. "Why!" they said, "how strange it seems that this clever man, so highly educated, and able to get high office for himself if he chose, should care to waste his time in teaching A B C to these little native urchins!"

"Waste my time!" answered Dr. Duff—"waste my time and talents in trying to teach them! why I would black their shoes for them, if they had any, and if it gave me a better opportunity of telling them of the love of Jesus!"

Was not this the true Missionary spirit?

But I must come to Dr. Duff's story of the rain, or else the sun will have come out before you have done, and you will be tempted to throw down the Green Book to get out among the green fields.

He found that the little native boys who used to come every day to his house believed all the silly fables of the Hindoo religion, and, amongst others, they had been taught that the rain, whenever it fell, was spouted out from the trunk of a great elephant high up in the sky. I do not think that an English child would believe anything quite so silly, not even the story of the man in the moon which I have heard in nursery days, when we were told to try if we could see him there.

But though you do not believe in the elephant, could you have told the Indian scholars what makes the rain come? It would not have been enough to say, "Oh! it comes of itself!" or even, "God sends it!" They would not have been satisfied with anything but the elephant, unless some one could *show* them, by teaching them the truth, that they were wrong.

You know there is a great deal of water on this world of ours. There are seas and oceans, and lakes and rivers, as you learn on the second page of the Geography book. When the hot sun comes out and warms the water, a change called evaporation takes place, and the sun draws up in the

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form of vapour a great quantity of every sea, lake, or river on which it shines, and a great quantity of moisture out of the earth itself. We cannot always see this vapour being drawn up; but we do sometimes, and call it mist, fog, or haze. Now, you must remember that as heat—the heat of the sun—*expands* water, that is to say, makes it take up about seventeen hundred times more space in the form of vapour than it did before it began to change into steam, so cold contracts or *condenses* it—makes it shrink into its small space again—packs it up into drops which we can see, instead of letting it remain spread out in steam or vapour so much diffused that we very generally cannot see it.

But what has all this to do with the Rain? Wait a moment, and you will see. You must remember that the air very high above the world is colder and thinner than the air down below, where you and I are walking about. That is the reason why the snow remains even through the summer on the high mountain tops. When the water, drawn off from the earth's surface by the sun, has travelled up a long way on ladders of sunbeams—when, from being heavy and in drops down below, it has become lighter than air, and has floated into large space above us—it arrives where the air is cold, and begins to be condensed.

The little particles of vapour draw close to each other and make clouds; for clouds, you know, with all their beautiful forms and pictures, are only floating sheets of water vapour, supported by the air underneath. So it is said in the Bible, "He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them." In the fleecy clouds which we love to see on the face of the summer sky, the vapour is not so closely packed as in the heavier clouds; and as these last grow darker and darker, and blacker and blacker, and heavier and heavier, we know that the cold air up above has been making the waters above the firmament get into less and less space, until they have become so heavy that the air underneath can support the clouds no longer, and down comes the rain.

And then the thirsty ground from which the sun carried off the moisture in the hot summer days, and the thirsty flowers which had begun to hang their heads because the dew had been carried away by the sunbeams, and the thirsty furrows with the new seed left to grow in them, find that what the sunshine had unlocked and carried away from

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them has been sent back more abundantly in the form of the healing showers; "And the earth, which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God."

Now it would have been very hard for the little Hindoo boys to understand all this if Dr. Duff had only explained it to them in words; indeed, I think they would have been inclined to say, "Our spouting elephant is easier to understand; let us keep to it." But he was a very kind and patient teacher, and thought he would show them how all this took place.

So first he put some water in a basin. That would do for the sea. Then he warmed it, and the boys saw the vapour rise up from the water just as it does from both earth and sea when the sun shines brightly upon it. Then he took a cold plate, and held it up high above the basin. The steam first appeared upon it only as a thin film of moisture; but the cold of the plate made the tiny particles of vapour get closer and closer until they looked like dew, then closer still, so that thick drops began to form, until the air underneath the plate could no longer hold them up, and down came rain from the plate into the basin again.

It seemed, as you may suppose, very wonderful to the boys that this should really explain the falling of the rain, and that the elephant and his trunk had nothing to do with it.

This story of Dr. Duff's reminded me of a question in the Bible—a question of some one who plainly had thought much about the wonderful things in air, earth, and sky around him:—

"Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, and the wondrous works of Him who is perfect in knowledge?"

And it reminded me, too, of a beautiful promise, one of those which has cheered many a Missionary in far off countries, and many a Sunday School teacher and Missionary worker at home:—"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Perhaps you will get your Bible, and find out both the question and the promise.

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CHINESE STORIES OF STUDIOUS BOYS.

AM going to tell you some very strange Chinese nursery stories, fully believed among the people, by which little Chinese boys are stirred up to be very studious, and, if they are inclined to become tired of their lessons, are reminded of very wonderful boys, who liked nothing better than lessons both by day and by night.

You would find it difficult to guess the meanings of the following proverbs, unless you know the stories belonging to them :—

"He fastened his hair by a cord to the top of a house when he studied."

"He traced the characters on the sand with a reed."

"He studied by the light reflected from snow."

"He studied by the light of a bag full of glowworms."

"He hid fire to light his lamp."

"His curtains retained the traces of the smoke of his lamp."

"He used a round stick of wood as a pillow."

"He chiselled a hole in the partition to get the light through."

The following stories will explain them.

He fastened his hair by a cord to the top of a house when he studied.

Several hundred years before Christ, Sun King was in the habit of shutting himself up in his house when he studied, in order to prevent his mind from being diverted from his books. For the purpose of keeping awake when he was drowsy, he tied one end of a cord to the hair of his head, and fastened the other end to a beam in the top of his house. Whenever he appeared in the streets the people were accustomed to call out as with one accord, "The teacher who shuts himself up to study is coming!"

He traced the characters on the sand with a reed.

Yangsui, when only four years old, lost his father. His mother, vowing never to marry again, taught her son how to read; but the family were so poor as to be unable to buy paper and pencils, and she therefore wrote the letters on the sand with a reed, and thus taught him. The lad was quicker at learning than lads usually are. By reading anything only once he could immediately repeat it.

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After he arrived at manhood he obtained the third degree. In three examinations at the capital he came off with the very highest honours, and became a member of the Han Lin College.

He studied by the light reflected from snow.

Sung Kang's family was poor, and destitute of oil. In the winter evenings he was accustomed to study by the light reflected from snow. When young he was regarded as of very good principles, and would not mix with men of unworthy habits. Afterwards he became an officer of the high rank of Imperial Censor.

He studied by the light of a bag full of glowworms.

Che Yin, while only a boy, was very sedate and polite, as well as a diligent student. In consequence of the poverty of his family, he was not able always to obtain oil; so during the summer months he collected a large number of glowworms in a white gauze bag, and by their light was able to pursue his studies in the evening, thus, as it were, lengthening out the day. He afterwards became an officer of very high rank, and had the title of President of one of the Six Boards.

He hid fire to light his lamp.

T'su Yung, when he was only eight years old, was so fond of study that his parents were afraid he would hurt his eyes by his diligence. They therefore forbade him the use of books; but he would not obey them. Constantly he hid fire until his parents had retired to rest, when he would light his lamp and study. He took his clothes and the coverlet of his bed and hung them up over the window of his room, lest the light escaping through it should be seen by some one of the family. In this way his name became very widely celebrated as a scholar. At home and abroad the people called him the little sage. At the age of twelve he became a high officer of Government; and was afterward promoted to the superintendency of the offering of wine.

His curtains retained the traces of the smoke of his lamp.

Fan Shun Jin day and night was diligent in study. He was in the habit of placing his lamp within the curtains of his bed, and of thus studying until past midnight. Afterward he became a very distinguished officer. His wife preserved the curtain, which at the top was sooted over as black as ink. Sometimes she would bring it forth and show it to her children and grandchildren, saying, "Your father and grand-

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father when he was a boy was very studious; here are the marks of the smoke of his lamp."

He used a round stick of wood as a pillow, to prevent deep sleep.

Sie Ma Wan, when a boy, whether he was moving about or at rest, in all his conduct was dignified and decorous, like a perfect old gentleman. At seven years of age he heard an explanation of the volume called "Spring and Autumn." He was very much pleased, and having returned home, conversed with the members of his family in such a manner as to show that he understood its principles. He was accustomed to use a round block of wood for his pillow. When he became sleepy and fell into a doze, this pillow would roll a little and awaken him. Once awakened, he would apply himself to his studies again with vigour. He finally became an object of worship, his tablet being placed in the temple of Confucius.

He chiselled a hole in the partition to get the light through.

Kwang Hung was very poor. Though very fond of books he was too poor to buy oil. His neighbour in the next house had candles, but the light could not get through the wall. Hung, therefore, made a hole in it, in order to procure rays of light by which he could go on with his studies. In the city a wealthy man whose name was Great had a large number of books. Hung was anxious to work for him, though not for the purpose of receiving wages; he only desired the privilege of reading the rich man's books as his pay. Mr. Great was so much interested in the proposal, and in Hung himself, that he gave him some of his books as his wages. Hung became a very learned man, and finally obtained the office of prime minister.

I think you will agree with me, that these must have been very wonderful boys of the "all work and no play" description. I hope, however, that you will never follow Fan Shun Jin's example by nearly setting your bed on fire.

There is something sad in hearing of study day and night in order to gain knowledge without any true foundation. I wonder whether the thought will cross the mind of any reader of these anecdotes that we, who are taught from our infancy the true and real knowledge which God has given us, will have to account to Him for what He has granted us to learn of Him in His word. Are we as anxious for the true wisdom, as have been poor Chinese boys for the heathen teachings of their sages?

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EASTER DAY.

HARK! the Easter bells are ringing,
Flinging music far and wide;
All the world with life upspringing,
Welcomes in our Easter-tide.

Joyfully in earth and heaven
Echoes the triumphant lay,
"Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Jesus Christ is risen to-day."

Well do I remember still
Easter days of other times,
Our old church upon the hill,
And the Easter Sunday chimes;

And how in the glad spring weather
Opening blossoms seemed to say,
"Let us all rejoice together!
Children, this is Easter Day!"

How we listened for the choir,
And the anthem's joyful strain;
Higher rose the notes and higher,
Praises of the Lamb once slain:—

"Jesus here on earth despised,
Now in heav'n our King and Priest,
Christ for us is sacrificed,
Therefore let us keep the Feast!"

All the outer world was singing!
Even when the music ceased,
On and on the words seemed ringing,
"Therefore let us keep the Feast!"

While we heard with childish awe
That strange tale of Israel's flight,
And in solemn vision saw
Wonders of the Paschal night;

While with tenderer affection,
Later still we listened on,
Hearing of the resurrection
From the Gospel of Saint John,

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Angel voices still seemed telling
Of the King from death released,
And the answering chorus swelling,
"Therefore let us keep the Feast!"

And of all those Easter glories
One for me outshone the rest,
And of all the Easter stories,
That of John I loved the best;

Telling how with love and pity
Women watched, and wept, and prayed,
And within the Holy City
Through the Sabbath sadly stayed;

And how Mary, who departed
To the grave ere break of day,
Weeping stood, and broken-hearted,
At the place where Jesus lay;

Where the white-robed angels kept
Solemn guard beside the tomb:
How I longed, that while she wept
Christ her risen Lord would come!

Longed to hear the story faster,
With its "*Mary!*" low and sweet,
With its cry, "Rabboni!" Master!
As she worshipped at His feet;

Longed to share that wondrous greeting,
Longed to worship and adore;
Still with new-born joy repeating,
"Jesus lives for evermore!"

Now, though childish days are over,
Still I love that story best;
Still new meaning can discover
In the risen Lord's behest:

"Go, and tell my waiting brothers
That their Lord to heaven ascends;
Mary, go and bring to others
Tidings which the Master sends."

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Is for us that charge intended?
Was for us that message meant?
Has the great commission ended,
First by weeping Mary sent?

May not *we* on Easter morning,
Bending o'er the open grave,
Hear a voice of love and warning
From His lips who died to save?

"If ye love me, tell my brothers
Of the Life, the Truth, the Way;
Go, and spread abroad to others
All the joy of Easter day."

Let us each, then, gladly carry
Everywhere the conquering word!
Let us each, like happy Mary,
Tell of Christ our risen Lord!

Till redeemed, transformed, forgiven,
Through His death from death released,
'Mid the Easter joys of heaven
We for ever keep the Feast.

MARK JOHN, THE YOUNG ARMENIAN BOY.

THE same Missionary lady who told us the story of Ramchunda has sent us the following history of a boy in the Kurrachee Mission:—

"In the month of December, 1866, two men brought their sons to our Mission House, at Kurrachee, in Western India, and asked my husband to take them into our 'Children's Home.' One of these boys was Mark John. I think he was then twelve or thirteen years of age, a nice-looking lad, with a pleasant, open countenance. In the number of the Green Book for last September I gave my readers an account of one of the inmates of this Home. And now I will tell you a little about Mark John.

"On looking at my journal written at the time, I find this notice of these boys: 'They can neither speak English nor

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Hindustani, so our only mode of communication is by signs. It was very amusing to hear my husband give them their first English lesson from pictures; *man*, *woman*, *boy*, *girl*, *church*, *tree*, and then to hear the lads repeating these words over and over again to themselves.'

"Mark's father had come from Bagdad in search of work. He was very poor, and was going on to Bombay to look for employment there. The parting between the father and son was very touching. They both at first wept much. I did not appear, leaving my husband to talk with the man; but when I did come, the poor fellow's face brightened up, for he seemed to think that his son would be better cared for, if there was a lady to look after him. He said in broken English, 'When I see'd Mem Sahib, then I said, Oh! my boy will be all right.' (*Mem Sahib* is the Indian term for a married lady). So I promised to do my best to make the lad happy, and to clothe and care for him.

"I may as well tell you here that this boy Mark, as well as his companion who came with him, is supported by the money subscribed by a class of working men in a small village in Lancashire. A few months ago this class sent out £12 for their support, and £10 about a year before.

"But to return to Mark John. Being quick, clever, and attentive, he soon made rapid progress, both in English and Hindustani, and in all his studies. But his knowledge, I am happy to say, does not consist merely in earthly wisdom, he has learned what is of far more importance.

"The present Missionary in Kurrachee writes to me, about five weeks ago, 'Mark, Arratoon, and Samuel, have made very good progress indeed in the school. All of them are clever, and promise to be, if spared, useful and intelligent Christians. I have great pleasure in teaching them God's word, for they learn willingly and with intelligence. If God direct them to be teachers, they will be most thoroughly versed in the New Testament.'

"In a letter received from the same gentleman, last March, he writes, speaking of the boys of the Home:—'Mark keeps a clear lead of them all, and his influence for good is very great. Through him they have made a compact amongst themselves not to tell a lie, or steal, or do anything wrong. On the first Sunday of this year, Mark took his first Communion. I cannot tell how my heart was drawn out towards him as I delivered to him the bread and wine. Very fervently did

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I pray that his consecration of himself may be blessed of God. He tells me that his great wish is to be a teacher.

"'Mark is learning to play the harmonium, and it is hoped that in time he will be able to play in our little Mission Church.

"Before I left Kurrachee, Mark, together with the elder children in our Home, used to come to me every Sunday morning for instruction; he sat on the floor, native fashion, and was a most attentive little pupil. But it is time that I let Mark speak for himself, so I will copy for you a letter I have just received from him, and when you have read it I think you will agree with me, that both the composition and the spelling would do credit to many an English child. I only wish you could see the writing: it is quite a good hand.

"*August* 13, 1869, *Kurrachee.*—'I was very glad when I heard your salaam in Mrs.———'s letter, and that still you have not forgotten us. Therefore with great pleasure I sit down to inform you of my progress in school and at home. By the Rev. ———'s help I am now well acquainted with the Bible stories, and we have gone through the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' now I am reading the 'Christian Evidences,' and on Sundays I learn the Church Catechism, and the Collects.

"'In school I am in the first class (Standard V.) and I am going on with my lessons pretty well, preparing to be examined by Mr. ——— after two months, so that I may prepare next year for the Matriculation examination.

"'In the month of May, Mr. ——— examined the whole school, so I had a prize ('Boy's Own Book') of seven rupees. From this book we learn several games, which we play in Mr. ———'s room; one of them is 'How do you like it? When do you like it? and Where do you like it?' But the capital game which we play every day is cricket, bats and ball for which were presented to us by Mr. Herbage. We had a match with the Government School, and we won the game, scoring ninety-five against their twelve.

"'Of course you will be pleased to hear of my learning to play the harmonium, which Mrs. ——— when she comes to Kurrachee teaches me very kindly.

"'And I think you would be desirous of knowing something about our Home; we are at present seven boys, and we all get on as brothers, and we are in a very happy state.

"'We hear from Mrs. ——— that Alice and the little baby get on quite well, and I hope that it may be according

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to their saying, therefore we pray to God that He will bless them both, and grant them a happy life, that they may prosper all the days of their life.

'Your obedient Scholar,

'MARK JOHN.'

"And now, dear children, who read this account and that of Samuel, remember that these two boys are real living characters. They differ from you in the colour of their skin, but like you they have warm affectionate hearts, and they have the same God for their Father, the same Christ for their Saviour, the same heaven for their home, and the same battle to fight against sin, the world, and the devil. When you pray for yourselves, will you not also add a prayer for them that they may remain 'Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their lives end!' E. J. B."

"FATHER, WILL YOU PRAY FOR ME?"

THE following story has been sent us by a friend of the readers of the Green Book.

"Would you like to hear about a dear little American Indian girl whom a Missionary had taught about Jesus? I heard the Rev. W. W. Kirkby relate her story at a Juvenile Missionary Meeting a short time since.

"This little girl's name was Jane. Poor child! she was dying of consumption; but I should not call her poor, for she was rich in having Jesus for her Saviour, and soon she was going to be with Him for ever.

"One day she said to her father, 'Father, I should like to see the river again.' So he wrapped her up tenderly and carefully, and carried her and laid her down by the river, as she wished. After a while she said to him, 'Father, I am very weak, I think I shall not be long here, will you pray for me?' He said, 'My dear little girl, I am not a praying man, I can't pray for you.' And he went away, leaving the dear child full of grief at the thought.

"By and by he returned; and she said, 'Father, I am weaker, I am sure I am going to die, will you pray for me?' The father said, 'My dear little girl, I would do anything I could for you, but I am not a praying man, and I cannot pray for you.'

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"The poor child's spirit was stirred within her, and she cried, 'Oh, father! I am dying, and must I go and tell Jesus that my father is not a praying man?' The father's heart was touched and overcome, and he prayed, and soon his little one's spirit winged its way to tell Jesus that her father *was* a praying man; and such he still continues, thanks be to Him who is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God."

This dear child was one of the lambs of Christ's flock, and you remember that Jesus, when He asked Peter that question, "Lovest thou me?" said, "Feed my lambs?" Now, there are a great many more little lambs that Jesus wants fed; and if we love Him, shall we not seek them out and feed them?

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

Nehemiah.

1. What was Nehemiah's missionary work? How can you prove that it was begun, continued, and ended with prayer to God?

2. How many different sorts of people worked at the wall of Jerusalem? To what trades did some of those belong whose sons helped in the work? Whose daughters joined their hands to the work? Of whom does it say he worked earnestly? Who sanctified their work? Who refused to put their necks to the work of the Lord? With what work even now carried on can you compare this building of the wall? And what teaching do you find upon the subject in 1 Cor. iii.?

3. What difficulties and what enemies were raised up against the work? Are they like any that we read of in the New Testament, which opposed the work of the Apostles in their building? What did every Jerusalem builder hold in each hand? What was the watchword while they built? What was their watchword when the work was done, and the Feast of Trumpets was kept? Can you find any like them in the New Testament? How must we be both soldiers and builders for Christ? What does *dedication* mean? What may we dedicate to God?

4. How was the work "dedicated?" How was the Feast kept? When will all the work done in the world for Jesus be finally dedicated? How did Jesus Himself say all faithful workers would be welcomed into the rest of eternity?

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ROOTS, SHOOTS, AND FRUITS.

I.—ROOTS.

LAST month, as you may remember, we were saying that "April showers bring May flowers;" and now that May has come, I hope it has brought you May flowers—the golds and the violets, the lilacs and the laburnums, the blackthorn and the whitethorn, and, in the orchard country, the sheets of apple-blossoms out over the land like the snow with the sunset on it. I think that it must be remembrances of these, as they used to blossom over the valleys in our old home, which have set the words at the head of this page going in my ears; and so many thoughts have taken root in my mind concerning them, that I think the readers of the Green Book ought to have the fruits, although it is early in the year for gathering them in.

A dear little girl of about four years old, of whom we were all very fond, had a piece of garden-ground given to her; and she was very anxious to see it filled with flowers and bright with colour, like the flower-beds in her grandpapa's garden. So she coaxed her aunts and the gardener to give her quite a large nosegay of flowers, and then she stuck all the stalks into the ground, and proudly called us to look at her "own boo'ful garden." But, alas for the poor flowers! though they looked very pretty waving about in the sunshine, a very few hours saw them hanging their heads in most sorrowful fashion; and the next morning little Janie was sadly standing by her flower-bed, thinking it was hard, that while all the roses and carnations around were dancing in the morning breeze, and looking happier than ever, her own should so quickly have withered away.

You and I, who are older than Janie, can tell the reason. Her flowers had *no roots;* and we may add, in words from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, "having no roots, they immediately withered away."

Now there are many verses in the Bible which tell us that God loves to look at each of our hearts—yours and mine—as gardens in which He desires that precious seed should take root downward, and bear fruit upward for His glory. "Thou shalt be like a watered garden," He says; and St. Paul writes, "Ye are God's husbandry;" and the Lord

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Jesus himself says, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

And as the roots are the first part of our concern as regards plants, let us ask in what soil, if they are indeed to be fruit-bearing, these are to be planted. St. Paul says, "If the root be holy, the branches also are holy."

I was reading lately, in a book about gardening, that almost everything depends upon the roots having good soil; and that plants taking root in a bad or wrong soil will not bring forth fruit. And this reminded me of words telling us in what soil the plants of our Heavenly Father are to be planted: "*Being rooted and grounded in love.*" Do you know where to find these words? And do you know, or have you ever stopped to think of, what they exactly mean?

They just mean this, that nothing that we can do, and no life that we can live, can be really pleasing to our Father, unless the roots of that life are grounded in our knowing and believing the love which the Father hath to us in giving His Son for us. We may be goodnatured, busy, kind, and a great many other pleasant things, but if we have not taken firm hold of God's love to us in giving Jesus to die for us, if we have not seen what Christ did in thus laying down His life for us, if we have not laid our sins on Jesus who first loved us, goodnature, kindness, diligence, and even outside religion, are like the pretty flowers in Janie's garden—pleasant to look at as long as they last, but, having no roots, withering away under the first hot sun of temptation, or shrivelling up at the first cold wind of "being laughed at."

A poor North West American Indian had struck his roots firmly in this soil, of whom a Missionary wrote from English River:—

"A poor Chippewyan, with only one hand, at my first visit to Frog Portage, followed me about to every place at which I spoke, and shed tears at the Gospel story—rejoicing my heart by saying, in Cree, 'I know that Jesus loves me.'"

Frog Portage is not a very beautiful name, but the poor Indian's song at Frog Portage was a very beautiful song: "I know that Jesus loves me."

So, dear young readers, look to the soil in which, if you wish to bear fruit to the glory of your Father, you are

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striking root. Read what is said in the Bible about those who only *seem* to be religious, and whose roots are wrapped round the things of this life: "He is green before the sun, and his branch shooteth forth in his garden;" but "his roots are wrapped about the heap, and seeth the place of stones," "whose hope shall be cut off." Take care that God's love in giving His dear Son is at the bottom of all your life. Let "who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*" be the motive and reason of all you do. Then you will understand what it is to be "rooted and grounded in love."

II.—SHOOTS.

Now about the shoots.

Long ago, when we were all children, I remember how delighted we were at moving into a new home. We made all sorts of plans as we talked over our house together. We would have tea in the arbour at the bottom of the garden, we would run races up and down the terrace; above all, we would each one take so much pains about the little gardens which had been marked out for us, that they should in time become something very different from the brown beds of earth, with crops of weeds and a fruit-harvest of stones, which they then were.

I remember my own flower-bed so well. It was on a very steep bit of hill, by the path which we always took to go to Church on Sundays; and I remember saving up my pocket-money and buying a dwarf rose and two chrysanthemums by way of starting in the flower line. But what delighted me most was a present, which was kindly sent me by one of my cousins, of some strawberry-plants all ready for setting. These I joyfully planted all round the flower-bed, only troubled by thinking what a long time I should have to wait—all the way from autumn to summer—before seeing the rich ripe strawberries which I already began to fancy reddening under the leaves.

Well, all through the winter I looked lovingly at my plants; and as February passed away, and March and April began to unlock buds and leaves and flowers, which had been closed under the lock and key of the wintry frost, I was delighted to see that they were sending out shoots and creeping tendrils which more and more covered the border of the flower-bed. Indeed, by and by these shoots became so vigorous, and, as June advanced, the leaves

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THE SEARCH UNDER THE LEAVES

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became so large and plentiful, that I began to think my crop of strawberries would be a very fine one; and when some strawberry flowers made their appearance I was even more delighted than when a bee had done me the honour of stopping for some time in my garden, making me quite sure that he must have found some honey worth mentioning in the flowers which I had planted myself.

At last, however, I began to grow a little anxious. Strawberries had come in. I knew it, first from seeing them in the shops in little carefully-packed baskets, and later, from eating some which we shared one evening when we had tea out of doors on the lawn. Yes, strawberries had come in; but my strawberries had not come out. That was the trouble; and what was more, although the leaves and suckers seemed stronger and more plentiful than ever, I could not make out that any fruit was to reward my hopes at the end. At last, after a long search which we made under the leaves where the blossoms had appeared, two or three feeble strawberries were discovered close to the ground. They were very white, as if they had grown pale with anxiety lest they should never come out after all; and though I waited and waited to gather them, in hopes that the Devonshire sunshine would bring a little colour as it fell upon them, they never flushed into anything like ripeness. So, instead of giving presents of strawberries from my garden to my brothers and sisters, I was obliged to content myself with humbly and thankfully sharing those which were bought for us from the gardens of other people more fortunate than I.

Now, can you tell the reason of my fruitless plants? I could not make it out then; but a good gardener would have told me in a minute. He would have said, "All the strength of these plants has gone into these shoots and leaves. You have not seen that these were taking the nourishment, and so there has been no real fruit. They should have been pruned in time."

Well, is it not amongst us, now and then, much as it was with my strawberries?

Desires to serve God, to please Him, to give all to Him who gave His Son for us, are beautiful, hopeful shoots from a root planted in the soil of which we were speaking—from a plant rooted and grounded in the love of God. But then, all the strength and energy of the plant must not go into

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desires, but rather into trying that those desires shall turn to account, that there shall be *fruit*.

"*I should like to be*" is a shoot which often promises well. "*I should like to be* a comfort to others!" "*I should like to be* making my home happier!" "*I should like to be* loving and dutiful to my parents!" "*I should like to be* a kind, helpful brother, or sister." "*I should like to be* a true, earnest, useful Christian." "*I should like to give* my life to Jesus, who gave His for me." All well! These are holy wishes. They are the shoots which must spring forth from every rightly-rooted plant; but then, the fulfilment of these desires must be fruit which shall follow them. First shoots; then fruits.

Some desires which may seem to spring from good roots are not really what will bring forth fruit. "I should like to be a Missionary!" said a boy, who had been attending a Missionary Meeting, to his friend. But then it was because he had heard that at Sierra Leone pineapples are sold at a penny apiece, and oranges at twelve for a penny. "So should I," answered his companion. But then, it was because he had been hearing of a crocodile hunt, and thought that it would be grand fun to join in such an expedition. "I should like to be a Missionary!" said another: it was because he had believed in the love of God in sending His Son to die for him and for all the world; and the desire did not stop with being a desire, but went into his life, and he became one of the most earnest Missionaries ever sent out to bring this knowledge to heathen lands.

So let your desires end in fruits.

III.—FRUITS.

And now, in the last place, *what are these fruits?* We have the whole cluster named for us by St. Paul: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Only once were all these fruits perfectly brought forth in this sinful world, where they grow indeed in a foreign climate. You know who it was who pleased the Father perfectly, and who knew no sin. Jesus alone ever did "always the things which pleased Him."

But I cannot stay to talk of them all. Each one is such a beautiful fruit that I advise you to think about it by yourself, and see all that is said about it in the Bible.

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At the first, however, let us stop for a minute. Does it seem strange to you that the plant "rooted and grounded in love" should have *love* for the first of its fruits?

But is it not exactly what we might expect? Our being rooted in the belief of our Father's great love to us makes us bring forth, as the very first fruit of all, love to Him—full, overflowing love and gratitude—and love to all around. Remembering His unspeakable Gift, we say:

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

In old days there was a certain Count Zinzendorf, who was the founder of the Moravian Church and of the great Moravian Missions. The beginning of his giving his heart, his life, and his wealth to God was this. He saw, when travelling, a picture of Jesus Christ upon the cross. Underneath it were these words:

> "*Sinner, I suffered thus for thee:*
> *What hast thou done for Me?*"

Ah! that is a question for you and for us all: "What hast thou done for Me?" Ask it honestly, and as in that loving Saviour's presence you will one day have to answer it—What fruit are you bringing forth for Him who gave Himself for you?

I think there are three grand ways, which by the help of God's Holy Spirit (and without His help no fruit can be brought forth at all) will prevent the strength of the plant from being lost in mere shoots and leaves; and the first goes into both the last.

The first is *prayer*.

The second is *effort—real earnest effort*—and *prayer*.

The third is *self-denial* and *prayer*.

Pray about every wish you have to please God—to do work for Him and to please Him. Pray about other people's work. That will make you long to have work of your own to pray about. Don't think any wish to do good too small to pray about. God does not think the smallest fruit blossom in the orchard too small for Him to send it sun and rain and dew. I believe the old proverb, "Well prayed is half done." If

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you want to be useful and a comfort at home, tell Him all about it. If you want to help some one who is in trouble, tell Him about that too. If you want to help in Missionary work, tell Him of that also, and ask Him to show you how.

Then we must go on to *do* as well as to pray. If you love your parents very much, you do not stop short with saying "Oh, mother, I *do* love you so!" "Oh, father, I do want so much to be a comfort to you!" and then let them go up and down stairs when you could go for them, and have little troubles which you could spare them. And just in the same way, if we truly love Him who first loved us, we shall try and work for Him. There are plenty of ways in which we can all do this. Take up the first duty, whether it be learning your lessons, or taking care of little brothers and sisters, or going through every-day tasks, and do it for love to Him who loves you. God puts our work for us to do in the order in which he intends us to do it. He does not want you to wait to be grown up, or to wait to be a Missionary, or to wait for something different to happen to you, before you give yourself to bearing fruit for Him. Begin directly, and say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and remember that everything may be turned to fruit-bearing directly that love to Jesus becomes the mainspring of all your life.

"Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

Are we *loving* much? Then we shall be willing to *deny* ourselves for Jesus. Have you ever known yet what it was to deny yourself for His sake? Have you ever given up anything you had, or could have had, for Him? He does not despise little self-denials.

One day there came into our Sunday School a very little boy. He was about four years old, and he had a great treasure in his hand. It was a horse-chestnut. He was not a country child, but a town child, and he had not lived quite long enough in the world to have found out that, beautiful things as they are, horse-chestnuts are common enough. He was delighted with the glossy smooth plaything, and then I saw him look up, as he passed the superintendent's desk, with a pleasant face, for the smile of welcome into school. First he looked at the chestnut, then at the superintendent; once more at his treasure, then again at the teacher. Then he came up, and with both his hands

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put the chestnut into the hands of the superintendent, and said, "Me give that to 'oo!"

Do you think his friend replied "How can you bring me such a silly present? I could get hundreds of them if I wanted; but it is not worth having!" No; there was real self-denial in little Harry's gift. It was given from a loving heart, and the chestnut was received with gentle thanks; and when Harry was going out of school his teacher took it up, with the words, "It's such a pretty present; I'm going to take it home, and I shall think when I look at it that you gave it me."

Now, I want you to be reminded by this, that though we may only be able to give very little offerings to Jesus, He loves them, and prizes them if they come from love to Him. And what is more, if we never think of giving up anything for Him, I very much doubt there being any real love to Him as the soil from which our life springs.

I so often hear of children begging their parents for pennies for the Missionary Box: I would rather hear of their saving pennies given to them for sugar-plums or marbles, and giving those for Christ's work, just as I would rather see them deny themselves of some indulgence or amusement—if by so doing they could make others better or happier—than talk a great deal of all they would like to do.

From Missionary Stations abroad we get many a lesson in self-denial. Thus Mr. Allen, from Elita, in the African Yoruba Country, writes about his Missionary collectors' plans for filling their collecting-bags and boxes:—

"I have seen some of the women keep fowls for this purpose, and some grow corn, yams, &c., and call it "ti Oluwa" (the Lord's), which they hope to sell for theirs, and put the money in bags, pots, &c.

"There is one member who is a blacksmith. He set apart Monday for 'the Lord's.' Whatever he would earn that day he put aside. We also encouraged the children. A boy, being tempted by a fine cake, drew out a penny from his pocket: but when he remembered his box and the poor heathen, he avoided this temptation. He went and put this money in his box. Each of our children had a bag given them by Mrs. Hinderer. I observed two little boys one morning go to the waterside to catch those long-footed frogs for sale, in order to get something to put in their bags."

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There seems to be a Frog Portage at Yoruba, as well as in North West America, from this account. I wonder whether many English boys take as much pains as the Yorubans to fill their boxes, or whether they think they may leave it to their sisters. I wonder how many people in England think of setting apart every week a whole day's earnings as "the Lord's," as does the Yoruban blacksmith.

And again, both firstly and lastly, I would say, *pray* about these things. Of the school-children at a place called Dohnavur, in South India, it was said to their Missionary:—"There is a great difference between these children and the other children of the village. The people say your children not only learn the sacred books, but they learn to pray."

And you, too, have been taught; but have you *learnt* to pray? If so, you will prove by your life that you are one of our Father's pleasant plants. Roots, shoots, and fruits will be growing up before Him and to His glory. And by and by will come the transplanting to a better and more beautiful climate. For they that are here planted in the house of the Lord, shall by and by flourish for ever in the courts of the house of our God.

TWO SEA STORIES.

I.

NEARLY two years ago there was a great day in Edinburgh. Lord Napier of Magdala was to be presented with the freedom of the city; that is to say, was to be received among their number by the citizens of the place, and was to be admitted to all the privileges and honour of belonging to the most beautiful city in Scotland, or in England either.

Well, there was a great buzz and stir among the town council and chief Edinburgh people. The Lord Provost made ready, and the councillors put on their robes, and carriages rolled up to the door of the Hall, and people looked out eagerly for the Conqueror of Magdala, who was to be welcomed after the great victory of the Abyssinian war.

I suppose you know the story of that war, as it is not so very long since it happened. You will remember that the cruel King Theodore had imprisoned and ill-treated Mr. Stern,

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a Missionary, and several other Europeans whom he had carried captive; and how at last we sent out an army under Sir Robert Napier to force him to give them up, and how it pleased God that, without the loss of a single man, Theodore should be conquered and the captives be brought home in triumph.

Well, it was after all this, and after the Queen had made Sir Robert, Lord Napier, that he made his speech at the great Hall in Edinburgh. He told the people this story:—

"Years ago I happened to read this story of Hugh Miller. I well remember a description given of a scene which happened one stormy night:—"The mother of Hugh Miller was sitting in the house of a minister, and, being terrified by one of the fiercest gusts of the storm, she ran to the minister's door, and, knocking at it, said 'Come, and let us pray for those who are at sea;' and they knelt down and prayed.

"Her husband, who commanded a small coasting vessel, was out at sea that night, and during a tremendous gust of the storm a mighty wave broke over the bark, which struggled as though she would never rise again. But at length she with difficulty came to the surface, and the father of Hugh Miller, who was at the wheel with his mate, said, as soon as he could recover his breath, 'There must have been a gude soul praying for us this night.'

"It is a long time since I read this story," said Lord Napier, "and I do not know whether I repeat it correctly; but I relate it as it dwelt upon my mind. I felt that those poor Abyssinian captives, as they breathed the open air after passing the gates of Magdala, might have said, 'There are many good souls praying for us this day.'"

Is not that a fine story of a stormy night at sea? And do not you think that it helps one to look up to Him who hears and answers prayer, to see how our bravest English general felt, that not his own skill, nor the might of his armies, nor the cleverness of his plans, really won the victory at Magdala, and rescued the captives; but that all those who were praying for them in England helped the work; just as the sea-captain's wife and the minister fought for the sailor against the winds and the waves by asking help from Him who sitteth above the water-floods, and whose voice is mightier than the voice of many waters?

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II.

Now for our second Story of the Sea!

It has nothing to do with Lords or Lord Provosts, or with great people or great occasions. It is just the story of a poor Chinese fisherman, which, however, seems to me almost exactly written to be placed side by side with that of Hugh Miller's father as he weathered the storm through which his gude wife was praying for him.

More than two years ago Mr. Arthur Moule wrote from Ningpo, in China, telling of a little company of inquirers concerning the religion of Jesus who were accustomed to come to him in the evening for teaching. He writes :—

"I asked one of the inquirers (a fisherman) how he fared during a great storm which raged a few days ago—he was at sea at the time. 'Oh,' he said, 'I went down on my knees and prayed to God; and, sure enough, when I got up from my knees the wind lulled, and we got safe to land. My messmates could not understand what I was doing; but I told them I was praying to the true God, who alone can make the wind to blow.'

"His wife, too, gave me her story of that night. She was at home on the shore of the lake during this gale. All the fishermen's wives whose husbands, like hers, were at sea, were full of fear and anxious forebodings; 'but I,' she said, 'felt happy: I was sure God would protect my old man.'"

This may not sound a very wonderful story to every one; but it is a wonderful one to me. Do you know how much faith it takes wholly and entirely to *trust* God, to believe that He is always at hand—in dangers in storms and dark days and dark nights—and that He will always hear those who cry to Him? We, who have been told these things ever since we can remember, often find it hard to believe in Him without any doubts; and it was a grand faith that made the Chinese fisherman at sea, and his Chinese wife on land, rest all their trust on the unseen Father to whom they cried, and of whom they had been so lately taught.

But I have not quite done yet. The heathen are tossing on a darker and stormier sea than those from which the Scotch captain and the Chinese fisherman were saved. Missionaries are trying to save them, trying to pick them up in the great Lifeboat, which is the knowledge of the Lord

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Jesus Christ. You may help, though you perhaps may not be able to go out as a Missionary. You may do what those wives ashore did—you may be the "gude souls" praying down blessings upon their work. And if you do this wholly and earnestly, you will not be doing nothing for those who are in the storm and in the dark night; and it may be that, by and by, you in England praying, and those afar off toiling in the dark waters, may rejoice together when the waves are still and the haven is reached, and the rescued and rescuers rejoice in the great calm of everlasting rest.

HOW GREAT WORKS ARE DONE.

We are not here for holidays; our lives are not for dreaming,
While toiling bands and busy hands are lab'ring all around;
Men are stirring, wheels are whirring, fires gleaming, vessels steaming,
There is work on land and ocean, and in regions underground.
And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile up-springing,
On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won,
I find that in my ears those good old words have been set ringing:
"All great works are made up of little works well done!"

Have you stood upon the shore? Have you heard the people cheering,
When a vessel at her moorings was waiting for the launch?
In eager flocks from all the docks the workmen are appearing,
Who laid her planks in busy ranks with labour true and staunch.
The plate-layers, and iron-smiths, the carpenter with hammer,
The sawyers and the armourers, and craftsmen one by one,
With ready glee give three times three, and swell the joyful clamour,
Their "great work was made up of little works well done!"

How rose the great cathedral pile, her buttresses and towers?
Whose hands laid the foundations deep, and raised the walls on high?

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While slowly the grey arches rose, long days of working hours,
And years of busy working days, in patient toil went by.
Not the architects alone, not the earnest master-builders,
But the men who hewed the timbers, and who quarried forth the stone,
The masons and the sculptors, and the carvers and the gilders;
"The great work was made up of little works well done!"

Be in earnest! be in earnest! our lives are not for trifles,
In God's great building-army here no efforts can be lost:
The victories of our Leader are not won with swords and rifles,
But noiseless deeds and secret prayers oft spread the triumph most.
The youngest child may give its hand to service for the Master;
They work who best remember that "well prayed is well begun;"
Each loving thought with action fraught will bring the victory faster,
For "great works are made up of little works well done!"

ERRAND PENNIES.

THIS letter came, with two shillings' worth of postage-stamps, to a lady engaged in helping sick and weary Bible-women in the North of England:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"Would you please to accept of two shillings' worth of postage-stamps, to help you in your good work on behalf of the poor Biblewomen. I am ten years old. I read a little book about the House of Rest that you gave my dear mother, and I asked her if I could save the pence that I got for going errands. I did so; and now I send it cheerfully, and heartily wish it was more.—From a little girl on Claremont Hill. . . . . ."

I wonder whether any other little girls of ten years old could find Errand Pennies for their Missionary Boxes!

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MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

Esther.

1. WHAT good news was brought by a King's letter to those who lay under sentence of death through the malice of Haman?—In how many provinces and in what far-off countries do we find that those who received it had light and gladness and joy and honour?—What King's Letter do we send to India and Ethiopia and other distant countries? Can you prove from Scripture that it brings light and gladness and joy and honour where it is received?—Why do those to whom it comes lie under sentence of death?—How does it tell them that life is given instead?

Job.

2. Where do we read that the angels or "sons of God" "shouted for joy" when the world was created?—Where in the New Testament do we read that they sang for joy when the world was about to be redeemed?—Where is there joy in heaven now?—In what words of Jesus Christ are we told of it?—How can we help to increase that joy in heaven?—When will there be everlasting joy in heaven over those saved by Jesus?

3. What mission has the rain?—Where does Job tell us that its work is often done secretly?—In what Psalm is the Holy Spirit's gentle work compared to the coming down of rain on the mown grass and of showers that water the earth?—In what promise of Isaiah is the fruitful power of God's Word compared to that of the rain on the earth?

Psalms.

4. Which of the Psalms are Missionary Psalms, telling of Jesus Christ's reign over all the world and of all the heathen being converted to Him?—To what different people are we told that His kingdom will come?

5. In which Psalms is the worship of the true God compared with the worship of idols?—Which Psalms did St. Paul and St. Peter quote when preaching to the heathen?

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"A FLAG FOR CHRIST!"

E ARE holding up flying colours in our June Number, as this story will show you. It has been sent us by the Rev. Robert Clark of Umritsur, who has for many years been himself carrying Christ's banner among the people of the Punjâb in the far far North of India.

"The Sikhs are a brave people who live in the Punjâb, in North India. They once were our enemies, and fought against us in many battles, in which we found it hard to beat them. They are now faithful servants of Queen Victoria, and fight bravely on our side; and have helped us to take both Delhi and Lucknow, and also Peking in China, and Magdala in Abyssinia.

"In religion, alas! they know nothing of the Gospel; yet they are very manly and brave; and we hope the time may come when they will be subdued by grace, and become obedient to the faith, and fight bravely for Christ in heathen lands, and carry the Gospel to India, and it may be also to more distant countries, as bravely as they have borne the sword. They have the courage to do this, and need only the love of Christ to give them life. Let us pray that this love may soon be shed abroad in their hearts.

"A Missionary was travelling many years ago from village to village in the Punjâb, with a Native preacher, to tell the people of Christ. The name of the Missionary was the Rev. T. H. Fitzpatrick, who has now gone to his rest in heaven. The name of the Native preacher was the Rev. David Singh, who still labours as the pastor of the Native Church in Umritsur.

"One day they came to a village about six miles from Umritsur, and found there plenty of people to hear them. This is everywhere the case; there are always plenty of hearers, but, alas! there are only few or none to preach. In this village the old Sikh priest was seated on the ground, with his hands clasped on his knees, opposite to the preacher, eagerly listening to every word he said. When the others went away, he still stayed on, and began to ask about the Saviour of whom he had never heard before. The next day it was the same; he sat and listened; the words went forth with the Spirit's power and touched his heart.

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"When Mr. Fitzpatrick went away from the village back again to Umritsur, he followed him there, and at last he gave up all, and went and was baptized. There was one thing in the way he did it which I must tell you. He had a little calf, of which he was very fond; for he was an old man who lived alone, with neither son nor daughter with him; and this calf was to him what the little ewe lamb in Nathan's parable was to the poor man who had bought and nourished it. For some reason or other he could not take this calf with him to Umritsur. It was not much; but he had fixed his love on it, and it was perhaps as great a trial to him to leave it, as it would have been to the rich young man in the Gospel to go and sell his great possessions and give all he had to the poor. Unlike the rich young man, he was a true son of faithful Abraham, and did not withhold what he loved, but gave it up freely for God. Let us not think little of such sacrifices; they are accepted according to that a man hath. Let us rather copy such examples, and our sacrifices, whether great or small, will be accepted too. In this way we shall gain a habit of taking up our cross daily and following Christ.

"He was baptized by the name of Shamaun, and he was the first-fruits of the Umritsur Mission, the first convert of the Church of England in the Punjâb, the beginning of the ever deepening stream of Christianity in that land, the first of what we trust will be a great multitude redeemed unto God by Christ's blood, out of the Sikh nation and people and tongue.

"This was in 1853; and for nearly sixteen years Shamaun lived a Christian life, and became a reader of God's word to his countrymen, and daily told them in simple and plain words the message of the Gospel. In 1868 he had a serious illness, and it was a pleasure which I often had to visit him as he lay in his little cottage on the bank of one of the Umritsur Tanks. His face used to light up with a bright smile whenever he spoke of Christ. He was waiting, he used to say, till the Saviour called him. He had no fear of death, for his sins he knew were forgiven him for Jesus' sake; and he was filled with peace and joy, as he lay on his bed thinking and reading and praying.

"In the month of November, 1868, I had to attend a Missionary conference in Mooltan, and whilst I was there I heard that Shamaun had suddenly been called away to the presence

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of the Saviour in whom he had believed. The native Christians of Umritsur had just before completed a new burial-ground, which had become necessary, as their numbers increased, and there they buried him. He was the first convert baptized in the Umritsur Mission, and he was the first native Christian buried in their new burial-ground. They have put up a stone to his memory.

"But our story is headed '*A Flag for Christ.*' I have told you about Shamaun's cottage on the banks of the Umritsur sacred Tank. His next-door neighbours were Fakirs, or so-called holy men; and they had hoisted a flag to their heathen god on the top of their high peepul-tree, to show who they were. I am afraid that Fakirs in India are often the very opposite to holy; but it is the custom in India, wherever they live, to put up a flag or a piece of cloth, or even a rag, at the top of a stick, which they hoist up on the nearest tree; and this flag is the sign to both Hindoos and Mohammedans and Sikhs that a religious guide or teacher lives near that tree.

"There are many such flags in Umritsur to the heathen gods; and Shamaun's heart used to burn when he saw not one flag for Christ. So some years before his death he left by will his cottage and all he had (about £26), in order that he might himself with God's blessing raise one little 'Flag for Christ,' or, in other words, set on foot Christian teaching in his own place and language. It was at once proposed after his death that a Catechist's house should be built with his own money, on the site of his own cottage on the bank of the Umritsur Tank, with two dwelling-rooms above, and a large room for meetings below; and that a Catechist should be chosen by the Native Church to live there and be paid for by themselves, in order that this flag for Christ might be firmly and lastingly planted by one who before his baptism was a Sikh priest in the midst of the large sacred city of the Sikh people, Umritsur.

"Is not this just what we have been longing and praying for for years? Here is the very foundation of a purely Native Mission. Shamaun was not only the first Christian convert in Umritsur, but he has been the first Sikh founder of a Christian Mission to the Sikhs. Until lately we have been supporting foreign Missions with foreign money, and in wonder that the work has been slow, and that the people have been slow to receive from foreigners what they looked

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upon as only a strange religion. Native Asiatic Missionaries and Missions are what we are now everywhere praying for. Christianity is no new thing in Asia. Jesus Christ was born in Asia. The Apostles and early martyrs and bishops were all Asiatics. The Gospel of Christ was spread from them into all the world. It was first preached in Europe by an Asiatic. When we send the Gospel to them, we only send them back their own, and do for them what 1800 years ago they did for us. When they once receive it, they will soon spread it of themselves. Let us give it to them freely and with all our heart; and then with God's blessing flourishing churches, and faithful Native ministers, and Native bishops too, will soon again be seen in Asia, and they will rally round the flag planted for Christ in their midst by themselves, and become loyal subjects, and faithful soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ, and receive again the richest blessings that He can give, both for this life and for that which is to come."

A Flag for Christ! As I read Mr. Clark's story I could not help recalling a great day which came long ago when we were in the old Devonshire home of which I have already told you.

The Queen and Prince Albert came to Tor Bay. We were children then, but I shall never forget the welcome that was given her, nor how we went out in a boat as near as we could to her Majesty's yacht, nor how she got out of her yacht into the beautiful longboat, and was rowed by twelve oarsmen round the coast. But one thing I especially remember. When the Queen left her steam yacht, down went the Royal Standard; as she entered the boat, it was unfurled there. Wherever the Sovereign goes, and in foreign countries wherever the Ambassador or messenger representing the Sovereign goes, there the flag is raised.

Ought it not always to be so? Wherever we go, should not we feel that we are the King's Messengers, that we should show His colours and work under them? I like the Hindoo notion of the flag,—only, alas! the poor Hindoos and Mohammedans are under the wrong colour. Shamaun's story makes one wish that all who carry the message to far-off lands as Christ's Missionaries, or ambassadors for Christ, should have "a flag for Christ" floating over their dwellings. At all events, I hope that the flag he caused to be raised at Umritsur will never be taken down, and that you and I may do our best to set up other flags for Christ in far-off lands.

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FROM THE BULLOM SHORE AGAIN.

DO YOU remember reading about the Bullom Shore in our February Number? If so you will like to hear a little news of Mr. Boston, in his Missionary work.—The first story I have for you is of—

I.

WHAT MR. BOSTON SAW ON HIS MORNING'S WALK.

Suppose you who live in England were to go out for a walk some morning, and were to look in at a cottage on your way, you would be surprised if you were to come upon so strange and sad a scene as that which Mr. Boston saw in a hut on the Bullom Shore.

He tells us of it as follows :—

"*Feb.* 20.—Took a walk this morning, and was startled at the sight of an object which I saw as I bade good morning to the inmates of a low hut, while popping my head into it.

"What a truly sad spectacle it was! Two women were sitting (one with a baby in her arms) in a state of great sorrow, looking on an elderly woman, who was engaged in muttering something to her idols. These were eight brass rings, thirty-five white smooth stones, seven and a half pairs of Fillentambas' horns, half a pair of baboon's teeth, half a pair of alligator's teeth, half a pair of leopard's teeth, and five cowries.

"The two women were in distress, and had come to consult the old woman's idols as to what sacrifice or sacrifices they should offer, in order to get out of their trouble. This I learnt afterwards from the old woman herself.

"On entering, I said to the old woman, 'What are you doing? Are these your gods?'

"'No,' she replied, 'they are not my gods; I have them only to help God.'

"I showed her the folly of such a notion. She said, 'I believe what you say; they are foolish things indeed. I will no more worship them.'"

Poor woman! we must trust that she kept her promise.

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II.

THE LAST WARNING.

One great object with the Missionaries is to teach their converts to set aside the first day of the week as the Sabbath holy to God. As this is a strange and new idea to them, it is often long before they can fall in with it. This the story of Pa Somassa will prove :—

On a Sunday evening, as I was visiting the natives in their houses, I met Pa Somassa in the street. After the usual salutation, I asked him how he had spent the day. "I was at home," he said, "and did nothing at all."—I told him that the day was lost, as nothing was done.—He answered, "It is Sunday, therefore I did not go to work."—"You are both right and wrong," I said; "right, in that it is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, on which thou shalt do no manner of work; but as sacred duties are appointed us by the same God, you are wrong for not attending to them."—He said in reply, "I have no clothes to go to church."—I took hold of what he had on, and said, "This is good enough."—He answered again, "We have funeral to-day, and that prevented me."

Thus the conversation went on, till he was convinced of his duty to observe the Sabbath in a manner which would bring glory to God and add blessings to his soul.

Pa Somassa had been under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, and was able to read the New Testament. On this occasion he told me of the exertions of that good man among them, how he had taught them many things, and some beautiful hymns and songs; and then sang in my hearing one of the hymns in Timneh, the words of which I give in the following lines :—

Timneh—
Der ka Yisua tete,
Der ka Yisua, der ka Yisua,
Tete, tete,
Der tete.

English—
Come to Jesus, just now,
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Just now, just now,
Come just now.

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After this he made me a promise to attend worship on the next Lord's day. Little did he or I know that it was the last message and invitation he received by my mouth from the Lord. On the following Thursday he left home in the morning on a fishing excursion. His small canoe being launched out, alone he paddled away as he was accustomed to do; but in less than a quarter of an hour he was no more seen. The canoe had capsized, and was observed by those on shore drifting afloat on the waves. Speedily canoes were sent out to seek, rescue, and save poor Somassa. Several hours were spent in the search, and at last, when the tide was going out, he was found a corpse between two rocks.

THE SCHOOL WHICH OPENED WITHOUT ANY SCHOLARS.

II.

My dear Young Friends,

MANY months ago I sent you from India a description of the opening of a "School that began without any Scholars." I then hoped shortly to give you a little account of some of the scholars after they did come; and as some of you may have forgotten about the school, let me here mention that it was begun nearly five years ago, and was for high-caste female children.

Many of you probably know that until quite lately the women of India as a rule never learned anything except to cook, plait their hair, ornament their house, and such like; learning to read was almost an unheard-of thing. Now, however, this is being changed, and in large towns such as Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and Benares, very many native ladies are learning reading, writing, sewing, and many other useful things.

In country places, however (what in India we call the "mofussil"), the natives are more backward in giving up their old customs; they are of course more watched and noticed by their neighbours. Just as in England the people in villages and small towns all know one another, while in London you may not even know who is living close by, so in smaller towns, in India, a native gentleman who would like to have his wife taught, or to send his little girl to school, might be afraid of doing so, lest Baboo Ram Chunder

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should hear, and find some means of annoying him; or Baboo Hurry Narain, who met him one day talking with the "Padri," will think he is going to turn Christian.

So his wife is left to idle and sleep away her time, and his little daughter Kadee, who had been promised to go and see the English lady and learn to make slippers for brother Keshah, is told "no, she must not go, for the 'gooroo' (family priest) has told her mother, that if she learns to read she is sure to become a widow." So poor little Kadee, betrothed though only seven years old, willingly gives up the pleasure to which she had been looking forward, knowing the life of wretchedness which is the lot of an Indian widow. This explains some of the difficulties to be overcome in beginning schools for girls in India. Others you may perhaps find out as you read of some of the little girls who after all were allowed to come to school.

I am rather at a loss out of all my little pupils which one to tell you about. Among the first who came were two sisters, Brahminee girls. Their names were Bindhu and Horeemonie. When they first came I was always surprised to find that the elder girl was dressed in a plain coarse garment and wore no ornaments, while her younger sister was generally decked with jewels, and wore a bright dress of fine material. I used to wonder at this, especially as the elder one never showed the least jealousy. The secret, however, was soon discovered, for you cannot be long in India (mixing with the natives, I mean) without finding out the deprivations to which a widow is condemned. Poor Bindhu was a widow. She had probably never seen the husband whose death she was all her life to mourn; he must have died when only betrothed and too young to marry, or else Bindhu would scarcely have been allowed to remain at her father's house, but would have lived at her father-in-law's, which would have much increased her unhappiness.

She was not exactly an interesting pupil, being rather dull and heavy; but she was remarkably good-tempered, and as she improved in her reading, an intelligence began to beam in her eyes which showed that the labour in teaching her was not thrown away. We must pray that some of the Scriptural instruction which she received, having sunk into her mind, may, with God's blessing, bring forth fruit, though it may not be until after many days.

Horee, as her sister was always called, was a bright, graceful

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little creature; so intelligent, and taking such interest in all she learned, that it was quite a pleasure to teach her. These sisters, as well as several others, were taken away from school as soon as Scripture pictures were introduced and explained to them. After a time, however, greatly to my delight, they returned, as did almost all those who had left.

Now you must hear about Suresh. When she first came I said to the teacher who was letting her into the room, "Oh! you must not admit that little boy." The teacher smiled, and said, "It's a little girl." I think if you had seen her you would have made the same mistake as I did; for instead of braided tresses, such as most of the little girls had, her hair was cut short; instead of the long wrapping garment worn by the other children, she was dressed in a little white coat and trousers, like those worn by many Indian boys of her age; and besides this, she entered the room in a bold, rather rude way, very different to the shrinking, timid manner in which a new scholar generally made her first appearance. The boy's dress was, I suppose, adopted in order that she might walk through the streets without attracting any attention; because, as you probably know, very few native gentlemen will allow their little girls to go out at all; and this was one very great difficulty in the way of our school.

It was some time before Suresh lost her rough manners, but after a time I was quite struck with the change in her. Not only did she become altogether more gentle, but her little attentions were so pretty, yet offered so quietly as scarcely to attract notice. But I could not be long in finding out who it was always put the book ready just when it was wanted, or picked up the pencil when it fell.

Suresh was, I think, the cleverest of all my little scholars, and she never wasted her time. If she had finished her sums, or any other lesson, before the rest of her class, as often happened, she would come and stand by me and read out of "Peep of Day." Dear little Suresh! She left before I had introduced "Peep of Day" as a general reading book, as her father removed with his family from the town. I was so grieved to lose her without having any certainty that she really knew anything of a Saviour's love; but I was very pleased to find that her mother, who had been taught to read at her own home, had a copy of "Peep of Day;" and if Suresh read this, I do not think she would ever believe the foolish stories of Krishna and the other Hindoo gods. You may

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be sure I have offered many an earnest prayer that little Suresh may "turn from these to worship the living and true God," and to know and feel a Saviour's love; for we must remember, *head* knowledge alone is not enough. From what good Missionaries tell us, we know that there are many in India who believe the God of the Bible is the only true God; but they have not that loving faith which would enable them to leave all and follow Him. I am afraid, however, we need not go so far as India to find those who have *head* knowledge of the Gospel, and who yet "neglect that great salvation."

If you will not be tired, I should like to tell you of one more of my scholars. Her name, "Jogot-tarinie," is that applied to one of their idols, as many of the names given by Hindoo parents to their children are; but this one is indeed falsely applied, for who but Jesus is worthy of such a name as "Saviour of the World"?

"Jogot" (the world), as we generally called her, was a very bright, intelligent girl; and as she was one of the most regular attendants, and stayed longer at the school than many of the others, she made perhaps more progress than any of the them. When she had been at school rather more than a year she was married, and had to leave; some little time after, however, she came to pay a visit of several months at her father's, as is usual with young brides in India.

As women in India after they are married are kept in the house almost like prisoners, you may imagine my astonishment and delight when "Jogot" was allowed to return to school. She was not, however, quite as regular an attendant as formerly; for if ever her husband was staying at the house, it was considered too improper to allow her to come. Her example, however, was followed by others, and Horee-monie was also permitted occasionally to come to school after her marriage.

At length Jogot went to live entirely at her husband's, in a town where there was then no English lady who could visit and instruct her. Not long ago, however, I read in a letter from one of the "Zenana visitors," that there was some talk of sending a lady as teacher to this very town. Should this be the case, I shall try to find out exactly where Jogot and her husband live, and endeavour to get leave for her to be visited. And will not you pray that she may be not only visited, but may learn to believe in Jesus and love Him, who is the true and only "Saviour of the World"?

AN OLD JUVENILE COLLECTOR.

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"DOES THIS DOLL MAKE ITS HAIR GROW?"

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ALL ABOUT DOLLS.

BOYS like stories about the Sea and about Storms; and they will have found some in last month's Green Book. I wonder whether there are any little girl readers who are fond of dolls? If so, they will like to hear a letter which has been sent to us, written by a Missionary's wife at Hydrabad, which is all about dolls. And if any of them think that they are too old now to care about dolls, I hope they will give all the more thought to the other pages of our June Number, and they can leave this alone.

"January 24th, 1870.

"My dear Children,—I know that you both take a great interest in little heathen children, so I think you will like to hear about a little girl and some very beautiful dolls.

"About three weeks ago I received a box of very beautiful work, and in the box came four very fine dolls. This work is all to be sold, and the money will then buy books and slates, and other things which we want in school.

"One day a girl about nine years old came to the Mission House to ask us to go and see her sister. I was too unwell to go, so the little girl sat down on the floor to have a talk instead.

"I thought probably she had never seen such handsome dolls before, and so I would show them to her. When I brought them out in my arms she became very frightened, and was running away from the prettiest dolls you ever saw.

"I put them down and went after her, and told her they would not hurt her. Afterwards I coaxed her to come back. Then she said, 'Are they your children? Are they alive?' I said, 'No, they are only dolls.' 'But they have got real noses, and real eyes, and real feet, and real shoes on.' Then I put one into her arms, and she looked at it all over, but suddenly put it down and threw up her arms and screamed out, 'Is it alive? Is it alive?' I said, 'No; dolls never are alive.' Then she saw its pretty hair, and said, 'Does the doll make its hair grow as we do?' I said 'No; it is fastened on.' Then she said, 'Where did you get it? Did you buy it in the Bazaar?' I told her that some kind ladies had sent them.

"She next begged me to tell her how much money I wanted for the largest. I said, £1 4s. She was not astonished at this great price; but said she thought such a

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pretty thing ought to be a good deal of money. Then she asked if I would take them to her home, that her mother and sisters and all her friends might see them. I said 'No, Sindhee people generally have very dirty hands, and I should not like my clean dolls made dirty.' She said, 'But you can keep them in your own hands.' Now I knew that if I took them, so many women and girls would come about me that it would be impossible to keep them from them; so I said, 'If they will come to my house, I will show the dolls to them, but I will not take the dolls to your house.'

"But these poor women think that if they came and were seen by my husband it would be a great sin, so, though they want very much to see the dolls, they dare not come. The little girl went home very much excited, and feeling sure that if I would only put them on the road they would walk by themselves.

"Now I must say good-bye to you both. I know you often think about these poor little girls who never see the pretty things you see. And don't you often ask God to make them His dear little children?—Believe me your affectionate friend,

"C. S."

I dare say you would be very glad, if you could only make friends with the frightened little Hindoo girl, to give her a doll of yours to play with; and she would soon cease to be afraid, and come to be as fond of it as the most doll-loving little Mary or Fanny who reads this letter.

IN THIRTEEN YEARS.

THERE is a Scotch proverb, which tells us that "Many a little makes a mickle;" and perhaps nowhere do we learn so much of the power of littles as in the work of the Church Missionary Society.

A clergyman from the North of England has sent us an account of the sum collected in his Sunday Schools in thirteen years. It may be that some other Sunday Schools may be stirred up to ask, whether they might not by *regular* little efforts (and these are what tell most in the end) send a fuller tide into the Missionary stream of contributions.

"Thirteen years ago the Rev. Henry Powell, formerly a Missionary in Ceylon, was appointed Vicar of Bolton, and

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immediately formed a Missionary Association in connexion with the Parish Church. The movement was heartily taken up; since which time a growing interest has continued to be shown therein by the scholars of the Sunday Schools. The whole sum contributed by them to the Church Missionary Society alone, up to the end of the past year, amounts to no less than £585 1*s.* 8¾*d.* in addition to a large amount subscribed for Home Missionary purposes, the whole having been collected weekly from the scholars and teachers within the walls of the school.

"For the sake of information we may state that the plan of collecting the Missionary contributions is as follows: Each teacher of a class has a book, in which are entered the names of the scholars forming his or her class, and every Sunday morning, after the lessons are ended, one of the scholars collects contributions from the others, the amount collected being entered in the book. The sums so collected in each class are again collected monthly from the teachers by the secretary of the school, who enters them in a book provided for that purpose; and at the end of each quarter the respective amounts contributed by the girls and the boys are read out by the Vicar from the desk.

"Still more gratifying is the fact that two members of the school, formerly scholars and teachers, have given themselves to the work: one is now a Missionary in South India, and the other pursuing his studies prior to ordination in the Church Missionary Society's College at Islington."

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

Proverbs.

1. Where do we read "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth"?—What things in heaven and earth spread abroad, and yet increase?—What promises are there about sowing and reaping? And where are we told, that "in due reason we shall reap if we faint not"?

2. To what is "good news from a far country" compared?—What was the best "good news" ever brought to earth; and from what "far country" did it come?—Where are we told to send the same "good news" to countries afar off; and how may we help to do so?—Where, and with what waters, are we told that "thirsty souls" shall be satisfied?

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Ecclesiastes.

3. Where is the promise made to those who cast their bread upon the waters that they shall find it after many days?—To what custom of sowing during the flooding of the Nile does it refer?—How does this teach us that we must sow the seed of God's word, trusting to Him for a blessing even when we do not see it springing up?

Song of Solomon.

4. What is it "that many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown"?—In what words are we told of the greatest proof of love, and by whom was it given?—How should the example of Jesus stir up our love to all around?—In how many passages does St. John teach us, that "if God so loved us we ought also to love one another"?

THE RUNNER.

By Mrs. Clarke, *of Umritsur.*

They tell in Persian story of a runner swift and sure,
Whom from his steady onward course no pageant could allure.

The runner he was bidden to bear a cup of gold,
Brimful of sparkling water, from hidden spring and cold,

In haste to distant mansion, nor ever rest or stop,
Lest of the grateful water he should lose a single drop.

Saw'st thou the Kingly retinue, in all its proud array?
Didst mark the royal elephants in crimson howdahs gay?

What of the Kingly retinue? What of the royal state?
I saw them not, nor tarried, for the runner might not wait.

Didst hear the silver trumpets and merry holiday?
Didst join the merry multitude that crossed thy weary way?

What of the merry multitude that thronged my weary road?
I heard them not; thou badest me unswerving bear my load.

O Christian! thou who here shouldst bear salvation's cup of gold,
Yet oft art weary, now to thee the runner's tale is told.

Why heed the world's gay pageant, and all its empty show?
Why let thy footsteps tarry, oft so wearily and slow?

Why let Life's precious water-drop be wasted by the way?
Why lose its cooling freshness, through thy perilous delay?

O Christian! many are athirst, and many sorely need;
Run steadily and surely, and God thine errand speed!

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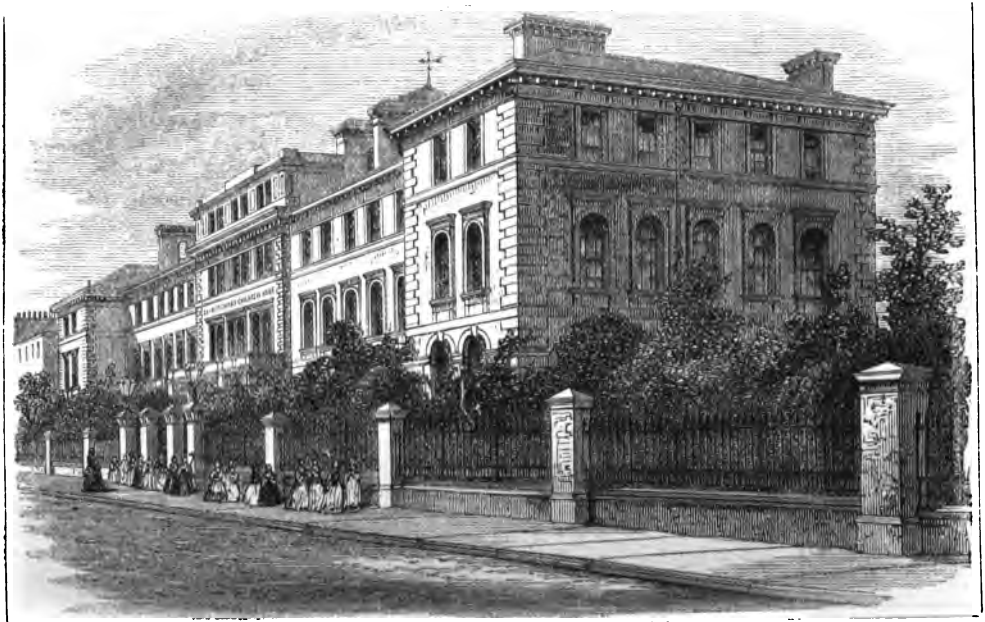

CHURCH MISSIONARY CHILDREN'S HOME, HIGHBURY.—*From a Photograph.*

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OUR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN'S HOME.

HILDREN who love the little Green Book often read about our good Missionaries braving the hardships of foreign lands. They have heard of the bitter cold of North America, where, if you go out without gloves, you are in danger of having your fingers frozen, and sometimes can get no breakfast until you have broken a hole in the ice and caught some fish. They have been told of the burning heat of the tropics, where you feel as if you can scarcely breathe or move between sunrise and sunset; and they know how the dear father and mother, with hearts full of love to the Lord JESUS, and tender yearning over the souls that are ready to perish, are willing to brave all these sufferings, and cheerfully to bear up under the privations they imply, in order to teach the poor heathen the way to heaven. But what of their little children? Do other boys and girls who are living in their healthful, happy English homes, with their dear parents, ever think how it is with our Missionaries' children? Can they battle through the sufferings from hunger and cold of the bitter Northern climates? Or can they keep up under the melting heat which makes even grown people feel so tired and exhausted?

No, dear young readers, they cannot, generally. I know your tender hearts have ached over the stories of the death-beds of some of our noble Missionaries and their wives. Like true martyrs, they have laid down their lives for our dear Master's cause and the spread of His kingdom. But I think, perhaps, it would touch you even more if I could tell you of the many, many infants' graves, in those far Mission stations. I do not know one Missionary's wife who has not lost a child; I know many who have lost several, by early death, some who have lost all. I remember one, their first-born, and their only child, who was given to her parents in the wild, rocky valleys of Abyssinia. They rejoiced over her as over a sweet new flower-bud in that dreary wilderness. They felt, had she lived, it would have been something always beautiful, and bright, and joyful in their life of toil and difficulties. But scarcely had they folded her in their arms when something told them it could not be for long. The little one was too tender to bear the hardships they

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were cheerfully undergoing. Even as they looked upon her, with all the inexpressible love which gushes from a parent's heart to a first-born child, they saw that she was drooping, —that she must die. The poor father brought water to baptize her, that the little one might be admitted by outward covenant into the ark of Christ's church below, before she entered into the glorious assembly of His people above. What should they call her? I thought the name was so touching. They christened her by the Abyssinian word for "a Tear." It is years since I heard it, but I shall never forget it. I have pictured to myself those two, away from all the world, in that bleak and lonely valley—the father, with his noble faith, for he was a very hero in all that he had dared and done in the Missionary cause, standing there with his dying infant in his arms, yielding up his only one, as Abraham did, when God called for it; and the gentle mother in her weakness beside him, realizing the anguish, as only a mother can, but yet saying from the heart, "Not my will, O God, but Thine be done."

It is because there is great risk to young children's health in allowing them to stay in these foreign lands that they are generally brought over, quite as little ones, to be reared and educated in England. You, who think there is no place in the world like our own dear country, will not feel as if they were much to be pitied for this. But then, remember, being in England, to the Missionaries' children, means being *away* from their father and mother, away from *home*—away from the dear elder brothers and sisters, who, already grown up, have returned to their parents; away from the sweet little nursery group, who would be such a delight, as pets and playthings;—and this not for a short absence. Probably for some twelve years it has to last, and this long time may be only broken by two or three short intervals, when the Missionaries come for a little rest in the midst of their work to their native land.

But what becomes of the children in England? They cannot live in a home of their own here, without any one to care for them, as you have read of some wonderful children doing upon desert islands. I suppose some of them used to be with grandmammas, and some with uncles and aunts, and some, who had no one so near and dear belonging to them, were placed as pupils at gentlemen's and ladies' schools. This would be all very well for lesson times, but it must

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have been dull work for the holidays; and, even for those who were with their relations, I think it might be very sorrowful for children, whose own dear parents were far away, to live with cousins who always had *their* father and mother beside them.

These, and probably many other reasons as well, put it into the heads and hearts of some of God's dear people, about twenty years ago, to use some of the money raised by the Jubilee Fund in setting up a *Home* on purpose for the children of Missionaries of our Church Missionary Society. It was planned that there should be a father and a mother over it, who should promise to love the children and care for them as if they were their own; that there should be tutors to teach the boys, and governesses for the girls, and a nice nursery for the little ones, and all should live in one house, that brothers and sisters might not be parted, but grow up side by side.

Then it must be a famously large Home, because there are about 210 married Missionaries at work for our Society, and if they each had, say, two children only being brought up in England, you see it would make a very, very great family. But there would not really be nearly so many, because some of the Missionaries—(like good Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer,* whose delightful letters from Africa you have often read in the little Green Book)—have no children; some have had dear little ones and lost them all. A cousin of mine lost her six little boys, all but one, as babies, before they were old enough to be taken to England; and again, some few Missionaries have been spared to see their dear children grown up and settled in homes of their own—so that it is only some whose children are of the age in which they need to be at lessons. These things were doubtless taken into account, so that when the "Home" was planned it was made large enough to contain about 80 children only. About 77 belong to it at this time. Shall we make-believe that you and I are going to pay them a visit? I think it is a place in which we could spend a very happy day together.

THE "HOME" AT HIGHBURY.

About five minutes' walk from the Highbury Railway station we come to a broad and pleasant street, which from

* Now, alas! no more. She died at Martham, Norfolk, on June 6th, 1870.

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the rich avenue of trees shading it on either side is not inaptly called a "Grove." The name of Park is too often a sham in our London suburbs. Places are called *parks* where there is not a blade of grass under foot, or a green bough over head: but Highbury Grove can boast of beautiful trees from one end to the other. Going up the Grove from the station, you soon perceive on your right-hand side a massive building of dark grey stone, enclosed in handsome iron railings, and over the porch in large stone letters you may read "Church Missionary Children's Home: Ps. cii. 28." It is well to have the name written up, for some who would not have time to enter may surely lift up their hearts, as they read it in passing by, for God's especial blessing on the fold where these dear lambs are being nurtured: "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us;" and who can doubt that the welfare of children whose parents have given them up for His sake is peculiarly dear to the heart of the Lord Jesus?

But you and I are not hurried to-day, and we will pass through the gates, and cross the strip of Garden, nicely planted with shrubs and flower-beds, which lies between the railings and the house, into the entrance-hall. The first thing that strikes you on coming in is the same text of which we have the reference outside, prettily inscribed in gold letters in an arched recess above a marble slab opposite the door. "The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee." Now turn to the left, and I will take you, where I know *I* should like to go first, to the *Nursery*.

THE NURSERY.

Through a swing door which separates the Girls' wing from the rest of the house, along a stone corridor, lofty and cheerful from its many windows, you will come to the foot of the stairs which lead you in three flights to the top of the house; and before you have well mounted the second, a chorus of little voices, in merry play or baby-lessons, will guide you, without much fear of missing your way, to the Day-Nursery.

It is a pretty sight. Here are ten little creatures frisking about together, most of them under six years of age, as bright, as merry, and as well cared for in appearance as

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the little ones of any nobleman's nursery. The youngest is only two and a half—a rosy-cheeked baby, with golden locks thrown back in natural curls from the broad, open brow, and dark eyes that look straight up into yours with the sweet confidence of an infancy that has never known anything but love. She can hardly speak plainly enough to tell you where she comes from; but turn to that winsome little fellow who is trotting her up and down the room, and ask him where is his papa, and he will lisp out "Africa" as eagerly as if he were conscious of the true dignity, the honour of suffering for Jesus, which belongs to that perilous sphere of labour. Such blue eyes and fair skin for an *African* Missionary's son! Yes, for the boy has never yet set foot in the sultry climate of his parents' home. Three sweet babes they laid at Sierra Leone in an infants' grave, but this one, and their little brother who is so like him, were born during their father and mother's occasional visits to England, and when old enough were brought to the "Home," which has sheltered them since.

LITTLE MATA.

If you had come last year, you might have seen one dear little girl, whose olive complexion and large brilliant dark eyes betrayed at a glance her Southern origin. Her father was a native African Missionary, though her mother was English, and little Mata's character, as well as her appearance, reminded one of her tropical birth. But she was not to linger long in the land of her adoption. Her chest became weak, and she gradually drooped and died, in spite of the loving care and skilful nursing which were lavished upon her. We often thought that if her sainted parents (for both were in heaven) could have seen her in her sick-room, they would have felt that God had surrounded their little orphan with tenderness second only to their own. Bunches of bright summer flowers, contributed by one and another, constantly adorned her mantel-piece, supplies of tempting grapes or strawberries generally stood beside her, the pictures she loved were hung all round her little couch, with her great favourite, Jesus blessing little Children, right in front, where she could see it best; and such a regiment of dolls, dressed in pink, white or blue, were to be seen on all sides, it was no easy matter to know where to stow them away. Dear little Mata! she needs her earthly treasures no more to beguile the

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weary hours of illness. We trust she is gone where the inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick."

But you must see some of our Northern children, as well as those from India and Africa. Look at those little sisters, the youngest three and a half, the other about a year older. Last year they travelled many thousands of miles with their parents from North America here. If they were old enough to remember and describe it to you, I am sure you would think it a most interesting story of travel. These little ones, and two little brothers next in age, lived with their parents for four months in an open boat. There was no cabin, and when it rained the travellers were obliged to shelter under some sort of macintosh or oilcloth. Eighteen hundred miles they journeyed thus along the American rivers, rowed by native Indians during the day. In the evenings, anchor was cast, and the party landed on shore, and set up a tent, in which to sleep during the night. To judge by their chubby cheeks and rounded limbs, you would not think that these little ones had suffered from this strange rough life; but English children born in North America are often more delicate even than those who come from the tropics. This union of the children from many lands is a very interesting feature of this institution. The three oldest boys, who sit side by side on the upper school benches, are from India, North America, and China, respectively. The one from China lost both his parents before he was six months old, and was faithfully nourished and cared for by a Chinese woman as his nurse. She afterwards brought him herself to Europe. So, you see, in our Missionary Children's Home, we have a little picture of our one glorious Home above, where those of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, shall stand before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. God grant that not one from the earthly, may be absent from the Heavenly gathering-place!

It is time we leave the Nursery, and glance over the many white beds in the long, airy Dormitories, the lavatories and bath-room, which occupy the second and third stories. On the ground-floor we find the upper and lower School-rooms, fitted up with pianos, desks, and maps, and each child's own especial cupboard for books and treasures. In the lower school-room both boys and girls under ten are taught together upon a plan resembling that of our National Infant

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Schools. The governesses' sitting-room, the class-room, and the work-room, where a dress-maker is constantly at work to make dresses, cloaks, and hats for more than thirty little damsels, will not detain us long. But you must just peep into their large playground before you say good-bye to the girls' territory. A grass-plot has lately been laid out on which they are to have croquet, and the border is divided into their little gardens, from which I am sure you may get a nice little posy, if you like to ask for it. Some of these gardens (which the children look after entirely themselves) do the little lady gardeners much credit. Part of the playground is roofed over, that they may swing, skip, &c., under cover, and get in the fresh air, on a wet day. The playgrounds divide the Home from the Infirmaries, where sick children are nursed and cared for in rooms separate from those in health.

THE BOYS' SIDE.

If we now pass over to the Boys' side we shall find it exactly like the girls' in the style of sleeping-apartments, school-rooms, and playground, the only difference being that they have a complete gymnasium fitted up for them in the part which is under cover. But do they ever all meet together—boys, girls, and little ones? Oh, yes, three times every day, in the Great Hall. This is a noble room running along the whole eastern side of the building, and probably large enough to contain between three and four hundred people if closely packed. It is furnished with a fine organ, the gift of some liberal friend to the Home, and five dining-tables, with corresponding benches, where breakfast, dinner, and tea, take place. The director and his family are at the centre table; the girls and the nursery children, with their governesses, occupy those to his left; the boys and their tutors those on his right hand. Each elder girl has a little one beside her, to watch over and care for during the meal, as the Nurses are not present. In the Hall, morning and evening greetings are exchanged by the various members of this great "family," and a few minutes are allowed in which brothers and sisters may form themselves into little groups to have a cosy chat together, in which no one else thinks of intruding. Breakfast, at half-past seven in the morning, and early tea at five or half-past, in the afternoon, and followed by family prayers. It is a beautiful

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and a touching sight to see these dear children at the hour of prayer and praise—the jewels gathered in one casket, from homes scattered far and wide in all regions of the earth—homes which Jesus loves, for they are those of His faithful servants, who have given up all for His sake. A hymn is always sung, accompanied by the organ, and is joined in by more than a hundred in this daily worship—the servants, and other members of the household included, forming altogether a congregation of this number. Softly and reverently the young voices chime in with the Lord's Prayer at the close; and one's thoughts wander away to the countless numbers taught by their beloved parents to echo the petitions of this wonderful prayer in nearly all the languages of the globe.

Here, dear little readers, we must leave for the present the occupants of our Missionary Children's Home. Those who care to become further acquainted with it may perhaps be able to come and visit it for themselves; but any who are to know it only through the pages of this little book will not have been introduced to it in vain, if they are led to lift up their hearts in loving prayer for those who are gathered in one family within its walls. In the separation from their own dear ones, these children share, more or less, in the great and sore sacrifices made by their parents for the Lord's work in foreign lands. Ask for them, that not one of them may fail of that eternal recompense of reward promised to those who give up the joys of this life for their Saviour's sake.

E. D.

MORE TRAVELLING IN EARNEST.

My dear Young Friends,—

SOME time since a letter of mine found its way into the Green Book. It contained an account of my journey from England to Moose, and the editor headed it with the title, "Travelling in Earnest," and, after the letter, wrote that she hoped I would by and by favour my little friends with further information respecting my home and work at Moose Factory.

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Now I fancy that many of you know something about Moose Factory already, where it is situated, what it is, and what it is noted for; for I do not forget the hundreds of little pleasant faces and pairs of little bright eyes which some time ago were turned on me, as I spoke to them of that very out-of-the-world sort of place which is my home. I had your sympathy then, I know, and I assure you that I equally wish to retain it now; for it may be as active for me when we are distant from each other as when we are near—your prayers for me are as efficacious now as when England was my temporary home. And I intend to retain your sympathy, and, loving you, I know I shall; for I shall acquaint you with my in-comings and my out-goings, take you with me on my long, long journeys into the Indian hut, where some poor creature is perhaps dying, cheered with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness; into my school, pretty often; indeed everywhere I go myself I wish you to accompany me.

What I am now to do is just to ask you to go with me, in imagination, through the scenes amid which I travelled last summer, and as the journeying was long, and among different peoples, I shall divide it into three, taking you first to Brunswick among the Salteaux; then to Rupert's House, among a branch of the Crees; and lastly to Fort George and the whale rivers, among another family of the Crees, and the Esquimaux: in all, we have to travel nearly two thousand miles.

THE WAY TO BRUNSWICK.

To get to Brunswick, my way lay up a large river against stream, and the last few miles a lake, on the shore of which Brunswick is situated.

I had designed to leave Moose early in May, but could not, for our river did not lose its winter coat of ice until the 12th, and then the water from the melting snows was so high, that it would have been too dangerous to leave earlier than I did. Here are a few words from my journal:—

"*May 20th*, in the morning, visited many of my people; administered the sacrament to Anne Checo and her mother; visited and prayed with little Frances Morrison, and bid her adieu until I see her again in heaven. Everything being in readiness, I left for Brunswick, in a canoe, a little before

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4 P.M.; weather very bad and cold; great quantities of ice along the banks of the river, in some places standing nearly twenty feet high.

Now this ice impeded our progress a great deal, as the Indians could not walk on shore and track the canoe along with a line, but were obliged to trust entirely to pole and paddle, which did not perform the work either as easily or rapidly. For some days the weather was very bad, snow falling occasionally, and rendering us as uncomfortable as we could well be. We dreaded this most as evening came on and we were about to encamp. Everything so wet and cold, with a difficulty in lighting a fire, one could scarcely feel otherwise than miserable until the kettle had been coaxed to boil, and a good cup of tea made and drunk. Then one's feelings returned, and the scales fell from one's eyes, and we fancied it might have been worse: so with this consolation cheerfulness gradually reigned among our party, the events of the day were discussed, and the prospects of the morrow hopefully stated; and before the Evening Hymn was sung and our prayer ascended to our Father in heaven we formed as happy a little party as could be found anywhere.

Rain, snow, or shine, on we went, as fast as circumstance would allow, now poling, now paddling, occasionally tracking; now in comparatively placid water; and then again with our poles stuck firmly into the river's rocky bed, and bending to them with all our strength, pushing ourselves up a rapid.

So we went on until *Wednesday, the 26th*: this was a terrible day from beginning to end. We had encamped on the previous night at a spot where we were within hearing, almost within sight, of the first of a succession of rapids, which I plainly saw my chief men regarded with a little fear; and soon after starting our difficulties commenced. Here the water rushes through a narrow gorge over a steep incline, broken occasionally into very bad rapids; the banks are high, rocky, and precipitous, so that we could not make a portage. In general there is no great difficulty here; but now, the water was so much higher than usual that our difficulties were almost insurmountable. To get to the least rapid part of the current we had to cross the river four or five times; we had done so twice, and each time were swept far down stream. We now poled our

way up until we came where we were to cross for the third time.

Here was a stop. Our guide, an oldish man, and one very well accustomed to the river, knew not what to do. "To cross here," said he, "is certain destruction; and there is no other place: no canoe could get across before it was swept down the rapid below, and there it would be smashed to pieces." But where we were it was as dangerous to return as to go forward, so we at last were all seated in the canoe, with its head pointing to the other side. I grasped a paddle firmly, and then, trusting in God, we went forward, paddling for very life. Down, down, down we go; but as we go down we make likewise for the shore, and in a few minutes we are safe.

On we go, and an hour afterwards are at another stand-still. Proceed we cannot. But perhaps the empty canoe may surmount the difficulty; so we go back for half a mile, and then carry everything except the canoe over those terrible rocks, over which there was no path, however rude, and which were almost perpendicular from the water. Well, this difficulty is overcome too, and by and by we come to the Long Portage. We scramble up the steep and muddy bank, with kettles and blankets and flour, and tent and canoe and everything; for the river is here utterly impassable. On we trudge with our loads, through the woods, across the swamps, mud, water, snow, until we have left the seething cauldrons below, and are again on the stately-flowing waters. The day's work has left us unharmed, but has broken our canoe, so we encamp early to repair it.

Thus day succeeds day, each having its troubles and pleasures. Many rapids are ascended, many portages made, and as we go on the weather improves, for we are travelling south,—yes, verily, I actually begin to see a slight tinge of green on the poplars: perhaps it is almost time I should, seeing that the month of May is nearly out.

May 31*st*, a beautiful day; rose early, got on well, made five portages and then got to Brunswick river; had four portages here, and at half-past four arrived at Brunswick. And surely, with such a grand name, Brunswick must be a place of importance. Let us see! The whole establishment consists of three dwelling-houses, one

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shop, one byre. The residents, one European gentleman, two married native men with their wives and children, and two unmarried men—these were all. It is a fur-trading establishment, to which the Indians of the surrounding country resort for the purpose of exchanging their furs for articles of European manufacture.

SUPERSTITION.

Those Indians are Salteaux, and speak differently from the Indians about Moose. You may judge a little of their language by the commencement of the Lord's Prayer: "Wayosemekoyun keshekonk ayayun, ta Riche apetantakwut Ret eshenekasowin." The Indians are not numerous; men, women, and children not numbering more than a hundred and fifty. They seem peaceable, very superstitious, and utterly regardless of the comforts of life. They care not where they sleep at night; their principal resting-place was the wooden platform near their trading room, quite exposed to the weather. You may yourselves judge of their superstition by the following story:—A woman, the second wife of an Indian named Mistikonapão, last winter gave out that she had received a revelation from heaven, accompanied with a gift of two books. She was to be the instructress of her tribe, the books were to prove the reality of her mission, and woe be to those who refused to listen to her teaching! This announcement created quite a ferment. Her husband became her first disciple, zealously endeavouring to advance her claims among his brethren; and this for a while he did with considerable success. By and by the English trader was made acquainted with what was going on, and he sent for Mistikonapão, and questioned him respecting it. He came, and spoke boldly of his wife's powers, confirmed in his belief by the assurance that no white man possessed such a book as one of those she had received from heaven. The trader expressed a desire to see the books. They were brought in triumph, and then all was clear. He looked, and lo! his name appeared on both; the very wonderful book being a folded map of one of the divisions of Canada. So the cunning prophetess turned out to be a poor thief. She had gone into the trader's house, taken the books from his shelf, and in their possession had set up claims to be a wise woman among her people.

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IMPUDENCE.

The true ownership of property they do not seem to understand, and if a dinner can be obtained at another person's expense, so much the better. Sometime since the trader was summoned to dinner, but being busy could not go at once to partake of it; when at last he went into the dining-room, he was not a little surprised to see a young woman sitting down and regaling herself on his dinner. She had put aside his plate, and taken the dish to herself. She was not at all abashed on being discovered, and indeed, was not a little surprised and angered when requested to leave the room. Well, perhaps the readers of the Green Book would be no better, had they been brought up uncared for and untaught as that young woman was.

RETURN TO MOOSE.

But my message was most gladly received; day after day and several times a day the poor creatures came to hear the glad tidings, or to learn their alphabet or the Lord's Prayer. I was only sorry I could not remain with them longer than I did; indeed, many were obliged to go away before me, as food was so very scarce; but this is the cry almost everywhere in this country—food, food. So after a stay of nine days my canoe was again in the water, and amid a great firing of guns we commenced our northward, homeward journey, praying that in some hearts at least the good seed sown might spring up and bring forth fruit a hundredfold. Our return journey was a very pleasant one, and speedily accomplished, for we had no longer to contend with the stream, but, moving with it, it bore us forward whether we paddled or not, and sometimes with tremendous swiftness; for in the rapids we had frequently to stop the way of the canoe to prevent its bounding over, or on a rock, either of which cases would have involved destruction.

It is an exciting thing to be in a canoe amidst the boiling, roaring waters, knowing that a bad stroke of the paddle might send you to eternity. Generally, however, there is not much danger, if you have good men. We met with no disaster, except the breaking of our canoe on one occasion, when, however, I was not in it,—I was ashore to lighten the canoe, as the men ran a rapid where the water was shallow. My only mishap, if such it could be called, was

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being thoroughly wetted by a wave, which had the impertinence to strike me as we descended a more than usually turbulent rapid.

Well, in little more than four days, on *Saturday, June 12th*, at a little after 6 A.M., I was again in my own house, happy in finding my dear wife and little ones quite well. But outside all looked winterish; nothing was yet visible in the garden, not a leaf was on any of the trees, and this was only a few days before Midsummer.

J. HORDEN.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

Isaiah.

1. In what passages is it prophesied that the worship of idols shall give place to the worship of the true God; and that instead of to idol temples men shall go up to the House of the Lord to worship?

2. Of what heathen king do we read who compared his gods with the God of Israel?—How did he learn the power of Jehovah?—In whose house was he worshipping when he was slain?

3. What prophecies do you find in Isaiah of the bringing in of the Gentiles to the knowledge of Jesus?—Where does St. Paul refer to them?

4. What prophecies of Christ and of the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit do you find in Isaiah?

5. What descriptions do we read of the Millennium, when Jesus shall come to earth again?—What nations are we told will be gathered to "the brightness of His rising"?

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"TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AFTERWARDS."

AMONG the many curious things from the Museum of the Church Missionary Society which were sent to the Great Exhibition at Paris in 1867 was a large plank of hard wood, carved so as to look like the face of some horrible creature. This plank is about six feet high and about three feet wide, and our friends at Paris were very much astonished at it, and still more so when they were told that it came from New Zealand, that the carving, very beautifully executed, was done with a sharp stone, and that the plank formed part of the entrance to a "Pah."

"What is a Pah?" you will ask. It is the New Zealand name for a fortress, and, in the wars in which our soldiers have fought in New Zealand, many a brave man has fallen in trying to storm these Pahs.

They are only made of wood, but are strongly made; and you can easily imagine what they are like when I tell you that a Pah is only a large enclosure like a sheepfold, with the walls made of great stakes driven into the ground close to one another, and too high for a man easily to climb over. Then there is an Entrance, very narrow; and over it just such an image as was sent to the Paris Exhibition.

A Pah is generally made on a rising ground, so as to be difficult to attack; and though they are rough and rude, and not a bit like our great stone forts, and have no cannon, they are very strong, and difficult to take. It is about one of these Pahs that we are writing, and our picture describes a deeply interesting scene that happened not long ago.

An English clergyman, a Missionary, comes to a native village, and presently, after some talk with the people, they lead him to a rising ground near the village. As they walk along he stops, and looks about the ground. He seems to recognize the place, and points here and there on the ground. Presently all stop, and some of the natives point to an old ruined enclosure. It was once a Pah, and they measure out some ground at one corner, and seem to motion to the Missionary to take possession of the piece of ground. Then the Missionary speaks to them, and seems particularly to address some of the old men, and he speaks very solemnly. Then they all kneel, and the Missionary prays. But now you will wonder what it all means.

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Twenty-five years ago there was much war in New Zealand; for though many of the natives were Christians, yet they thought that the English were not behaving rightly to them, and especially about taking their lands. So, as they had guns, they could defend their Pahs, and gave our troops much trouble, and killed many of them. Now, one of their strongest Pahs was at a place near the Bay of Islands, and the British troops, numbering about 400 men, came to attack the Pah on the 3rd of May, 1845. But instead of taking it they were beaten back, and left many officers and men lying dead before the Pah. How different was the conduct of the New Zealand Chief to what it would have been had he and his men not been Christians! He sent a message to the British Commanders to say that the dead should have a Christian burial. They were buried, and the Missionary, the Rev. R. Burrows, read the burial service. Twenty-four years afterwards the natives of a village send to Mr. Burrows, and beg him to come and select a piece of ground to build a church. And now we must let Mr. Burrows tell the rest of the story:—

"The people now informed us that their wish was to give up the land upon which this Pah stood as a site for the church, and to add two or three acres more if required for the purposes of a glebe.

"The occasion was to me a most interesting one, and brought very vividly to my recollection the melancholy scene I witnessed there on the morning after the repulse of our troops in 1845. The very spots where lay the bodies of Captain Grant of the 58th regiment, and Lieutenant Philpotts, son of the late Bishop of Exeter, and many others, I could clearly recognize. There were present several of the men who on that sad day handled the muskets which were directed with such deadly effect, and with whom the late Archdeacon Williams and I conversed on that morning, standing in the midst of the slain.

"The spot for the church having been determined upon, and the several corner-pegs put in, I reminded the people present, in a few words, that I visited that spot in 1845, when some of them, and many others now numbered with the dead, were busy building the Pah, which resisted the attack of the British troops, and where they showed so much skill and courage. I now stood before them with very different feelings to those I then had, having just joined

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"TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AFTERWARDS."

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them in setting apart the selfsame spot as a site for a House of Prayer to our common Father through Christ; and I hoped that they would show equal courage and perseverance in wielding these weapons of warfare, which are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

RUPERT'S HOUSE.

LAST month our readers accompanied Mr. Horden on his journey to Brunswick. He now describes to them a journey altogether of a different kind:—

And now I have to take you with me in another direction altogether; we shall have nothing to do with portages, rapids, falls, and such-like impediments and pleasures,—for, with the exception of a few miles of river, our voyage will be on the sea, skirting the southern coast of James's Bay. It is very probable you will suffer a little from sea-sickness, for the sea here is of a very restive disposition, and, except in winter, when it is bound firmly in fetters of ice, is seldom friendly and scorns to smile. On my return from New Brunswick I remained at Moose two Sundays, and then, on Tuesday morning, June 22, went on board a large boat, and set out for Rupert's House with a light but fair wind. We went along down the river for a mile, when suddenly the wind veered round, blowing directly in our teeth, and quite furiously. Hoping it was only a squall, we dropped anchor; and then down came the rain, in quantity and force such as I have scarce even seen equalled. We raised anchor and ran back, drenched as thoroughly as if we had been immersed in the sea; this was certainly a bad beginning. I slept at home that night, leaving again the next morning. We got down to an island at the mouth of the river, and there put ashore, the wind being contrary. On the day following we set off, but before long we were aground on the sands, and as the tide was falling we had to remain there many hours. The rising tide brought adverse wind, and as soon as we were able we put back to our former encampment. Here we were seen from Moose Factory, and as letters had arrived from England, mine, with others for Rupert's House, were sent down to me. Ah, my dears, this more than paid me for all my little vexations—good news from dear ones in a far country is a priceless trea-

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sure. A little after midnight I was up. The wind was fair, the tide rising; I awoke my men, and presently we were all on board. We had a great difficulty in getting over the sands, but succeeded at length, and then went forward joyously, with all sails set. We do not get too near the land, for the water is shoally; we see the low coast line with the dark line of pines beyond. Here we are at the western point of Hannah Bay, full of shoals and dangers. We sail right across its twenty miles of breadth, and soon catch sight of Keyaskonapisk, the gull-rock, where gulls delight to lay their eggs; and then one after another the different capes on the peninsula of Ministikawatim. Yes, and now we can look across the bay and see Sheik's Mount, with which we shall come into closer contact by and by; and here we are in Rupert's Bay, with its many islands—on and on to the mouth of the river. We are seen; up goes the flag showing that we are welcome, and the few houses appear.

And what are those masses of black on the bank? I see now,—they are my beloved people. Between *three and four hundred well-dressed Indians* stand there, ready to grasp their minister's hand and to bid him welcome.

I was soon surrounded by dark and smiling faces and a forest of hands, and was warmly greeted by Jacob Matamashkum, the native teacher. I then went to dinner. Yes, dinner! Half-past two o'clock! I left the mouth of Moose River—a good hundred miles distant—in the early morning, and sat down to dinner at half-past two on the same day, so we really do awake up sometimes in Rupert's Land. And now it is work, work, work, from morning till night,—and such pleasant work, because it is appreciated. We must of course work, whether it is appreciated or not; but is it not much more pleasant to do so when it is appreciated? But where is the Church? Well, heaven's canopy is the roof, and the green grass the floor; for we have no building large enough to accommodate so many Indians as are here congregated. We have a large room, which will hold nearly half, and which I use for classes, weddings, baptisms, &c., and which we are obliged to use for service when it rains. "Why don't you get a Church?" say you? What an easy question! Now I tell you what I will do—that is, if God permits; I will send you next year a drawing of the Church at Rupert's House—one that is not, but is to be. Look around on that

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congregation! There is Wapachen, the old chief, a Christian man, with a large Christian family, every member of which reads intelligently from his own bought books of the love of God to man, and of the eternal home prepared alike for whites and Indians. Here are two sons of John Thompson, a poor old man who, turned from darkness to light, departed in peace a few years ago. I have never seen anywhere a book like his Prayer-book; every leaf was literally worn out by constant use. His sons are walking in his steps. Here is Robert Wapunaweshkum, who sometimes conducts service when no one of greater authority is here, and his father and brother and wife; yes, and here too are many who have come from the distant port of Mistasiuee. It is a goodly number, and our responses are uttered audibly and devoutly, and our singing is very hearty; altogether our service is an enjoyable one. "Do you know them all?" say you? Yes: just as well as a father knows the different members of his family. And where, say you, did they all spend last winter? A very good question. One here and another there, scattered over a vast extent of country, hunting the different fur-bearing animals, which they have now brought in to trade for English goods. So do not picture to yourself a painted and feathered assembly, but a congregation dressed as neatly and substantially as a congregation of English villagers. They came to the post a few days before me, and at once services were commenced. The best reader took the management; a day or two after a better reader arrived, and the first at once vacated his place to him. Then Jacob made his appearance, and being their recognized leader, all gave way to him; so that on my coming I had but to continue what had been commenced by my people themselves. And do you not think I felt deeply thankful to Almighty God for allowing me to see such things among a people who a few years ago were heathens, and practised crimes the recital of which would make you shudder? I was thankful, and I call upon you, my young neighbours and friends, to rejoice with me on the entry of those sheep into the Christian sheepfold.

And now for a summary of my work at Rupert's House. I sold four pounds' worth of Indian books, collected sixteen pounds towards bell and communion-plate for new church, performed seventeen marriages, baptized thirty-eight adults and infants, and administered the Sacra-

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ment to thirty-five communicants. Surely Christianity has done much for these people! But my work was not entirely among Indians; there are some at Rupert's House who speak English quite well—as well as it is spoken in any English village; they are the residents, and are in the service of the Hon. Hudson Bay Company, and some of the children are as fair as any on English soil. Well, those of course must not be neglected; so I have an English service every day, and keep a short-time school for the little ones; and there they stand around me with the very same kinds of books you are accustomed to use, and with white faces and smiling countenances they read to me in my mother-tongue of the Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, of the penitent thief on the cross, and of the home Christ is preparing for His people. "And can they read like that?" say you? Yes, dears, they can; indeed, in the whole of my vast district there are scarcely any young people located at the various posts but what can read and write English. I feel, you know, a great personal interest in the welfare of every one entrusted to my care, and I should feel a little disgraced if I knew that those hundreds of miles distant from me, and whom I can see but very, very seldom, were growing up in utter ignorance.

Now, I must not forget to tell you of an important event which occurred while I was at Rupert's House. The Indians had a grand feast. Ah! children will like to hear a little about that. How English children anticipate their own feast-day; they look forward to it—well, never mind how long. But now to our feast. The Indians last winter made a grand hunt: that is, they killed a large number of martens, beavers, bears, lynxes, &c., and the sight of the fine bales of skins brought into the trading-room sent a thrill of delight through the heart of the English trader. His face assumed its most benignant expression, his eye kindled, his heart gradually filled to overflowing with goodwill and generosity, until he was impelled to cry out, "My Indians deserve a feast, and a feast they shall have!" The decree having gone forth, every preparation was made to carry it into effect; bread was baked, peas and pork and salted geese* were boiled; an enormous quantity of tea was made, heaps of biscuits and lots of tobacco were brought. On a Saturday afternoon all the invited guests are assembled,

* The geese fly over Rupert's Land in great numbers every summer. Thousands are caught and salted down for winter food.

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BARTERING CELLAR IN ESQUIMAUX LAND.

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about four hundred—I don't think one sent in an excuse for non-attendance; but there is none of that jollity among these Indians that you would observe among a similar number of the readers of the Green Book on such an occasion, for with them it is a grave matter: eating is a serious occupation. I was present at the commencement and said grace, and was much pleased to see such an orderly, well-dressed assembly. Grace said, the work of demolition commenced; and rapidly indeed did the piles of bread and biscuit lessen, and the pea-soup vanish, and the tea disappear, and the geese take to themselves wings and fly down the ready throats. The fragments remaining were but few. And now pipes are lit, and the smoke arises, from which, being no smoker, I retreat, but blame not an Indian for smoking; a little tobacco deadens those terrible hunger-pains from which no Indian is at all times free—not one among that whole party but could tell a tale of personal suffering which would dim the eyes of all my little friends. I shall perhaps by and by tell you one, illustrated by one of the most beautiful anecdotes I have ever heard. As the days pass on, one Indian, and then another, comes to me, and says, "My provisions are getting very short, I can stay no longer," and, with my blessing, I dismiss them to their woods and plains, trusting that God will preserve them. One of the first to depart is the old chief Wapachen, and with him leaves a large number, and I am thinking of leaving too: like my Master, I must preach the Gospel in other cities also, for therefore am I sent! But, how far the Gospel preached at Rupert's House will be carried! Hundreds of miles in different directions: to Waswanepe, three hundred miles distant; to Mistasinee, five hundred miles distant; to Nitchekwam, seven hundred miles distant—for I have seen people from all these places; yes, and you, with your contributions and prayers, help to send it there; and I trust that what I have now told you will encourage you in your good work and labour of love. But I must not tire you, neither must I stay longer at Rupert's House; and if you have hitherto enjoyed my company I will take you in my next paper amid seas and people strange and stranger still, and see how the good cause is there progressing.

J. HORDEN.

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A VISIT TO A FEW ZENANAS.

ZENANA! I hear some of my young readers exclaim, "What is that?" "Oh! don't you know?" another will reply, "don't you remember mamma talking about 'Zenana ladies' after she had been to that meeting a short time ago?"

"Well then, if you know, tell us about it," our first little friend will probably add. As, however, I think there are many young people who have not a very clear idea as to what a Zenana is, I will try and introduce them to some I have myself seen; for though the work of Zenana visiting is now much thought of, it is comparatively only lately that it has been talked of in England, and I have met with grown-up people even who imagined that a "*Zenana*" meant a "Bengalee lady." This, however, is quite a mistake, as our little friend, whose mamma went to the Zenana mission meeting, will probably be able to tell you.

In India, or at least over a large portion of India, the *ladies' apartments* in a native gentleman's house are called the *Zenana*. The wives and daughters of the people of the lower orders of course walk about freely in the roads and streets, but, except among quite the lowest classes, the poor women are never allowed to leave the house, or, indeed, even that portion appointed for their use; and all women thus confined are called "Zenana ladies." Of course we find among these Zenana ladies a great difference in station, according to the rank of the master of the house. Should he be a Rajah, his mother, wife, and daughters-in-law, though styled "Ranees" (queens or princesses), would still be considered Zenana ladies, and subject to the same "Zenana rules" as the family of any other Hindu gentleman of any rank—from the Rajah down to the little shopkeepers of the bazaars, or the small landed proprietors of the village.

I said the ladies never left their houses; now and then, however, they are allowed to pay visits to their relatives, but then they are conveyed in close palkeys, with a cloth covering thrown all over, so that they can neither see nor be seen. Poor things! How I have pitied them when seeing the closely-covered palkey carried along in the burning heat. Do you not think they must be almost suffocated by the time they get to their journey's end?

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The ladies have also, sometimes, another way of visiting very near neighbours,—but this is only in towns and where the houses happen to be built near enough to one another to allow the ladies to pass from the roof of one house to that of the next. In this way, when communication can be made between the ladies' apartments in two, or even more houses, there is a constant interchange of visits, and the usual monotony of the daily life is enlivened by the gossip and chat which take place during these calls; but of the outer world the dwellers in these Zenanas get no idea, except the glimpse they may occasionally obtain through the balustrade at the corner of a house-top, or a peep through a little grated window in the top storey of their houses.

You must understand that the houses are generally built all round a square open court-yard, with windows, balconies, and verandahs all opening upon it. There is no open communication between this court and the street The outward entrance to it is through a passage passing through the massive building of the house, frequently with several turns and windings, so that it is generally dark a great part of the way. One side of the quadrangle of the house is usually devoted to the ladies of the family, and called the Zenana; but even then the poor women are not allowed to come down to the lower part of the building, and the side of their apartments facing outwards has no windows, except little grated ones in the top storey of all.

My first visits to some of the poor benighted women of India were made before I knew enough of the language to converse much, therefore it was more with the object of getting a friendly footing in their houses, and becoming myself acquainted with their customs and feelings,—both, however, useful preparations for future work, for, of course, if you know the people whom you visit, and their circumstances, it is easier to get to their hearts; besides, it requires some little residence among a people, especially like the Hindus, with their caste prejudices, before you can become acquainted with their customs and feelings on various points, without knowing which, you may unwittingly offend or hurt them, and thus hinder the work you are anxious to promote. The time is, therefore, by no means lost which is devoted to becoming acquainted with the people before you are able to converse with them and tell them the good news of the Gospel.

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As I want you to have an accurate idea of the homes of these people, I will introduce you to some of those I first visited, and when our curiosity is thus satisfied, we will visit some of the Zenanas where the work of instruction is going on, and see the light entering these homes of darkness.

One of the first houses we will visit is that of a doctor,—a rich, enlightened, and well-educated man. To reach his house we must get out of the carriage and walk along a very rough path by the side of a tank covered with green slimy weeds. Perhaps you will wonder, as I did, that a doctor, with his knowledge of what is necessary for health, should allow such a nuisance to be so close to his house. Wait a minute, and you will be more astonished, for, after entering his premises through a door in a high wall, and crossing a rather large courtyard, we must, to set foot in his house, step over an open, stagnant sewer, which runs, or rather stands, at his door-step,—at least it was so when I visited his Zenana some years ago; we must hope it is better now. A servant runs to announce our arrival, and then returns to conduct us up the narrow, dark, stone staircase, which, after two or three turnings, brings us into the doctor's study; where he, rising from his couch to greet us, leads us through one or two small rooms till we step out upon a balcony overlooking the central courtyard round which the house is built. From this balcony we enter the Zenana, where we are warmly welcomed by the ladies of the family. These are the wife of the babu, one or two of his widowed sisters, and a married sister who is visiting them; his mother, being a bigoted old woman, will not be present. The room has nothing to be called furniture, except the chairs which are brought in for us. The ladies all recline on reed mats spread on the floor. It is a comfortless, long, narrow room, with an iron-barred window at one end,—not at all such a room as you would expect the ladies in a rich Bengalee babu's house to live in; but it is generally so in these houses. The state apartments are often very grand, with splendid chandeliers and other beautiful articles of furniture. These rooms, however, are only for show, or for the gentlemen of the family to meet their gentlemen-friends in. The rooms where the poor ladies live are generally totally devoid of any ornament, except, perhaps, some ugly pictures representing some of the foolish stories related of their gods. I do not mean that all are quite as bare as the one I have introduced you to; very

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many, however, are like this, and I will afterwards tell you of some others.

The wife of the babu is dressed in all her grandest ornaments, as she expected us to call. You have often seen pictures of the Hindu women's dress, with the long "sari;" hers, gracefully wound round her, is of the finest material,—a kind of gossamer spun silk of dark but bright colours. Her widowed relatives wear plain white saries. They, as widows, may never wear even a coloured border to their garments, and not a single ornament adorns their persons. As widows, they may never again wear one of their pretty jewels, and, though they have far worse hardships to endure, they look upon this as one of their greatest deprivations; for, to a Hindu woman, to adorn herself with her jewels is one of her greatest pleasures. She knows nothing of the "true riches" which I hope, my dear young friends, you have learned to value. We know that a woman's greatest adornment is the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price;" and we also know of that precious "Pearl of great price." Ah! may we all value this treasure at its true worth; and if we do we shall be anxious also that others should know of its inestimable worth. Will you not pray that the day may soon come when many of our dear Indian sisters may hear of the riches of the Gospel, and share in the great blessings which we enjoy?

But, to return to the Zenana, you must specially notice one ornament worn by the doctor's wife; it is a "little barrel"-shaped locket of gold, on which is engraved the "sacred name;" so sacred that she will not even venture to repeat it, if we ask her what it is. Enclosed in the locket is a little roll, bearing some sacred inscription, which it is supposed will act as a charm against evil, and the lady seems to consider that her own religious character is much increased by the simple possession of this amulet. Will you not pray that she may learn of a better Sanctifier? She has been taught to work, and with much pride brings out a pair of slippers which she is working for her husband. One of her sisters-in-law has learned to read,—not, however, from a missionary lady; and, instead of "Peep of Day" or some such book, she brings a volume filled with very silly Hindu stories. The ladies seem delighted to have such an excitement as the visit of English, although one or two seem

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hardly to rouse up from their listlessness, but the others seem quite merry, asking various questions about each one of their visitors. Do you not long to be able to tell them all about our holy religion and the love of a Saviour?

Look at that little boy to whom they draw our attention with such evident self-satisfaction! He is a poor Brahmin orphan boy, whom they are supporting and bringing up in their own family, which they consider a specially pious act.

You would, I am sure, like to know how these ladies employ their time; of course, wherever Indian ladies have learned to read or work, like those we have been visiting, the monotony of their lives is in a great measure enlivened by these employments, but, even where they have learned, their life consists of what to us would indeed be a weary round. In the morning they generally have the early meal to prepare; then bathing and dressing their long glossy tresses engages them for some time; after this, except in the case of the devout, who perform a long "pooja" or idol worship, they have *no* occupation, and pass their time in smoking, chewing pann, gossiping, or sleeping, until the time for preparing the evening meal. This preparation takes some little time, however, for the rice is carefully sifted and picked, and all the various spices for the curry ground and mixed quite fresh for each meal; there are, however, generally plenty of persons to perform these duties. Besides the servants, there are in most families some poor widowed relatives, by whom the more menial work is done, but no servant would be allowed to help in the cooking, unless of Brahmin caste, and the cooking is almost invariably done by the wife, assisted, perhaps, by her little daughters; even a very high Ranee, to whom I once paid a visit, told me she always herself prepared one curry, at least, every day for her husband; yet she had a hundred female servants attendant upon her; and her husband had given up many of the native customs and adopted the European, constantly having English guests at his table, where every European luxury abounded (the cooking being all prepared under the direction of a French cook), yet his wife, though by birth of a higher caste than himself, would not on any account have forgone this wifely duty.

As we can now bid farewell to the Zenana we have been visiting, with many requests from the ladies to go and see them again, you will, perhaps, like to hear of my visit to this Rajah's Zenana. The palace was a very splendid build-

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ing, adorned with the costliest furniture, in which Eastern magnificence was combined with European elegance and luxury. The Zenana buildings formed a separate kind of wing to the palace. The Rajah accompanied us when we went to see his wife, and without his permission we could not have gained admittance. At the entrance of the Zenana buildings stood a native soldier with a drawn sword. We first went through some intricate passages, at the end of which stood another soldier with a drawn sword, and past this point no man but the Rajah ever went. We were then conducted up stairs and along passages until we reached the top of the building, where the Ranee's special apartments were. We stood on a covered balcony which ran round the four sides of a quadrangle and looked down some three or four storeys into a square courtyard, in the centre of which was a tank with a fountain. Many pigeons were flying about in this court, besides which there were on all sides parrots and other birds,—either in cages or chained to perches; but everything had a dirty, dingy appearance, notwithstanding the hundred servants. The servants themselves looked very dirty, idle creatures, and the only bright spot was that where the Ranee sat decked out in her splendid jewels. She rose to greet us as the Rajah led us to her, and chairs were placed for us in the covered verandah where she was sitting. The Ranee, having been in a measure instructed by her husband, appeared to be very intelligent, but would not speak much, as the Rajah kept within ear-shot, and Bengalee being his native tongue, but not hers, she seemed shy about speaking it in his presence. A little Bengalee niece, however, opened her heart, and, while the rest of the party were engaged, told of the sorrow of her young life, in the death of a loving mother. I have since found such a communication a favourable means for introducing the first religious instruction, by telling of the Christian's hope in death. I tried then to do so, but think the Rajah's watchful eye was upon us; at any rate he quickly came near, and, on some pretence, sent the child away. The Rajah wished us to see that his wife's apartments were furnished more handsomely than those of most Bengalee ladies, and drew attention to the couch of "solid silver." Many splendid dresses were spread out on this couch to attract our admiring gaze, and the Ranee herself was adorned in some of her most splendid jewels, one magnificent diamond-drop which hung over her forehead,

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and which the Rajah had lately purchased, having cost a fabulous price. Besides this, she wore a tiara, ear-rings in profusion, eight or ten necklaces and chains of varying lengths, a jewelled belt, and rings and bracelets innumerable. Her dress was not the simple Bengalee sari, but the embroidered jacket, skirt, and trousers worn by women in the up-country district from which she came.

To be continued

A MORNING HYMN FROM THE WILDERNESS.

TUNE—"*Abide with me.*"

AWAKE, awake! the morning duties call!
Rouse from thy slumbers, on thy knees now fall;
Thy tribute to thy Maker humbly pay,
And seek a blessing for the opening day.

All praise to Thee, my Father and my God,
Thus far Thy love has brought me on life's road;
Day after day Thy mercy 's been renewed,
Night after night my safety 's been secured.

And still to-day be Thou my shield and guide,
Foes crowd around, the Tempter's at my side;
I'm weak, inclined to sin, and prone to fall;
Be Thou my strength, and then I conquer all.

More like to Jesus I would daily grow,
Through whom redemption, love, and mercy flow;
More loving, holy, generous, resigned,
Thoughtless of self, the friend of all mankind.

Now all who live and move in God, upraise
To Him a joyous, grateful song of praise;
To Him who died for man, His only Son,
And Holy Spirit—glorious Three in One.

J. H.

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NORTHWARD HO!

E have had such a hot summer that we ought to be grateful to Mr. Horden for letting us go with him on his journeys among the icebergs. Last month we were together at Rupert's Bay. Now we are bound further North; and if any boy of the Green Book Company wishes for more adventures than those which the Missionary has to meet with in bringing his message to the Indians, he had better take lodgings on the North Pole at once, and send us an account of himself by the first post.

And now to the North, to the frozen sea, to the Iceberg's home! My work done at Rupert's House, I left that place on Monday, July 5th, hoping that before another Sabbath dawned I should be at Fort George. My way lay along the sea-coast. My vessel was neither a large nor good canoe. For some hours we had the sea very rough, and at noon we came up with a number of Indians, with whom we took dinner, and directly afterwards we all went on together. The wind was fair, but light. The Bay was dotted with rocky islands, high above the heads of which Sherik's Mount raised its venerable head, while our dozen canoes, all under sail, formed a very pleasant picture.

Towards evening, we all put ashore at the foot of Sherik's Mount, where we found two more families of Indians, so that I had quite a large congregation. The next day we arrived at East Main River, where formerly the Hudson Bay Company had an establishment; and up this river almost all the Indians went, and we saw no others until we reached Fort George. Our voyage was a very prosperous one, as we met with no detention from bad weather, our only annoyance, but that a very great one, quite equal to a large bundle of other annoyances, being Mosquitoes. Whenever we approached within half a mile of the shore they came to us in clouds, and those tough northerners seemed particularly venomous and voracious.

At one o'clock p.m. on Friday, the 9th, I stepped ashore at Fort George, most cordially welcomed by a fellow-countrywoman, a lady from London, the wife of the officer in charge of the Fort. I found plenty of work here; and, as I expected to remain for a few days, I lost no time, but

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set about it at once. The Indians were most attentive, and I never held a service which was not attended by a large congregation.

This continued until Wednesday, when I started, this time in a schooner named the "Fox," for Great Whale River, which I hoped to reach by Sunday. But I was to be sadly disappointed. We had not proceeded many miles before our troubles commenced. Bump, bump, bump! What can this be? Ah! I see Ice, ice, ice! And had it contented itself with giving us three bumps only we should not have cared much, and the "Fox" would have laughed at such opposition. But the "Fox," that is the Fox's Captain's face, became very grave when blow after blow was given to her sides. Even the seals poked up their almost human heads to see what was the matter, and what all the noise was about.

The "Fox," however, keeps bravely on, and more than a third of the voyage is accomplished. But what is it now? Yes, what is it? The ice has been playing with us only as yet, and now it is in downright earnest. It stretches away as far as the eye can reach. No water is visible; and, with a strong wind blowing, the Fox is too sagacious to contend any longer. So turning his tail to it, back he flies with astonishing rapidity, making no halt until within a few miles of Fort George, when down goes the anchor, and on Saturday I again find myself at Fort George.

We left again on Monday for another attempt, and were for days battling with the ice. On Saturday, July 24th, we got up to Cape Jones, the sea full of ice, further progress impossible. We were obliged to return some distance to a place of safety, and here we remained perfectly quiet on the icy sea all the Sabbath until late in the evening, having our services on deck. In the evening the anchor was raised, and we went forward a little way: and on Monday morning we were well round the Cape, the wind fair, the sky bright, the Captain happy and sanguine. We were sailing among islands, and our old enemy not much in sight. Cruel disappointment! The wind chops round suddenly, down falls our Captain's countenance, down come the sails, down goes the anchor, and down go our hearts with it. Yet something must be done. Provisions were getting short: so, taking two native sailors with me, I left the schooner in a small boat. We did not progress very fast, for the wind was against us; and when we encamped on the sterile shore we were scarcely out of

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sight of the schooner. What a night we had! In my small canvas marquee were myself, the sailors, and an Esquimaux. Down came the rain in torrents, the wind roared incessantly, the lightning was the most vivid I have ever witnessed, the thunder the loudest I have ever heard. It calmed somewhat towards morning and we set off, the wind now being fair, but rather too strong for our little boat.

All went well until the afternoon, when the sea became almost as dry land. The sail is useless, the oars lie idly by, and the hands grasp the axe and the pole. We must cut our way through the ice. Sometimes we were in the boat, sometimes on the ice, pushing, chopping, driving, according to circumstances. At last we succeeded in coming up to an Indian encampment, where we found our Fort George friends, who like ourselves were bound for Great Whale River. We spent the night with them, and in the morning, assisted by the tide, we all went forward until breakfast time, when I left the boat, and went with my Indian teacher, Keshkumash, and his wife in their small canoe. Two other canoes, each containing a man and his wife, accompanied us.

We went bravely on for a while, but by and by the old enemy prevailed, bidding us learn patience. My companions, not one of whom could speak any English, were very cheerful, and their great aim seemed to be to shield me from harm and save me from fatigue; indeed, I could not but frequently laugh at their excessive care of me. We encamped early and at a spot where there was a probability of fish being caught; and the setting of nets and making a tent occupied some time. We generally succeeded in making ourselves comfortable: indeed those days were very happy ones.

Our worst day was our last, Friday, July 30th. For some hours we could scarce make any progress whatever. We were chopping, lifting, carrying our canoes over the rocks and the ice, and it seemed as if our strength were expended for nought. But by and by the tide came and helped us on. A little after noon, however, we were entirely stopped. Having taken a very scanty dinner, for our provisions were all but expended, I told Keshkumash that I would now walk to Great Whale River. He looked at me critically, for the purpose of estimating my strength, and after a while said, "Perhaps you can do it, but you will find it very hard

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work." I certainly found it a terrible walk over those trackless hills: I had an Indian for a guide and companion, who was very very kind. Having talked for some hours, and crossed two rivers, I saw before me a large patch of sand, and fondly hoped that I beheld the high bank north of the river. My companion told me it would be about half-way from where we started. Evening came on, and with it great fatigue, and I was afraid I should scarcely hold out.

The crossing of another river revives me; and now the hills are done; but a broad, deep, rapid river lies before us, and must be crossed. It is done with great difficulty, for the bottom is a very bad one. We hold each other's hand, and step warily, and so get to the opposite side and walk on, now over the sands, now up along the southern bank of Great Whale River. At last we come opposite the Hudson Bay Company's establishment and fire two or three shots; they are heard, and after a while we hear paddles in the darkness, and presently are in a canoe, enjoying rest for the last mile of our way; and just before ten o'clock I find myself again under a roof, and speaking to a gentleman who could understand my native tongue.

Here too I found numbers of Indians; but many of them care but little for the truth. But we must not wonder much at this, for the truth is not often proclaimed to them. Still our congregations were always good, and I hope that some benefit was conferred on them. I was incessantly with them, either at a service or in their tents, teaching and preaching Jesus Christ.

After a few days the poor "Fox" to which I had already despatched provisions, made her appearance, and I again embarked in her for the North—still farther North! A storm prevented our moving for a couple of days; and then with a fair wind we went hopefully forward. But the old enemy was again upon us, striking us heavily, and then barring our progress entirely. We must return, and in doing so, we receive the heaviest blow of all, for a hole is knocked right through the Fox's side. Poor thing, she has had almost enough to disable her, but she bears up bravely, and gets back safely to harbour.

Well, I again abandoned her, and went forward to Little Whale River in a canoe. We had some trouble, but by working hard we reached our destination in something

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less than two days. Is it a vision? No, it is a reality. I am really greeted by a white lady, one who has exchanged the comforts of civilization for this out of the world, dreary solitude. She is married to the gentleman in charge of the whole district for the Hudson Bay Company, and while here I had the happiness of admitting both her and her husband to their first Communion. After this I need say nothing more as to my comfort there. My work was now principally among the interesting but neglected Esquimaux, and never have I seen any people more anxious for instruction. They were always ready for it. Morning, noon, and night they might have been heard conning over their lessons, which to them were difficult enough. Their language is a curious and difficult one, and to give you some little idea of it I present you with a few words of the Lord's Prayer: *Atatavut kilangme atit nakoriyale, perkoyetit maliktaulit nuname sorlo kilangme.*

On my second Sunday, and last day here, I baptized three families of those earnest affectionate people, and I felt that I had received more than compensation for all my little troubles and difficulties in getting among them. It was a blessed service. In the meantime the "Fox" had come, and taken in cargo, and set off again for Great Whale River.

I left on Monday, August 16th, with Mr. and Mrs. Mactavish in a boat. We were much impeded by ice, but reached Great Whale River on Wednesday, the same day as the "Fox" did. I remained here until the following Monday, very busy; and as nearly all the Indians I had seen at Fort George were here now, I had a large number of eager listeners to the truth. Again I make the "Fox" my temporary home, and now we turn her head Moosewards. My work is left in God's hand, for Him to multiply and increase. Surely there is no ice now? Ah! but there is; and we are again to feel its weight and be driven back by it. We persevere, however, and Cape Jones is reached, near which on an island we saw three white bears.

On Sunday, August 30th, we experienced a very severe gale, when the "Fox" was far too lively to be agreeable, pitching, and tossing, and rolling as if she were quite mad and wished to make us so too. But Sunday night, although a very bad one, is the last. On the following morning we

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draw towards the land. By and by beacons come in sight, and now up the rigging go some of the men to see if the ship is at her anchorage. "There she is!" cries one from the mast head. "There she is, and two vessels near her," says another. As we come nearer we find it was a mistake. "The ship" has not come. These vessels are here waiting to unload her; but all this while, and for some time afterwards, "the ship" is lying in the ice, and we are full of anxiety about her. We pass the vessels; every object around us is now familiar as we sail up the river. Down goes the anchor! Our voyage is over! We get ashore and walk home, and are gladdened at the sight of those so near and dear to us, who have been quite well but anxious during my long absence. J. H.

THE DAY WE SPENT AT HIGHWOOD.

F all the pleasant days which used to come to us when we were children, I think the pleasantest were those which we spent at Highwood Rectory, the abode of our old uncle and aunt Forrest. It was not very often that we went there. Highwood was more than twelve miles from Helmstone, where we lived; and then there was no railway making it only a matter of twenty minutes' journey from our house to Highwood Station; so that it was only by "making a long day of it," as our parents, I remember, used to call it, that we were able to manage our visit at all.

One of those long days stands out specially in my memory. It was my eldest sister's birthday, and a letter in very large handwriting had, more than a week before, invited us all to spend the day in the country, at Highwood. How anxiously we longed for that particular 24th of June! How early we jumped out of bed and pattered across the room to the window, with bare feet, to see if it was going to be fine. And then, when we found that the morning was unclouded, how we chirped together, like a nest of young birds, long before it was time to get up, settling what amusements would be planned for us by Aunt Forrest, and wondering what presents Euphemia (whom we always called Phemie) would receive. How we hoped that we should find honeysuckle in the hedges, and that we should be allowed to get strawberries

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for ourselves after dinner, because it was so much nicer gathering them in the garden than having them given to us from a dish; only we agreed that we must not look as if we expected any, as it would seem greedy. And then, how quickly we had finished our breakfasts that morning, and how busy we were until ten o'clock, at which hour the fly was ordered, in getting baskets together for the flowers which we hoped to bring back in them.

We felt quite sorry for the children next door, with whom we often played in the gardens, when we thought that they would be doing lessons that morning, just as if we were not going to Highwood. When—the window being open because of the heat of the day—I heard the question "What are the chief towns of England?" answered by a small voice belonging to Janet Neile, which began at Newcastle, and conscientiously worked its way down the map to Truro, I felt inclined to call out, "England, chief town Highwood; Sussex, chief town Highwood;" which, as the particular charm of Highwood lay in its being not town at all, but country, would, as I afterwards reflected, have shown off very bad geography indeed.

Well, off we started; our parents waving good-byes from the hall door. There were five of us, and our governess, Miss Thorne. We were so thankful for the day being fine, that it seemed almost ungrateful to wish it could have been a little cooler. As it was, our road being wholly open to the midsummer sun, the only cool thing we could do was to fancy how nice the trees would be at Highwood, and to remind each other of days which had been even hotter than this one, which, though hot, was to be in course of time so happy.

But it would take too long now to tell you all its history, though I can remember it as well as if it were only last week,—how the Highwood trees rustled out a welcome as we at last turned in at the gate and drove up the gravel sweep; how Aunt Forrest, an old-fashioned little lady, met us on the steps, and brought us into Uncle Forrest's study; and how he pretended to be more surprised than ever before at seeing so many of us, saying, as each new face appeared, "Why, you're a fresh one altogether! Aunt Forrest, there's been a mistake here—that must be seen to; this one's come by accident, and wants to go home directly!" which made us all laugh so immensely, that Aunt Forrest said we must

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come away at once, or we shouldn't have any laughing left for the rest of the day. And I remember now how nice the sponge-cake and raspberry vinegar were which were set out in the arbour to refresh us after our drive; and how we wished it was our birthday as well as Phemie's, when we saw her beautiful presents—a desk, and a "Pilgrim's Progress" with Christiana at the end, and a little glass flower-vase, and a pincushion with her initials "E E," marked in pins, together with a sampler, worked, we were told, by a very good girl in the Highwood school, on which was the alphabet in capitals and small letters, and underneath a verse of poetry which we all thought beautiful, and which ended with the lines—

"May the year that has opened be merry and gay,
And many happy returns of the day!"

These I at first thought, from their being so much to the purpose, Susan Jones must have composed herself; but I found, on inquiry from Aunt Forrest, they were printed in a book.

We played hide and seek in the garden, and then buried each other in the hay-field till we were called in to dinner and then we drank Phemie's health in red-currant wine, and Johnny, our eldest brother, made a speech, and hoped we should always spend her birthday, as long as we lived, at Highwood, which made Miss Thorne look grave, because it seemed like asking ourselves for so very many times, which, of course, was hardly good manners. Then, after dinner we were allowed to gather strawberries for ourselves in the kitchen-garden; and after that we found two small ponies ready saddled, upon which we rode up and down the long church meadow—so very delightful an amusement, that I asked Uncle Forrest why he and my aunt, who could do so whenever they pleased, did not ride up and down the fields and run races with each other every day.

But among all the delights of that midsummer's day, and among all the interesting things we saw, there was one which remained in my mind as quite different from the rest. Over the sideboard in the dining-room hung a beautiful picture. It was of a village on a hill, with a church and clock-tower, and at the foot of the hill ran a river with a barge upon it, and at the side of the hill was a windmill, and winding past it was a road with some waggons, and in the field some reapers with sickles; and the wonderful part

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of it all was that the clock was going, and when it came to the hour it really struck, and then the barge moved down the river, and the windmill went round, and the waggons went along the road, and the reapers began to reap, which was more like looking at a fairy story all alive and at work than like looking at a common picture. Indeed, several times in the day, when we knew that the hour was nearly up, I begged Aunt Forrest to let me run indoors that I might hear the clock strike, and see the mill go round, and the waggons move, and the barge sail on, and the reapers reap, in the picture which hung over the sideboard in the old dining-room. Always afterwards when we talked over our doings—that very night even, when we had at last been put to bed, after first putting our flowers in water, and when we had gone over and over all that happened to us, not leaving out tea on the grass, or the fire-balloon which my brothers and the gardener let off in the field—always afterwards I used to say that, if I were given my choice of all the things I had ever seen in the world to have for my own, I would choose that picture, and that, if I could only possess it, I thought I would visit it every hour of the day, in order that I might have the delight of hearing the clock strike, and of seeing the mill go round, and the waggons move, and the barge sail on, and the reapers reap as they did on that day when we beheld them on occasion of our birthday visit to Highwood, and dined in the old dining-room.

Years, many long years, have passed away since then. Uncle and Aunt Forrest never again received us all together at Highwood; and Johnny's wish, when he made his speech after the red-currant wine, was not fulfilled. Before another midsummer's day came round, we were all of us hundreds of miles off; and the next time I saw the old rectory Johnny himself was the Rector, and we were there as visitors to him and his wife. I had not been a minute in the dining-room before I spied out the picture which I so well remembered. There it was. There was the church, there was the windmill, there were the waggons, there was the barge, there were the reapers, everything, just as if they had been doing duty off and on all those twelve years, and were only waiting the note of warning to set to work as briskly as ever. The clock struck—not the clock in the picture, but the church clock outside. I looked at my watch—I had a gold watch now, a birthday present from my parents—and wondered

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whether it was too fast, for the things and people in the picture were perfectly unmoved. Then I saw that the hands were pointing to the wrong hour, and, though everything else looked in order, the waggons were still, the windmill didn't go round, the barge was motionless on the river, the reapers were holding their sickles as if they had heard "Once, twice, thrice," and only wanted to hear "Away!" to start reaping, which "Away!" however, never came.

"Oh, Johnny!" I exclaimed, "what has happened? I have been longing to see that picture once more, and to hear the clock strike; and now it is all still, just as if it were any common picture in the house."

"I must get it put to rights, if I can," answered my brother, "and if I can find a clever watchmaker. But I fear it will be a difficult matter. The mainspring is broken, which set all the machinery going, and I am afraid it will be no easy matter to get it repaired."

That was the reason. The mainspring was broken. No oiling or repairing of the other parts of the works would do any good. Without a mainspring, my favourite picture fell into being nothing more than a common useless landscape which nobody need stay to look at; and I begged Johnny to lose no time in seeing whether it could not be set to rights at once.

I have often thought since of that broken mainspring. Shall I tell you how I am reminded of it?

When I see people who might be doing good in the world standing idle, and never troubling themselves to think whether there isn't work for them, whether they mightn't make some one happier and better for their being in it—whether they mightn't lighten some burdens, or give a hand to some good cause, or try to make the place they live in the better for their being there—I am inclined to remember the missing mainspring; inclined to wish that some power would set them to work, would put their hands to rights, and make them working hands—would let them see that there's harvest work wanting labourers, and that it does no good for people to stand idle, looking on, like painted reapers in a picture which have never been started or set going. Yes, when I see people of this sort, whether small people or great people, old people or young people, I am reminded of the useless clock and the silent mill, and the lifeless reapers and the motionless barge, as they hung over the sideboard in Aunt Forrest's old dining-room.

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I once knew a little brother and sister—Aleck and Lucy were their names. They were told, and had read of, the miseries of the people living in countries where the love of JESUS had never been proclaimed; and one day they went to a meeting, where some Missionaries told them stories of the sufferings and wretchedness of heathen children, which filled their hearts with pity. They agreed that they would try and do something, even though it could not be very much, to help to send out the good news of a Saviour which was so freely taught to them; and it was pleasant to see how earnestly they set to work to try and fill their missionary-box. Aleck learned from the village carpenter to make useful boxes and cases for magazines, which his father bought when they were finished, and which brought in many a penny and many a sixpence; and Lucy's missionary basket, in furnishing which with nice useful articles many a holiday hour was spent, and in filling in which her mother and friends often gave helping hands, was as successful. And besides this, the very trying to work for others seemed to do both the brother and sister a great deal of good. It seemed to put them in the way of helping people nearer home, and to remind them that it would not do to be working for the heathen with their fingers, and, at the same time, to be careless in their lessons, or to speak crossly and angrily to each other or to people at home; and when the first missionary meeting came, it was pleasant to see how much their missionary-box contained which they had been so diligent in trying to fill.

After about a year, I paid another visit to their house. There seemed to me some difference in Aleck and Lucy. I asked Aleck if he had any of his paper-cases ready for sale, as I had brought him quite a large order from the friends with whom I had been staying; but he told me that he had been so busy lately with some new fishing-tackle, besides having been chosen into his school eleven at cricket, that he had not found time for his old work. Then, when I asked Lucy for her basket, in order that I might add some new stores to it, I was surprised to find that she was not very eager to receive them, and after a time, rather shyly told me that her holiday hours had been so taken up with croquet, and with some cousins who had come to live close at hand, that she had no time for missionary work, or, at least, very little indeed.

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"But would not your cousins help you?" I asked. "Could you not make up a little working party with Grace and Fanny, and get them to join in doing something better than mere play, though that is all right and very pleasant for part of your leisure time?"

But Lucy did not seem very much to care for what I said; and, after a time, I began to fear that, the novelty of missionary work having worn off, and the subject having been less before their mind, she and her brother had become careless, weary in well doing; and that nothing but a new mainspring—the only real mainspring—would set hands and heads to work, a mainspring without which, for any real use in their lives, they would remain as purposeless as the reapers in the picture over the sideboard in Aunt Forrest's old dining-room.

And what is that real mainspring? You will find it in these words—

"*The love of Christ constraineth us.*"

The love of Him, who so greatly loved us as to give His life for us, is the only one which will set our whole lives—every talent and power that we possess—in motion, in order to carry out His will, so to help forward His work in the world. There are little cheap mainsprings which may for a time seem to make us earnest and diligent for Him, but which are not the true ones. They soon wear out; and our efforts are at a standstill, just having our feelings touched by a passing compassion for others, or being diligent in order that we may have a fuller missionary-box than our friends, or taking to work of the kind because it is new and our parents are pleased with our doing it, or because we like to have our names down as collectors. Such motives are very poor and worthless ones. As I said before, they soon wear out, just as in Aleck's and Lucy's case; and we see that something lasting, something powerful, something that time will not destroy but will only strengthen and confirm, must be at the root of all our lives, if they are to be lives put out to interest for Jesus—if we are to be doing His work and His will here below.

The love of CHRIST, when you have been taught by His Holy Spirit all that He has done in bearing for you the punishment which was your due—the love of Christ deep down in your heart—will make you feel that you can never

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do enough for Him who so loved you. It is a mainspring which will not wear out in this life, and which will not wear out through all eternity: it will last for ever.

My brother fulfilled his intention of having the old picture set to rights, and when I was last at Highwood, my nieces and nephews, who are a great deal taller and older than we were on that famous midsummer's day of which I have told you, asked me to tell them a story. So I gave them the history of my sister Phemie's birthday—Phemie, whose little daughter Phemie is as old as her Mamma was then. And after I had done, we all went to look at the picture together, and Johnny and Willy climbed on to the sideboard; and when the hour sounded outside, the clock—the clock in the church-tower—struck, and the waggons moved along the road, and the mill-sails went round, and the reapers began to reap, and the barge moved down the river, all just as they had done years before, when I said that the most beautiful thing at Highwood was the picture, compared with which I could not admire any other, and which hung over the sideboard in Aunt Forrest's old dining-room.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Jeremiah.

1. Why was Jeremiah afraid of undertaking the Missionary work given him by God?—What promise did God give him as his comfort and support?—How many times do we find this promise repeated?—To which of the Apostles was the same promise made in a vision?—When did Jesus Christ make this promise to all His disciples?

2. To what kings was Jeremiah sent as God's messenger?—What message was he told to speak in their ears?—What trials did he go through in obeying his command to speak to them from God?—Where does he tell us that God was with him?

3. What prophecies can you find of the glorious time when Jesus Christ shall reign upon the earth?—Where is He called "The Lord our Righteousness?"—Can you explain from the New Testament the meaning of this title of Jesus our Lord?

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4. Of what solemn threatenings, uttered by Moses in the 28th of Deuteronomy, against the children of Israel, should they at any time fall into idolatry, do we find the fulfilment described in the Lamentations?—From what verse in this book can you show that God does not willingly send afflictions to His people, and that therefore their own idolatries brought down punishment upon them?—What change does St. Paul say was wrought in the Thessalonians when they turned from idols to serve the living and true God?

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UP THE NAAS RIVER.

I.

KAHDOONAHAH'S DINNER-PARTY.

WHERE is the Naas River? And who is Kahdoonahah? And why did he give a dinner-party? And who came to it? These are the questions which you will very naturally ask as you read the title of this story. So the best thing I can do is to begin to answer them at once.

In the first place, let me ask you whether you remember the story of Metlahkatlah, which was in the January and February numbers of the "Green Book" of last year. If not, you had better turn to it, and you will see the history of Mr. Duncan's Mission to the poor Indians on the shores of the Pacific, just where America and China are divided from each other by the deep and wide ocean. North of Vancouver's Island, which is in shape like a long-boat moored in close to the shore, is Fort Simpson, to which Mr. Duncan first came, and where he set to work both among the natives and the European traders. Afterwards, finding it an unsuitable place for carrying on a Mission, chiefly, alas! owing to the spirits and habits of drunkenness brought in by Europeans, he removed his Mission to Metlahkatlah, some way south of Fort Simpson, where now a happy, thriving, and Christian village tells of what one faithful Missionary may, by God's help, and under the guidance of His Holy Spirit, do, to rescue a tribe of heathen, sunk in low and wicked superstition, and to raise them to the position of a useful and consistent Christian people.

But it is not of Metlahkatlah that I wish now to tell you; but of an expedition which Mr. Duncan made ten years ago up the Naas River, which falls into the Pacific near Fort Simpson, of which expedition he himself has written the story. I hope that we shall have some more of his stories in time; and therefore I must once more ask all the young readers of the "Instructor" to turn to the history already given of his Mission, so as to know where it is and all about it when we are so fortunate as to procure them.

Up the Naas River live the Nishkah Indians, a numerous tribe who support themselves by fishing. The fishes upon which they chiefly live are very small—only about six inches long; and they are not to be had at all times, but "come to

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be killed" for one week in each year, from the 15th to the 22nd of March. What a week that is! Strange Indians, sometimes as many as two thousand, come from a hundred and fifty miles off, and spread themselves out along the river in readiness for the shoals of fish. After these have been caught, the business begins of getting from them the valuable grease which they supply; and men, women, and children are at work with all hands at this fortune-making time of the year. Not only men, women, and children. There are other visitors besides. Tens of thousands of sea-gulls take a run into the country for the spring season, and for about two months prey upon the fish the arrival of which causes such a bustle on the Naas River.

On the 17th of April, 1860, Mr. Duncan started on his expedition up the beautiful stream. How we should like to sail up it ourselves, between the two chains of towering mountains where its waters—two miles in breadth—travel down to the sea! After many hours' paddling, he reached the village where lived the Chief, Kahdoonahah, who had invited him up to pay him a visit, and that his people might hear the good message which he bore. Mr. Duncan writes:—

"About four, p.m., we arrived in sight of the three lower villages of the Nishkah Indians, and these, with two upper villages, constitute the proper inhabitants of the river. On nearing the principal village we were met by a man who had been sent to invite us to the Chief's house. Numbers of Indians stood on the bank. When we stopped, several rushed into the water; some seized my luggage, and one took me on his back. In a few minutes we were safely housed. Smiling faces and kind words greeted me on every side. My friend Kahdoonahah, the Chief who had invited me to his house, was dancing for joy at my arrival."

This was a very pleasant reception. We most of us know how glad we are at the end of a journey to have a real warm welcome; and though in England and Scotland our friends do not rush into the water to meet us, do not carry us upon their backs, and, unless they are very small people, do not generally dance for joy when we arrive, we may be quite sure that Mr. Duncan was very glad to have these kind greetings from his Naas River friends.

Now we must read of Kahdoonahah's dinner-party:—"He had put his house in order, made up a large fire in the centre,

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placed two big iron kettles on it, and had invited a number of his friends to come and feast with me. About thirty of us, all males, sat round the fire. Boiled fresh salmon was first served out. All the guests were furnished with large horn or wooden spoons: I preferred to use my own. My plate was first filled with choice bits, and afterwards large wooden dishfuls were carried round, and one placed between every two persons. This done, boiled rice, mixed with molasses, was served us. Fresh spoons and dishes were used. While the dishes were being filled, each person had a large spoonful handed him to be going on with."

These good people seemed very much afraid of wasting their time while the feast was going on. We should think it odd if, while the dishes were being changed, we each had a large spoonful of what was coming handed to us, to prevent our being impatient! Meantime, Mr. Duncan was thinking how he should make an opportunity for delivering his message, of which opportunity, when it came, he gives us the account.

II.

AFTER THE FEAST.

"After the feast I had much conversation, and concluded by requesting that all the Chiefs and chief men of the three tribes should meet me on the morrow, when I would endeavour to give them the good news from God's Book.

"The greatest readiness prevailed to second my wishes. Kahdoonahah suggested that there might be some difficulty to get all the Chiefs to assemble, unless something was provided for them to eat. He therefore promised to send out and invite them all to his house, and give them a feast for the occasion.

"It was now evening, and the guests went home. Kahdoonahah then brought in an old man to sing to me. The old man very solemnly sat down before me, fixed his eyes upon the ground, and began beating time by striking his foot with his hand. He was assisted by Kahdoonahah, who not only sang, but kept up a thumping noise with a large stick. A few boys also clapped their hands in proper time.

"After they had sung two or three songs, I told them we would now change. I drew my few boys around me. One of them immediately warned the Chief and his company that we were going to sing songs to God, which were the same

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as prayers, and therefore they must be very reverent. We sang several little hymns, some of which I translated. The party soon increased, and sat very attentively."

III.

"WOAH SHIMAUKET!"

Can you explain these words? Or can you get your teachers or parents to tell you what they mean? I hardly think so; but Mr. Duncan found out what they meant when he went to breakfast, the morning after his arrival, with another of the Nishkah chiefs.

"Next morning," he writes, "two men entered the house, and stood just within the door. Looking at me, one of them shouted out, 'Woah shimauket! woah shimauket! woah shimauket, woah!' After repeating this twice, they went away.

"This was an invitation from a Chief who wanted me and my crew to breakfast with him. I took two of my party, and set off. When I was entering the Chief's house, he stood up, and, beckoning me to a seat, cried out loudly, 'Yeah shimauket! yeah shimauket! yeah shimauket, yeah!'

"As soon as I was seated, he stopped, and sat down. These words, rendered into English, are, 'Welcome, chief! welcome, chief! welcome, chief, welcome!' We feasted on boiled salmon, and rice and sugar and molasses, after which the Chief presented me with five marten skins and a large salmon.

"When I returned to Kahdoonahah's house, he had got three large iron kettles on the fire for the feast; and I was informed that an old Chief had given me a large black bear's skin. The drum began to beat, and a general bustle prevailed around me. I sat down to collect my thoughts, and to lift up my heart to God to prepare me for the important meeting about to take place, at which the blessed Gospel was to be proclaimed to these poor tribes of Indians for the first time."

IV.

KAHDOONAHAH'S DANCE.

The feast which the Chief had promised to those who might come to hear Mr. Duncan's message soon began. The Missionary was not without anxiety, as Kahdoonahah had told him that one of the medicine-men's rites—that is to say, a

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dance called the *Allied*—would be performed. It is rather hard to explain the strange sort of religion to which these dances belong; but there is so much horrible sin and wickedness practised by those who carry on the religious usages of these poor people, that the Missionary's battle has been a long and difficult one. Mr. Duncan describes the feast:—

"About twelve o'clock they began to assemble. Each took a place according to his rank. We soon mustered about sixty, Chiefs and headmen. Between one and two, p.m., we began the feast, which consisted, us usual, of salmon and rice and molasses. Just when we had done eating, a canoe of Tsimsheeans arrived: it was a Cannibal Chief and his party. I cannot say whether their visit was designed for the purpose of hearing what I said to these Indians, or not; but I think it was. They came dressed, and sat in a row amongst us. We now mustered, with waiters and lookers-on, about one hundred souls.

"In the morning I had heard Kahdoonahah say that they intended to perform before me their *Allied*, but I requested him to have no playing, as I wanted to speak very solemnly to them. He promised me they would do nothing bad; but now that the feasting was over, much to my sorrow, he put on his dancing-mask and robes. The leading singers stepped out, and soon all were engaged in a spirited chant. They kept excellent time by clapping their hands and beating a drum. (I found out afterwards that they had been singing my praises, and asking me to pity them and do them good.)

The Chief, Kahdoonahah, danced with all his might during the singing. He wore a cap, which had a mask in front set with mother-of-pearl, and trimmed with porcupine quills. The quills enabled him to hold a quantity of white birds' down on the top of his head, which he ejected while dancing, by jerking his head forward: thus he soon appeared as if in a shower of snow. In the middle of the dance a man approached me with a handful of down, and blew it over my head, thus in a figure uniting me in friendship with all the Chiefs present, and the tribes they severally represented.

"After the dance and singing were over, I felt exceedingly anxious about addressing them; but circumstances seemed so unfavourable, on account of the excitement, that my heart began to sink. What made the matter worse, too, was that a

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A SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP.

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Chief, who had lately been shot in the arm for overstepping his rank, began talking very passionately.

"This aroused me. I saw at once that I must speak, or probably the meeting might conclude in confusion. I stood up, and requested them to cease talking, as I wished them to rest their hearts, and listen to the great message I had come to deliver. Instantly the Chief ceased talking, and every countenance became fixed attentively towards me. I began, and the Lord helped me much. I was enabled to speak with more freedom and animation than I had ever done before in the Indian tongue. Much to my encouragement, the Indians, one and all, responded at the finish of every clause. The most solemn occasion of this kind was when I introduced the name of the Saviour. At once every tongue uttered Jesus, and, for some time, kept repeating that blessed name, which I hope they will not forget.

"After I had finished my address, I asked them to declare to me their thoughts upon what they had heard, and also if they desired to be further instructed in God's word. Immediately a universal cry arose of 'Good is your speech: good, good, good news! We greatly desire to learn the Book: we wish our children to learn.' After being assured that there was not one dissenting voice, I concluded the meeting; and in a very few minutes I was in my canoe, and floating away down the river."

I think you will say that an odder dance than that of Mr. Duncan's friend, Kahdoonahah, was never beheld. The Missionary, too, must have been not a little surprised at finding himself covered with white bird's down as a proof of being taken into friendly covenant by the Nishkah people. Nearly ten years have passed away since his journey up the Naas River. Now an English Mission is at work at a place called Kincolith, up the River, carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, to whom we must, I think, send a request that they will tell us more about Kahdoonahah and his tribes. Mr. Tomlinson wrote last year:—"On the 18th of January our little church was opened for service until the beginning of March, when the people separated for the fishing. The average attendance was, on Sunday fifty, on the week-day thirty."

So now, Sunday by Sunday, the far-off Nishkahs hear the "good, good, good news," which on his first visit Mr. Duncan

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stood up to tell them; and we must hope and pray that many and many a poor Indian from the shores of the beautiful Naas River may find a yet fairer rest by the river of the water of life, when, from all people and tongues and languages, those who have found Jesus as their Saviour will be gathered to the land whence we shall go no more out.

TWO INDIAN SUN-SETTINGS.

I SUPPOSE you have learnt many of Dr. Watts's hymns. When we were children, there were not half as many hymn-books for us as there are now, and I knew all in my little "Divine and Moral Songs, by Dr. Isaac Watts," quite by heart. But there was one which of all others was my favourite. Perhaps yours is the same as mine. It began—

"How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun!"

and, comparing the life of the Christian with the sun's journey in the heavens, ended with the lines—

"But as he draws near to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he grows richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array."

Now, it is of two such sun-settings that I want to tell you—of two of God's children in very different stations in life, but with the same glad hope in death, who have lately departed from the Missionary-land in South India, and who will one day "rise in brighter array," when the righteous shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

I.

THE MISSIONARY FATHER.

On last New Year's Day our "Green Book" gave an account of how New Year's Day is kept at Mengnanapuram. It was sent by Mr. Thomas, who for thirty-five years had been the Missionary and father of the people of Tinnevelly. The letter was not written by his own hand, but by that of a friend; being, however, signed by himself. With it came a kind letter, also dictated by him, containing what proved to be a farewell message to us all.

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I remember hearing of Mr. Thomas from the time when we were all little children; and the first Missionary work which I was ever taught to do was that of preparing thread and needle cases for the girls of the Training School under his charge. These, with all sorts of other articles, were packed up in the box which we used to send out for yearly rewards. I can remember the pattern of those needle-cases now, and the little pocket for the thimble; and how we liked cutting out the flannel for the needles, and drawing in the skeins of thread. For the very best of these famous thread-cases, pairs of scissors were provided; and then what a pleasure there was in rolling up the comfortable little packet, tied with bright ribbon, and in fancying how pleased some little black girl would be in claiming it for her own. After some months, letters would come from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, with pictures of the girls at work and at play; and letters, too, from the girls themselves, beautifully written in their own native characters, to which were added English translations.

Years went on, and about nine years ago, long after our days of thread-cases, Mr. Thomas came to England. We were delighted to welcome him among us, and were never tired of the descriptions he gave of his schools, of the congregations at Tinnevelly, of his noble church in which he took such delight, and of the native ministers who were carrying on the work so faithfully. He was very anxious to get enough money for the roof of this church, and used to say that every giver of five shillings might have the pleasure of contributing "*a tile to the roof;*" so one of our Bible Classes determined on the Sunday, which he spent with us, to have this part in the Tinnevelly church. Mr. Thomas used to delight in hymns and music, and often would sing the native words to some of our favourite tunes. One I remember especially was, "Crown him Lord of all!"

When he wished us good-bye, he said that he felt he was going out never to return, having determined to die among his people; and we now give you the history of his calm, peaceful death-bed, as sent by his friend Mr. Sargent:—

"Learning how ill Mr. Thomas was, I determined on going to Mengnanapuram, and seeing our old friend once more. I arrived there on Monday evening before seven o'clock, and found him in a very weak state—the tide of

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life ebbing fast. He gave me an affectionate grasp of the hand; and on my asking him if he now felt his feet standing upon the Rock of Salvation, he replied, pointing to a large printed card hanging on the wall near his bed, 'That is all my desire, and there is all my trust.' 'We have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' And again, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I repeated this last verse, and he joined in the last words 'for ever, for ever.'

"I remarked that God was taking His children home one by one; and asked him if he remembered some eighteen years ago, when my dear wife was departing and her speech failing, that she took his hands and mine together between her own, and lifted them upward to heaven, implying we should meet there? 'Yes,' he replied, 'I remember it perfectly;' and Mrs. Thomas remarked that he had often referred to it.

"His son read the 23rd Psalm, and I prayed, and he responded with a hearty Amen. His breathing became perceptibly heavy, and his power of speech began to fail him, though he evidently understood all that was said to him. Our time was now chiefly occupied in repeating verses of Holy Scripture, or portions of sacred hymns, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the difficulty of breathing greatly increased, and upon a sign from him that he wished to be laid more on his side, he was turned a little on his left side, and the position seemed to give him some relief; but after a few minutes, he took one long breath, and the spirit left the tenement of clay to join the company of the redeemed in the presence of the Saviour whom he had loved, and whom he had served.

"To the last he was free from pain, his mind clear, and his soul possessed of that peace which abides when all worldly comforts fail. I have only stated what passed under my own observation, but his dear family, who were constantly with him, were wonderfully struck with the great grace vouchsafed by the Lord to His dying servant, as manifested by his patience and resignation. Again and again he expressed his hopes as resting on the one only atonement of our Saviour Christ Jesus for sinners: to Him he committed his soul, and with this reliance he was prepared to meet death.

"When after a little while it was noised abroad in the village that the dear pastor of the flock was called home

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by the Great Shepherd, all the children of the schools and people of the village thronged about the house. So, to make the event profitable, I had them by parties into the room, and then told them that the voice they had often heard would be heard no more for ever in this world, but that, though dead, he still spoke to them in the remembrance of his affectionate admonitions, and of his earnest invitation to come to Christ for salvation. All seemed deeply sorrowful: many looked as if amazed, doubtful how they would now get on without the presence of him who had been to them more than a father.

"In the morning, all being prepared for the funeral, twelve of the native clergymen carried his remains to the church—where the first portion of the service was read by a native minister—and then to the grave on the north side of the chancel outside. This beautiful Gothic church he had built, and under its shadow we committed his body to the dust, in 'sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

II.

THE INDIAN SISTER.

Very different in birth, and very different in education, were the beloved Missionary—the Apostle of Tinnevelly—and Pákiam, a young woman of the same district, who was attacked by the same disease as that which ended the life of the minister. But her sun-setting was as calm, as serene, and as clear in its promise of a brighter rising; and now both the pastor and the young native convert have learnt to know fully the reality of the unseen glory for which they so ardently longed.

Mr. Cornelius, the native minister of Sivagasi, writes:—

"This I think is a fit place to give a short account of a young Christian who was called to her rest about the middle of the year. Her removal was to us all a heavy loss. It was the loss, not of a family or of a congregation, but of the whole district.

"Samuel Sandhósham and his wife Pákiam were our old friends, and had become endeared to us from the very first days of the Mission. Both gentle and amiable in disposition, they had devoted themselves entirely to the Lord's work in North Tinnevelly. Both in the tent and in Kalbódhu, where they lived after Mr. Raglaud's death, they made themselves

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very useful—she, especially, in teaching young women to read God's word, and in reading and speaking to them about the Saviour of sinners. In Lingampatti, where she spent nearly eight years, she did the same. Not a few young women who are now able to read were taught by her, and among them are to be seen some heathen also. Her gentle, quiet, and loving disposition was a lesson to every one that came in contact with her.

"Whenever I had an opportunity of speaking to the women, I pointed her out as a worthy example for them to imitate.

"In the midst of her useful career she was attacked by dropsy, and after suffering great pain for nearly two years, she succumbed to the disease. As by her life, so also by her death she glorified her Saviour. Just before she breathed her last she exhorted her good husband not to leave the people after her death, but to abound in the work of the Lord more and more. She said she was going to a place where they hunger no more nor thirst any more, and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

"A little before her death she looked at her husband with a pleasant smile, and said, 'You were trying to get a palanquin to take me to my friends in the south, but my Saviour has now sent His angels to take me to heaven without the least shaking.' One of her friends who was standing near observed, 'The sun is just beginning to rise;' her answer was, 'There is no need of the sun in the place where I am going; my Saviour is my light and joy.'

"We mourn over her loss. The first time I went to that village after her death almost all the Christians came to me with tears at the remembrance of their departed friend—so much was she loved by those who knew her. O for many such pious Christian women among our people! She was indeed a shining light in my district. May the Christian example she has left behind stir up many to go and do likewise!"

What a peaceful, happy farewell to earth! "My Saviour has now sent His angels to take me to heaven without the least shaking." "There is no need of the sun in the place where I am going; my Saviour is my light and joy."

One name—the Name above every name—brought its life and light to the dying bed of the honoured Missionary,

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after his thirty-five years of noble labour, and to the lowly convert waiting for the angels to take her home—that of Jesus Christ the Saviour. How is it with you who read of their departure to be with Him? Is that Name to you so dear? Have you found Jesus so truly your Saviour, that you, like them, are living for Him and His work, and that you, like them, can look on death as a going home?

How differently will the next New Year dawn on Tinnevelly from that described last New Year's Day by Mr. Thomas himself! How differently will it dawn on those who are spending it with Jesus! May we, like them, as we grow nearer to finish our race, so advance in the love and service of that present Saviour as to

> "Give a sure hope, at the end of our days,
> Of rising in brighter array!"

A VILLAGE DANCE IN THE SHERBRO' COUNTRY.

I WONDER whether, when May Day has come, you have ever had a May Queen and danced round and round her; or whether you ever play at a game which is rather a favourite with our school children, called "Here we go round the mulberry-bush!" If so, your ideas of amusement will be rather different from those of the poor nations in the Sherbro' Country, who assisted at a most remarkable dance, which would have surprised you not a little had you been one of the party.

The Sherbro' Country is in Africa, not very far from Sierra Leone and from the Bullom Shore, of which you know the history. There is a nice school there, containing nearly fifty scholars; and we are told that a Juvenile Missionary Meeting is held once every month; and that "it is interesting to observe how, with almost breathless attention, the children will listen, while Mr. Gerber, the schoolmaster, is relating some interesting pieces from the "Juvenile Instructor," explaining how English children endeavour to add their help to the great and good work of sending the Gospel to the heathen."

The people have built a mud chapel at their own cost, in which Mr. Pierce, a native minister, holds services; but the story which you are going to read is sent by Jacob Sawyer, the catechist, who went to visit one of the Sherbro' villages.

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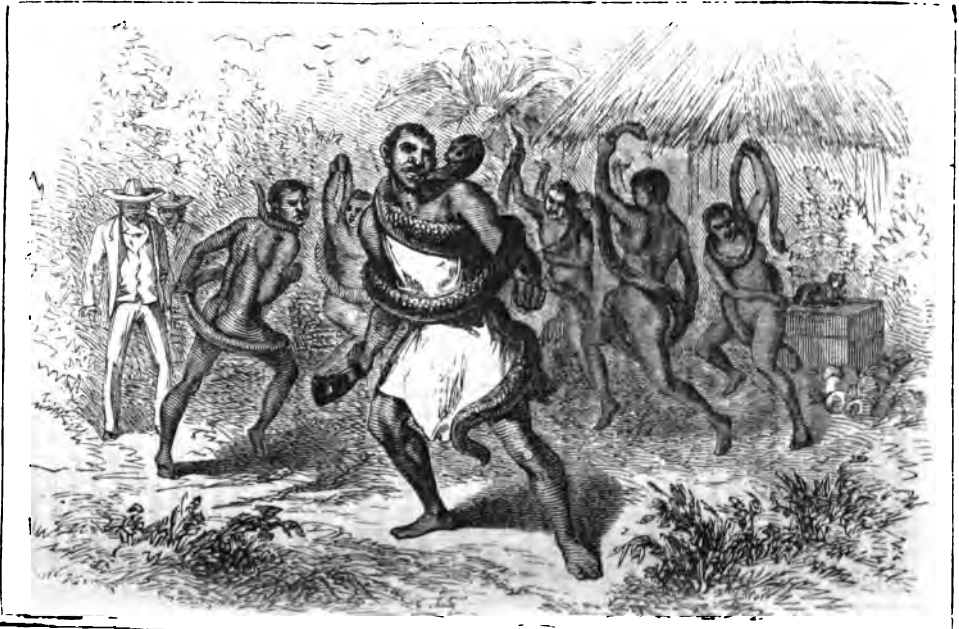

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He writes: "Mrs. Sawyer, myself, and the people walked round the village to a firky, or small hamlet, shaded over with beautiful cocoa-nut and orange trees. Under one of the orange-trees I conversed with the headman. He is willing to have his own children educated, and urged me to take his son.

"I noticed a small box placed by a hut, and from the cola nuts, &c., lying by it, I guessed there was something sacred in it. On the top of the box there was a stuffed skin of a wild cat, studded all over with cowries and feathers. Curiosity led me to inquire. A man was called: this man sounded a deer-horn, which gave a shrill and deafening sound, at which came four girls, with hardly any clothing, and two boys. They began leaping and dancing, twisting and jerking bodies and shoulders. This being done, they remained motionless for some minutes; then forming themselves into a semicircle by the box, kneeled and muttered to it.

"The man opened the box, telling us visitors to keep far off, and out came *two large boa-constrictors* crawling after us. Our consternation cannot be described. The man sounded the horn, and they went to him: both man, children, and boa-constrictors danced; the man, taking one and the other of these animals, wound it round his body, neck, arms, and legs, and gave it to each of the children, who imitated him with delight. The children, after playing in this manner, ran off into the field near us, singing some of their country songs. The snakes were then replaced in the box by the man, feeding them with rice flour and the juice of plants. These children are under these men, to be taught and trained how to catch and charm snakes."

Well, what do you think of the Sherbro' village-dance? I suspect that, if you and I had been with Mr. Sawyer, we should have lost no time in running from it as fast as we could, and that you will agree with me that you would rather have your brothers and sisters or schoolfellows for your companions than the inmates of the box under the orange-tree. Certainly they were odd playfellows for the poor little girls and boys, who were being brought up as snake-charmers, instead of being trained, as we are, in useful knowledge, and, above all, to seek Him who bruised the serpent's head when He died for us on the cross—that great Serpent who rules in these dark idol regions of violence and sin.

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SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Ezekiel.

1. To whom was Ezekiel appointed as God's messenger? At what place and time did he deliver his message?—Where do we find that God spoke these words to him, "When I speak with thee, I will open thy mouth, and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God"?—Did Jesus Christ make any promise of the same kind to His disciples, and where do you find it?

2. Where do you find that Ezekiel delivered the message which is read in church, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive"?—In what places in the New Testament do you find the same offer of pardon?—In what way can God be just, as the holy God who can by no means clear the guilty, and yet full of love and mercy as pardoning sin?—Where are we told that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin"?—Where is this message called "the Gospel of peace"?

3. In what places is God's messenger compared to a watchman sounding a trumpet of warning?—With what warning was Ezekiel charged?—How do we read that the people heard his message?—Do we read of any people to whom St. Paul preached, who heard him as one playing well upon an instrument; who heard his words, but did them not?—How did the Thessalonians prove that they were not of this class?

4. Where is a Good Shepherd prophesied of—called David in the prophecy—really intended for Jesus, the Son of David, who should bring back the lost, weary, and wandering sheep to the fold?—Compare this chapter with the 10th of St. John, and see in how many places the same promises are made concerning His care for the sheep.—From what other passage can you explain the words "a covenant of peace"?

5. Where does Ezekiel deliver the grand promise of the gift of the Holy Spirit?—In what Psalm is the prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me"?—How does this promise answer that prayer?—Where in other Scriptures is the Holy Spirit's influence compared to water?—Where does Jesus himself so compare it?—Where does He promise the Holy Spirit truly to all who ask?—What ordinance outwardly shows forth the work of the Spirit?—Where did God promise to pour out His Spirit on the Gentiles?

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TREASURE TROVE.

I DARE say you have read and heard many sad stories of the war which has made so many homes in France and Prussia lonely and desolate; and I dare say you may have wished that you could help and comfort some of the poor wounded soldiers—wait upon them in their sickness, soothe them in their pain, and be of use to them in every way in your power.

But it is not of the soldiers nor of the wounded that I am now going to write to you. I want to tell you of what happened at a place called Torgau, on the Elbe. A story about this place had, for nearly sixty years, been repeated and handed down amongst the people. In the year 1813 there had been war between the French and Prussians, just as is sadly the case in our own time; and a French company of soldiers, retreating from the Prussians, passed the Elbe just at this very spot. Now these French had one very weighty piece of possession with them, and it was so heavy that they found it very much in their way as they tried to get safe off as fast as they could. This was the money-chest of the regiment, which held several thousand crowns.

If you had been there, what advice would you have given about it? It would have been a pity to leave it on the ground for the enemy, who would have used it against its owners, while its weight made it burdensome to those who were in retreat, preventing their safe escape. There seemed to the French soldiers only one way out of the difficulty. They let down the money-chest into the Elbe. It was so heavy that the river, they knew, would not carry it away; the Prussians would not guess at the hiding-place, which bore no marks of the treasure beneath; and after a time the right owners would, they thought, be able to return, and, having marked the place, to draw up the chest which they had left under the care of the swift-rolling flood.

Time went on, however, and the owners never returned. We do not know what became of them. It may have been that they fell in hot battle. It may have been that they fled so far before the pursuing troops that all thought of a treasure, which belonged to no one in particular, was lost in the effort to get safe. So it came to pass, however, that the

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story of the sunken money-chest, handed down from father to son among the people of Torgau, grew to be less and less believed in, while it lay useless and spoiling under the guardianship of the good river Elbe.

At last, after fifty-seven years, and about three months ago, the great war between the nations broke out of which we have all been hearing so much. Some people of Torgau, happening to talk over the old story, disbelieved by a great many, of the treasure at the bottom of the river, thought it would do no harm, and might do a great deal of good, to find out the truth of the matter. So they set to work for themselves. It was a large and heavy fish, of quite a different sort from those usually caught in the Elbe, and they must, you will say, have used a very strong net. In whatever way they set about the work, however, they at last made quite sure that the story told by the old people of Torgau was true, for they succeeded in bringing up from its grave under the river the very same money-chest sunk by the French enemy in the year 1813; and, having found its contents well preserved, sent them to the Prussian Government to help towards the needs of the sick and wounded, and towards the expenses of the war against the enemy.

Such is the story of the treasure trove of Torgau. Do you know exactly what this phrase means? It means, some secret or hidden treasure found and brought to light. If you were digging in your garden, and were to come suddenly upon a jar of coins, such as people have often found when ploughing fields, that would be treasure trove; and very often finders of such treasure have been rescued from great poverty by such discoveries. Would you not like to have some such adventure? I can fancy how you would call your brothers and sisters together to see what you had found, and how you would wonder that you could so often before have passed that spot, and never have lighted upon the secret store. I hope, too, that you would be eager to make good use of your new possession.

Well, it is because I want to help you to some such treasure trove that I am now writing to you about the matter. There is treasure of different kinds, out of sight, it may be, and as yet unknown to you; but it may be yours if you seek for it; and, if you should be so happy as to find it, my belief is that you will wonder you never stopped to look for it before.

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There is a very old Book lying by my side as I write. Its leaves were once brightly gilt, but the gilding has worn off them now; and in that Book I find the joyful song of one whose happiness it was to find out hidden treasure —treasure which may just as readily become yours as it was his—

"*I rejoice at Thy Word as one that findeth great spoil.*"

"Why, that's in the Bible!" you exclaim. "It's the 162nd verse of the 119th Psalm. And Ezra (if it was he who wrote it) was speaking about the Bible,—at least, all that he had of the Bible in those days."

Quite right. I see you have thought about that Psalm and its writer already. Well, why should not you share the treasure, and rejoice over it as he did?

"But it's quite different," you say: "the Bible isn't hidden from us. I didn't find mine by digging it up in a field: I had it for a Christmas present. It's a beauty, with gilt edges and a clasp and references. I rejoiced over it too, in a way—not exactly like——"

Not exactly in the way the writer of the Psalm rejoiced. You liked the handsome book and the clasp, for a Christmas present; but perhaps it was not the *Word* which made you rejoice. I think you have the "treasure trove" still waiting for you. *The Word in the Bible*, not the book itself, is, perhaps, not yours yet. The greatest king whose writings are handed down to us wrote something on this same subject, and of the knowledge which comes from that Word only—"If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her *as for hid treasure, then* shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Now, how did the people of Torgau set to work to find the hid treasure? They took great pains to discover the place; for they were fully persuaded that, if they got what they sought, it was well worth the trouble. They earnestly desired to find the treasure.

Do you really, truly, honestly desire with all your heart to find the knowledge of God which is given to us in His Word? I only know of one thing which can make us so desire it. It is just the feeling that we are sinful—by nature lost, and without hope of saving ourselves, and that

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in God's Word there is a message telling us how we may be saved. When we begin to search that Word for that message, when we find that in it Jesus Christ offers Himself to us—to you and to me—as a Saviour, bearing in our stead all the punishment of our sins, then it is that we are able to say, "I rejoice over Thy Word as one that findeth great spoil." The treasure is found—the knowledge which must be sought for as silver, and of which the gain is better than fine gold—the Word contained in the Bible, which may, like the chest of money at Torgau, be within your reach all your lives, yet can never be discovered until, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, you are led to search for it as that which is more precious than anything on earth.

There are many who will, we hope, find this hid treasure to whom it has yet to become treasure *trove*. Mr. Honiss, a Missionary at Surandei, in South India, writes of a place called Courtallum, to which crowds of nations go in hopes of having their sins washed away in the mountain torrent: "Large bills, with suitable texts of Scripture, were posted on trees in the main avenue leading to the sacred waterfall. A gloomy old Brahmin was passing to the temple, leading his child by the hand. He looked like one of the many who are fast bound in the chains of superstition and caste, while the child's bright and eager face beamed with visions of light and truth. He literally dragged his unwilling parent to our book-stall. 'No, my child,' said the father, 'I will give you sweetmeats: leave the books alone.' But the boy would not be persuaded or repulsed, and his actions seemed to say, 'O father, the sacred stream, I feel, has not quenched my thirst; these idols, I feel sure, cannot save or satisfy our souls; but here these Christians speak of living waters. Let us see what is said of the Christians' God: O father, give me light!'"

We must hope that the poor little boy has by this time got hold of the treasure of which the Psalmist who so rejoiced in it writes, "The word of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

The people of Torgau did not let what they had found lie idle. It was at once made use of—partly for the help of the sick and wounded, partly for war expenses. And it must be the same with your treasure trove. Once we have found the great spoil, we must do all we can to turn it to good account. This Word contains comfort for the troubled and weary ones;

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"HE DRAGGED HIS PARENT TO OUR BOOK STALL."

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it has stores of help and strength for the great battle which all Jesus Christ's soldiers are fighting here on earth; it has guidance, support, power, for all. Well then, before you lay down these pages, ask yourself whether you have found the treasure for yourself—whether you have got beyond your Bible's gilt edges and bright clasp—whether you have found the knowledge of Jesus Himself there? If so, you will long to share it with others.

But there is another sort of treasure which may become treasure trove to you, and which is the only kind of which I have room here to remind you. I mean, *powers—ways and opportunities of usefulness—which may lie close beside you, and which you may never yet have thought of turning to account.* These, when like the Torgau money-chest discovered and employed, are of no light value.

I once knew a gentleman who told me of a piece of land which belonged to him, not far from his house, and which seemed very unproductive and of little value. One day some people were digging there, and came upon a vein of ore. This led to more searching, and it was found that close at hand lay a valuable mine, from which now he receives great riches. These riches, you see, had been close to his door for numbers of years, but they had never been sought for, and so were unsuspected.

Now, may it not be that you, in your life—a life which may not seem a great or important one, but which may yet be a life precious to others, and precious to Him who has redeemed it for Himself—have some ways of usefulness, some talents, some powers, which you have never yet discovered, but which may be turned to good account?

There was a young girl in one of our manufacturing towns who was very poor, and found difficulty in earning her living by needlework. Still, she longed to give something to Him who had given so much for her. After carefully thinking over all the means in her power, she thought that by careful management she might put aside two hours in every week for His special work, and at once began the new plan. She knew of numbers of ragged, half-starved children who were prevented from coming to school by their want of clothes, and she thought that she would try if some of them could not be made tidy and fit to appear if she took them in hand. So, after getting a little help in the way of cast-off clothes from one and another friend, she cut, and patched,

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and contrived, and some neat little frocks and jackets soon appeared as the result of her two spare hours.

By and by some young friends, poor like herself, offered to join her, and, as their numbers grew, they were offered the use of the schoolroom. Now, every Thursday evening, a happy company of these workers for Jesus may be seen busy with their needles, may often be heard singing at their work, and will all be found to agree that the weekly two hours has proved a source of happiness—a treasure trove from which they would not part for anything. On Sundays, if you could see the large classes which gather round them of little once-ragged children, who, but for them, would never have entered a place where they might be told about the love of Christ, you would find that their work had not been in vain.

I once asked a young friend, whose time was much taken up by daily occupations, how she found leisure to carry on some fresh work which she had lately found herself called to undertake.

"Oh," she said, "I had no time on hand, so I settled I would *make* time; and I get up in the morning one hour earlier, which does me no harm, and gives me six clear hours a week."

So you see that hour was *her* treasure trove, which before had lain quite undiscovered.

Then, perhaps, there may be ways of making people happy of which you have never thought. You may be able to read to some blind person, or to do messages for some weak one, or to give a little help to some sick one—helps in Christ's work of which you have never thought. You may have ways of earning money for His cause close at hand, like the little girl of whose errand-pennies you read last May; and all these may be put to use. They may prove a treasure which, like that of Torgau, may bring comfort to sick and wounded ones, and may help forward the great warfare in which, under our Captain, Jesus Christ, you have promised to be a faithful soldier all the days of your life. So now become treasure-seekers!

"E'en an hour of leisure
May be turned into treasure
Which shall help on the cause of our Master and King.
When we think what we owe,
Can we fail to bestow
On Him who so loved us, the best we can bring?"

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VISIT TO A FEW ZENANAS.

PART II.

I HOPE my young friends have not forgotten our promise of visiting some Zenanas where the ladies are anxious to learn to read, and where they welcome the English teacher so warmly that you can see at once the pleasure it gives them. Indeed, as a rule, you could tell at once when any of these Bengalee ladies have received any education; there is a brightness in their faces, which contrasts strongly with the general listless apathy of Hindu ladies, though of course this is not always the case.

Perhaps you will like to know how we first gain entrance into a native gentleman's house. No English lady could do so, even to make a call, without having first obtained permission from the gentleman himself: but many Hindus are now very anxious to have their wives, sisters, and daughters taught to read, write, and work, for they see what European ladies are, and how, besides reading and working, they can do many other things, enabling them to spend useful, happy lives, benefiting not only themselves, but also their families, and in many cases all among whom they live. Many native gentlemen, therefore, knowing that English ladies have gone to India on purpose to try and do good in teaching in the Zenanas, go to the Missionary, and ask him if he will arrange with some lady to visit and instruct his family.

A day and hour is then appointed for the visit, and probably the Babu, or gentleman of the house, will be at home on this first occasion, to introduce the visitor to the ladies of his family, who, dressed in all their jewels, will be assembled to receive her. They will rise from the mats and cushions where they have been reclining to meet her; and should the Babu be anxious to adopt English customs, or be very desirous to please his visitor, he will have told his wife of our custom of shaking hands, and she will timidly put out her hand to do so; while probably the mother, or other elder members of the family, would draw away their hand, lest it should be defiled should the visitor offer to shake hands with them. Some of the party will perhaps salaam, by putting their joined hands to their forehead; while others will shyly cover their faces,

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or look at the "Mem saheb"* from a distance. Here a little child will peep at her from behind her mother, to whom she is clinging; while another, clasping her mother's neck in terror, will hide her face on her shoulder.

Much cannot be done in the way of teaching during this first visit; for, even should the gentleman retire, shyness will prevent the ladies from making much attempt in this way: besides, it will take some time to satisfy their pent-up curiosity. Remarks and questions may not at first be addressed to the lady herself, but to the native Christian teacher by whom she is accompanied, and numerous will be the questions she will be expected to answer about the "Mem" and her circumstances. Some little may perhaps be done in the way of setting them to work by showing the books, &c. The shape of one or two letters may be pointed out, or some instruction given as to how to hold a needle; and then, after arranging for a native teacher to go to them daily, and fixing the day for her next visit, the English lady will, after a few more friendly words, take her departure, amid the repeated salaams of her future pupils, who, as long as she is within hearing, will urge upon her to be sure to come again very soon.

A beginning being thus made in a district, other houses in the same neighbourhood will soon be opened for Zenana teaching; one neighbour and another will see the lady passing, or hear what is doing in his friend's house, and soon she will be requested to visit others also. This is how we often have several houses near together to teach in; and sometimes we manage to get the ladies from two or three houses to join together in their lessons, if they are friends and their houses are near enough for them to go from one to the other along the roofs.

Let us, however, this morning go to the Mission Compound,† and ask if we may accompany the visitors to the houses of some of their pupils. They will be very pleased to take us, so let us get into one of the garries‡ which stand at the door ready to start. All the visitors who are prepared to set off are dressed not only in very cool garments, but also in such as will wash; for you must not expect to find that the houses we are going to visit, though perhaps belonging to

* English lady.

† The enclosed ground in which a house is situated is called "a compound." ‡ All carriages in India are called "garries."

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rich men, will be kept nice and clean like our English homes. This is one thing in which we hope a knowledge of English habits may give an example to our Indian sisters; as indeed it certainly has in many instances. You may notice the difference at once between a poor native Christian woman and the heathen women in the same village. The person, dress, and house of the former look so much neater and tidier than those of the heathen, that, as a rule, you could tell at once which was the Christian's. You have an example of them in the native teachers who are going to accompany us. See what beautiful white saries, or cloths, they wear. We must make room for one or two in our garry, and then we can set off. You must have on a sola topee,* to protect you from the heat of the sun, and bring a lined umbrella also, as we shall have to walk some distance to get to one or two of the houses, the entrances to which are down narrow lanes, where the garry could not go.

"Why do we not go in the early morning when it is cool?"

The ladies would not then be able to receive us, as their husbands are at home, and they have the early meal to prepare; so we must wait until they are at leisure, when, after having finished their meal, bathing, &c., they will feel quite able to attend to their lessons in the time which would be otherwise spent in idleness, sleeping, smoking, or chewing a weed called paun. Then in the cool of the early morning we can teach in the schools, where little girls before they are married are sometimes allowed to attend, and which we hope in time may begin to take the place of the Zenana teaching. Only a very few weeks ago such a good report came of "the School which began without any Scholars." Those of you who read about that school will be interested in hearing that several of the former pupils are still allowed to come for instruction, *although they are married;* so they assemble for a separate class after the other pupils have left.

But our garry has come to a standstill; the horse is so accustomed to his round that he seems to know where to stop. We do not get out here, however; the English lady whom we are accompanying does not herself visit at this house to-day; she will go there to-morrow; but Karuna, that bright-looking native teacher, will get out and teach here to-day. She has three houses all near together to give lessons in, and we must call for her at the last as we return. So now we drive on a little further.

* Pith hat.

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As we get out of the garry the passers-by stare at us; but most of them have seen the English visitors about so often that much curiosity is not now excited. We pass through a narrow door, and cross a large courtyard; then through passages and up steps, which seem well known to our guide, though some are narrow and dark. Servants are about in various directions, but no one asks our business, as it is known to all.

Arrived at the ladies' apartments, we are warmly welcomed by all; at least their own "Mem" is, and we as her friends come in for a share of their smiles. But to-day we have come for business, so set to work at once. There are several pupils, all in different stages of progress; so each must be taught separately, and we must hear one read, while another writes from our dictation, or brings some difficulty in her sum to be explained. Then, when all this is finished, there is I know not what amount of fancy-work to be examined. One has worked some slippers very nicely; but another attempt at wool-work has proved quite a failure, and must be taken home by the visitor to be set right, as it would take too long now. This crochet does not look very white, and there is a mistake, but that is soon put right. How well that knitting is going on! the native teacher who comes daily has superintended it: she was brought up at a Mission Orphanage, and there learned to knit beautifully. This is a great help, and under her direction the heel of that stocking is as well shaped as any Welsh knitter could make it.

But, listen! some more important instruction is being given. What is the "Mem" saying? One of her pupils has asked her some question about what she has just read and could not understand; and her teacher in answer is telling her something of the love of God. "God loving her!" She can hardly understand that; but then, she has not thought much about it before. She has often dreaded the wrath of one of those gods whom she has learned to fear, but never thought of loving them. When her little Deenoo died, was she not assured that it was on account of the wrath of Kalee, whose anger was roused because of some neglect during the last Doorga poojah? and she feared whether her wrath was even now appeased, although she had given to the priests more almost than she could afford, in order that they might induce the offended goddess to forgive and send no further punishment.

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Never mind finishing that piece of tatting to-day; your pupil's attention is wandering; she has also lost a dear little one, and longs to listen to those words which have reached her ear of One who loves little children, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Long they listen, and much they have to ask. But now we must go on to our next Zenana, and leave them to think and talk over what they have heard, while we pray that, with God's blessing, it may be a seed which shall bring forth fruit in due time.

The next house we visit is some little distance down a lane. We here again cross a courtyard; but before we can visit the ladies we must wake up that servant who is lying in the verandah, and get him to unfasten the padlock. You look astonished, and well you may, at the idea of the ladies being locked up in their rooms. But it is always so at this house; and it is not the only one where you will see it done. Now we can mount the steps. See, the ladies are on the look-out for us! They have their books and work all ready. Here there is a repetition of the lessons taught in the other Zenana, except that no English is learned; and altogether the ladies do not seem quite so friendly and pleasant. One of them will not even take her book or work from your hand; you must put it on the floor, and then she will pick it up; she thinks it will defile her to touch you. Here we cannot get them to talk about anything beyond their lessons. That gentle-looking girl on the mat at your side looks as if she would like to ask more; but a glance from her mother-in-law closes her lips, though her finger still points to the picture in "Peep of Day" she would like to have explained. But we cannot stay longer now.

Next we come to a large house similar to the first we visited; but how different the Zenana looks to those we have hitherto seen! There are books and work-boxes about; a table, chairs, and a piano! Scripture pictures also adorn the walls; and the ladies, though dressed in native costume, look different to any we have hitherto seen. "What is the meaning of this?" you ask. Cannot you guess? This is the house of a Christian Babu; his wife was brought up as a heathen like himself; but they have both been Christians for a few years now. The wife can read and write nicely, and does not now want to learn. But see, there are Bibles open ready, and when her daughters have had their music-lesson

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she will join them in the Bible class which they all look forward to so much.

While the music-lesson is going on let us talk with the lady and her mother-in-law. The latter we hope will soon be baptized; until lately she could not make up her mind to this step, but now she is receiving regular instruction before being baptized, and will much like a little talk with us on the subject. And if next Sunday we could be present at the Mission Church we should see these ladies, all modestly dressed, joining reverently in the service; and then this aged woman hopes to join the Church of Christ on earth at the same time that her infant grandson is received into the fold of Christ.

We have only time to visit one more Zenana this morning. What bright, merry girls the pupils here seem! They seize on their "Mem," as soon as she enters the part of the house which is free to them; and with laugh and chatter lead her into the room where the books and work are just ready for the lessons. They seem almost too gay to attend to their books; and even when at length induced to set to work, some sudden thought strikes one of them, and, putting down her book, she runs to give some whispered direction to a servant. Ere the close of the lesson the reason of this is discovered; and three or four servants appear, bearing baskets of sweetmeats, of which all the visitors must partake. But their merriment is subdued as the lesson proceeds; and tears stand in the eyes of more than one as they read the story of the Crucifixion. "Is it true?" "Why did He thus suffer?" are questions eagerly asked, and prayerfully answered; and, though the gaiety returns when on our departure the baskets of sweetmeats are determinately forced upon us, and sent off to be put in the garry, still the memory of the lesson evidently lingers in the minds of some, and will be much thought of until the next visit of their "Mem," when they will have more to ask her about the same wonderful story.

But our time is up; we can visit no more Zenanas to-day. We must not, however, forget poor Karuna; she is quite ready for us, as we are rather late. She has much of interest to tell of her morning's work; but we must hear it another time; for here we are, arrived at our house, where we must say good-bye to the Zenana visitors, praying that God will bless their labours, and hoping that some day we may see more of their deeply interesting and most important work.

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THE FOUNTAIN WHICH NEVER DRIES.

THE drought had been long, and the farmers had uttered
Dark words of the winter and prices of grain;
And the clouds which had risen, and thunders which muttered,
But mocked the parched earth as it sighed for the rain.

The oldest inhabitant drowsily grumbled
That no drought such as this had been known in the past;
And the brooks and the burns, which had sparkled and tumbled
By hill-side and heather, were silent at last.

One streamlet, alone, at the foot of the mountain
Sang low, while unceasing its current flowed by;
So unfailing and deep rose its rock-guarded fountain,
That never, they said, could its waters run dry.

From hamlets afar, as the summer drought lengthened,
To the brook of Gleneiling their vessels they bore;
And the wayfaring man arose gladdened and strengthened
From the cleft in the rocks where the waters ran o'er.

The fierce August sun, which rose higher and higher,
In vain threw its rays toward the deep-lying source;
While the flocks from the pasture, and cows from the byre,
Chose out the long herbage green marking its course;

And the shy Highland maid from the hill-sheltered shieling
Told the bare-footed laddie, soft pattering by,
How her grandsire said oft that the fount of Gleneiling
Within mem'ry of mortal had never run dry.

As silent I stood by the clear-flowing water,
Where the long-stretching valley is seen from the hill,
And marked the light step of the cottager's daughter
Who tripped down the pathway her pitcher to fill,

I bethought me of some whose lives, noiselessly flowing,
Bring peace and contentment and joy on their path,
Who go on their way gentle succours bestowing,
Their hope ever brightening, and cloudless their faith.

Not with clamour and noise, like the burns loudly swelling,
Whose waters first fail 'neath the sun's scorching rays;
Their source which men see not too deeply is welling
To be parched by hot trial or sullied by praise.

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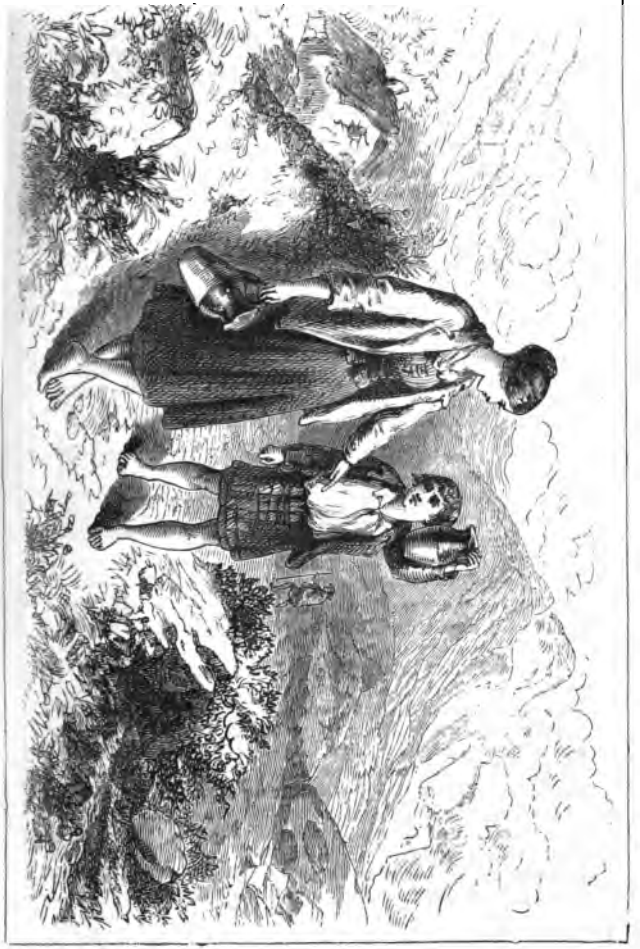

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Do you know the deep spring with its waters unfailing?
Have you found the pure fountain supplied from above?
With thirsty heart seeking, with joyful song hailing,
The clear crystal stream from the Well-spring of LOVE?

Then carry afar to the thirsty and weary
The life which that Fountain alone can supply.
The sun may be hot, and the valley seem dreary,
But the stream from that Well-spring can never run dry.

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Daniel.

1. In what country and at whose court was Daniel a messenger from God?—In what ways did he show that he possessed the following qualities, which should belong to every true worker for God:—Prayerfulness, self-denial, fearlessness in God's cause, faithfulness in delivering His message, wisdom, humility?

2. Where did Daniel prophesy that all peoples, kingdoms, and nations should hereafter serve the Lord Jesus Christ? —Where does he foretell the Resurrection?—What glorious promise is made to those who turn many to righteousness? —Can you find other promises in Scripture for those who endeavour to win souls for Him?

Hosea.

3. Where do we read the words "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge?"—What do we read in other parts of the Bible concerning the true knowledge?—What knowledge did Jesus Christ say was "eternal life"?—In what passages did St. Paul write concerning the duty of sending forth this knowledge to the heathen?

4. In what words does God graciously promise to receive and pardon Israel, His people, if they would return from their idolatry to Him?—Where does He say that His grace should descend on them as the dew, and that then they should be as the lily, the cedar, the corn, and the wine?—In what other passages of the Bible are God's people compared to these?—From which of them did Jesus teach the necessity of bringing forth fruit?—Where in the Epistles are we reminded to bring forth fruit to the glory of God?

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OUR CHRISTMAS TREE AT BOLLOBPORE.

S this is our December Number, and as December brings Christmas with it, I suspect that some of our readers will be on the look-out for a Christmas Story. Well, they will not be disappointed when they see this nice account of a Christmas Tree at an Indian Christian village.

There is a Christian village about one hundred miles from Calcutta, called Bollobpore, where we spent Christmas a few years ago. It is a very pretty place, with thickets of wild cane, and forests of tamarind on every side in which are plenty of leopards, and even tigers. No one ever likes to walk out after sunset, lest these wild animals should come up out of their hiding-place and snatch up the dog running at their heels; and no cow or calf is ever left out in the fields at night, because a tiger might scent it a long way off, and come and pounce on it and make a feast of it. When we were at dinner, every evening, we used to hear a peculiar cry given by the jackals all round the house, showing that a leopard was close by; and our servants were always frightened if they were obliged to cross the garden then, because they knew that one of these hungry animals was near.

In this wild, but yet beautiful, place we passed a very happy month one Christmas time. There are about four hundred Christians there. They have a nice church and good schools; and after Service on Christmas Day all the boys and girls assembled in the courtyard of the schoolhouse to receive from the Catechist or native Missionary the usual Christmas gifts to all good children.

The first part of the business was a funny one; but with these children it meant the same as if English children were to go to the pump and wash themselves! The Catechist dealt out a teacupful of cocoa-nut oil to every child, who instantly poured it over his (or her) head and body, and anointed himself with it! You must remember that these children have very few clothes on, so that the oil did not make them dirty, while it gave to each a very peculiar fragrance. They then sat on the ground all round the courtyard to partake of what they think better than any plum-pudding and roast beef; that is, parched rice and "goor,"

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or treacle, and some milk. It sounds a strange mixture, but really tasted very good. They began and ended this meal with a grace, which they sang in Bengalee to a tune sung in many of our English infant schools.

After this feast, the bigger lads begged to be allowed to show us how well they could swim across a very deep and good-sized river that runs at the bottom of the school garden; and they dived and swam across for "pice" (pence), as English boys would be very sorry to do on Christmas Day in England.

Next day we prepared a Tree for the amusement of these children, who had never seen or heard of one before, covered with oranges and sugar-plums, and an endless variety of penny things, bought on purpose at the German Bazaar in London before we went out to India. Then we lighted the Tree with tapers, and admitted the crowds of little and big ones, who were sure that nothing so beautiful or wonderful had ever before been seen in Bollobpore.

Now I must tell you, in a few words, about the religion of all the people round Bollobpore, from which the parents of these poor children were rescued many years ago, after a terrible famine in which thousands died. The heathen in this part of Bengal worship a horrible goddess called Kâli, who is a most bloodthirsty creature, said to be the wife of the destroying god "Siva." The images which represent her have four arms, the hands all red with blood, and a bleeding head in one of them, a string of skulls round her neck, and her tongue (red with blood) thrust out of her mouth.

And this awful creature is actually worshipped by men and women in Bengal, and hundreds of goats and oxen, and even children, sacrificed to her every year. It was only the other day that there was an account in the Bengalee newspapers of a woman who first murdered her children, and then tried to cut her own throat. All she said by way of excuse was that Kâli had appeared to her, and commanded the sacrifice.

Dear children! let us all thank God, when our happy Christmas time comes, that we worship the Holy Child JESUS, who was, as at this time, born at Bethlehem, "without sin," "holy, harmless;" and who afterwards ascended into the heavens, and is now set down at the right hand of God the Father, ready and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

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OUR CHRISTMAS TREE AT BOLLOBPORE.

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How different is the Lord whom we worship from the cruel gods of the heathen! When your voices join in

"Hark, the herald angels sing!"

and when you come to the words

"Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,"

think of the little ones in our Christian Indian schools, of another kindred, tribe, and nation, and ask that they may learn to love our dear Saviour, and that they, like you, may

"With the heavenly hosts proclaim,
Christ is born at Bethlehem!"

A GOOD CHILD BOOK IN CHINA.

SUPPOSE you are already thinking about Christmas presents. Some of you will be having prizes, I hope, at school,—nice books with bright covers and gilt leaves and pictures, with your names written in them by your teachers. And some of you will be finding little parcels done up in white paper in your rooms on Christmas morning, and perhaps will open them to see just the sort of Bible or Church Service that you have been longing to have for your own.

How different your books are from what would be given by its parents to a Chinese child! Here is an account of one; and, as it is Christmas time, I think we must let you amuse yourself with some of its wonderful stories.

The Chinese have a favourite proverb, that "Of the hundred virtues, duty to parents is the chief."

There is, perhaps, no maxim more early and more carefully instilled into the minds of the youth of both sexes among this people than that of implicit obedience to parents.

To explain the nature and to teach the importance of this virtue or duty, as well as to show the rewards which attend its performance, seems to be the object of a small book, called "Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety." It is published with coarse wood-cuts, twenty-four in number, each story being illustrated by a picture of its hero engaged in the act of being a good son. Some editions, besides the

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pictures, have a piece of poetry relating to the story, giving other particulars, and making what the Chinese think suitable reflections.

Here is the first :—

He furnished his parents with deer's milk.

"During the Chan dynasty, there was a man named Yen whose disposition was very filial. His father and mother were old, and troubled with sore eyes. They desired to obtain some deer's milk to use. Yen clothed himself in the skin of a deer, and going far away into the mountains, entered into the herd of deer and obtained some milk, which he gave to his parents. The hunters saw him in disguise and desired to shoot him with their arrows, but Yen explained the case; and thus escaped."

This story is accompanied by a cut, representing Yen with a fawn's skin on his back, in the act of disclosing his character and explaining his object to a couple of hunters. It would seem that he endeavoured to imitate on all-fours the appearance of a fawn.

"How fortunate that the hunters did not shoot the supposed deer with their deadly arrows! for, had that mournful event occurred, his aged parents would not only have failed to obtain the milk with which they hoped to cure their sore eyes, but we should have lost the wholesome influence of this impressive example of filial affection." So says the Chinaman who gives the moral of the story.

He put the oranges in his bosom to give to his mother.

"In the time of the Han dynasty, Luh Iseih, when he was six years old, went to Kew Keang to see Yuen Shuh. Shuh brought out some oranges and gave him. Iseih hid two of them in his bosom. When about to return home, while he was bowing and taking leave of his host, the oranges fell to the ground. Shuh said to him, 'Do you, sir, while my guest, conceal oranges in your bosom?' Iseih, kneeling before him, answered, 'My mother loves oranges very much. I desired to give them to my mother.' Shuh greatly wondered at this reply. Shuh and the father of Iseih were officers of high rank.

"This occurred during a visit of the boy in the family of his father's friend. Its interest consists in the filial desire cherished by a son, only six years old, to contribute to the enjoyment of his mother."

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We do not see anything wonderful in the little boy taking the oranges to his mother; indeed we are inclined to think that he would have done better if he had asked leave. But the Chinese evidently admire Iseih exceedingly.

He slept on the ice to obtain carp.

"During the Tsin dynasty, Wang Liang at an early age mourned the death of his mother. His stepmother Chu did not like him. In the presence of his father she was repeatedly finding fault with him, and consequently she lost for him the affection of his father. She was fond of eating fresh fish, but in the cold winter time the rivers were covered with ice. Liang took off his clothes and went to sleep on the ice to procure the fish. Suddenly, the ice opened of itself, and a couple of carp sprang forth. He seized them and returned home, and gave them to his mother. His neighbours wondered at the fact, and admired him. This filial affection had caused what had taken place."

This remarkable story is represented by the picture of a lad apparently asleep on the ice, and of a brace of fish with their heads just peeping above it. It is a little surprising that if his body was so warm as to melt the ice at a distance from it so as to allow the fish to jump out, it should not also thaw the ice under him, thus endangering his precious life, or, at least, giving him a cold bath by falling into the water. But an answer entirely satisfactory is given. The gods, say the Chinese, moved by his filial love, preserved him, and enabled the fish to come forth!

He fanned the pillow and warmed the coverlet.

"During the Han dynasty, Hwang Hiang at nine years of age lost his mother. His mind was so constantly and so intensely occupied in thinking of her that the neighbours praised him as very filial. Employing himself in fatiguing work, he served his father with perfect obedience. In summer, when the weather was hot, with his fan he cooled his father's pillow and bed. In winter, when the weather was cold, with his own body he warmed his father's coverlet and mat. The Prefect presented him with a banner as a token of distinction."

A piece of poetry referring to this example of filial piety has been translated in prose in the following manner:—

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"When the heat of summer made it difficult to sleep quietly, the lad knew what would be for the comfort of his venerated parent: taking a fan, he slowly moved it about the silken curtains, and, the cool air expanding, enveloped and filled the pillow and the bed. In winter, when the snow threatened to crush in the roofs, and the fierce winds shook the fences, and the cold penetrated to the bodies, making it dangerous to unloose the girdle, then Hiang warmed his father's bed, that he might not fear because of the cold to enter the place of dreams."

With sports and gaily-coloured garments he diverted his parents.

"In the Chan dynasty, the venerable Lae obeyed his parents very dutifully. He tried to please them with the sweetest and most delicate food. When he arrived at the age of seventy years, still he did not call himself old. He was accustomed to dress himself in clothing of five different colours, and would act like a little child playing by the side of his parents. He would also take a pail of water, and, while going up into the house with it, would pretend to slip, and falling down to the ground would cry like a child. He did these things in order to amuse his parents.

According to the Chinese notions of politeness, one must not represent oneself as old in the presence of parents, or even while they are living, lest the remark should excite in them unpleasant reflections, thinking 'If our son is old, how much more are we!'

It is said that Lae's parents were peevish and fretful; consequently, in order to please them, though he was seventy years old and had lost almost all his teeth, he called himself their little boy, dressed in garments which, both in regard to fashion and gaudy colours, were worn only by children, adopted boyish manners, and indulged in childish sports."

Hearing the thunder, he wept at her grave.

"In the county of Wei Wang, Shwai served his parents very dutifully. His mother while living was exceedingly frightened whenever it thundered, and, having died, she was buried in the hilly forest. Afterwards, when there happened wind and rain, and he heard the noise of Hoheang rumbling and thundering along, he immediately ran to the grave, and reverently kneeling down, wept, saying 'Shwai is here, dear

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mother, do not fear!' [Hoheang is the name of a female or goddess who manages the chariot of thunder.]

Shwai refused office because it would interfere with his frequently visiting the tomb of his mother in the forest. When he came to the passage in the book of Odes, 'Alas, alas, my parents have borne and nourished me with much trouble and care,' he always read it three times, each reading being accompanied with a gush of tears. His pupils often took the precaution to tear out this passage from the book, in order to prevent their teacher from becoming so deeply affected."

He wept by the bamboos, and they produced sprouts.

"Mang Tsung, when young, mourned the death of his father. His mother when aged was taken very sick. During the winter season she wanted some bamboo shoots made up into soup to eat; but Tsung had no means of getting any. Finally he went into the bamboo forest, and, grasping a bamboo with his hands, burst into tears. Such filial devotion moved heaven and earth, and in a little while the earth opened and shot forth several bamboo sprouts. These he took, and returning home made soup, which he gave to his mother. As soon as she had finished eating it she became perfectly well.

It is said that previous to this filial conduct of Mang Tsung the bamboos did not put forth their sprouts till spring, but that, having begun to do it for the benefit of his mother in the winter time, they have kept up the good practice until the present time.

It should be remarked that they continue to grow as late in the spring as they formerly did, notwithstanding they sprout so much earlier in the season than they did before his day.

Taking this view of the subject, it is but just that the Chinese should celebrate the praises of Tsung, who thus not only cured his venerable parent with his soup made of bamboo sprouts, but influenced heaven and earth to cause that vegetable to shoot forth every year some months sooner than it was in the habit of doing.

Behold the power of a single act of sincere filial piety!"

So much for a Chinese Story Book! It is a pity that we cannot look at the pictures of all these wonderful boys—at the boy in the fawn skin and the boy on the ice, the boy

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who tumbled down stairs for his parents' amusement and the boy who wept by the bamboos. But it is pleasant to think that, in spite of all their cruelty and ignorance, the Chinese hold in such reverence the duty of honour and obedience to parents.

How blessed to send them His message who, Himself, when on earth, was subject to His earthly parents, and who said of His heavenly Father, "I do always those things which please Him." I shall feel that these stories have been put into the Green Book by mistake if they do not make you determine to show that Christian children care as much as the Chinese do to be good sons and daughters to their parents; and though we do not wish you to tumble down stairs like Lae, or to sleep on the ice like Wang Liang, which could not possibly give them any pleasure, we should like to think that you care as truly to make them happy.

"FURS TO SELL!"

THE cold Winter has fairly set in now! But *our* cold winters are child's play in comparison with those of North America, of which Mr. Horden writes to us, where winter seems to be preserved in ice through the spring. You will remember some time ago reading what he told us of the manner in which beavers, martens, and other animals are robbed of their warm skins, in order that we may wear them; and now that you are able to go to church or school, it may be, with your hands in a nice warm muff, or with a comfortable fur round your neck, you will be interested with his description of a Hudson's Bay trading-room, where, instead of money, everything is bought and paid for with beaver-skins!

"And now my young hunter wishes to trade his furs, does he? Ah, what a fine pack he has! I hope the inside will prove as good as the outside promises. Well, open it. Yes, certainly, a very valuable pack. Here are two silver foxes, four cross foxes, six red foxes, a hundred marten-skins, otters, fishes, beaver, and two black bears. You will certainly be quite rich.

"We are now in a plain wooden store, in which are to be found all the necessaries of the Indian hunter,—guns, powder, shot, axes, traps, cloth, beads, coats, trousers, calicoes and

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"FURS TO SELL!"

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the et ceteras. And now for work. The trader has already begun to examine the pack, and a smile of pleasure brightens up his countenance as he views the valuable furs.

"First, the pricing. You are not paid so many pounds, shillings, and pence, but so many 'beaver,' the beaver-skin being the standard of value. In money the standard beaver would come to about half a crown, necessaries being comparatively cheap, luxuries rather dear. Those bear-skins good in quality are worth eight beaver; two silver foxes, ten beaver; four cross foxes, ten beaver; a hundred martens, a hundred beaver; and so on until the whole are valued, making perhaps two hundred beaver.

"The trader now gives you two hundred bits of stick, and standing inside the counter, while you are outside, asks you: 'Kākwan nēshtum?' (What first?) You may reply, 'Paskisekim' (a gun). 'Paskisekim,' he rejoins, 'metat wuti' (a gun, ten beaver). You receive the gun and throw back ten of your sticks. But I don't think I ought to expose all your shopping, so I will merely say that your heap of goods gradually increases and your sticks diminish until your last stick has been thrown in. You now take up your purchases and leave the store, returning to your tent well satisfied with the result of your hunting expedition.

"Now, my dear children, you may some of you wear the warm furs we have been speaking of, but you will not be engaged in trapping them. No; your lot is a better one. It is cast in a land where you are neither in danger of being frozen or starved to death. Give a thought, then, to the poor Indian children brought up amid such hardships, and do all you can to help them to a knowledge of your Saviour and their Saviour, of your God and their God. J. H."

A CHINESE PROVERB FOR WEATHER-GRUMBLERS.

I WONDER whether you are ever inclined to grumble a little at the cold in winter. As wise people say this winter is going to be a very hard one, I will give you a Proverb which the Chinese often say to weather-grumblers, and of which you may remind each other when your fingers are very cold and blue:—

No day, no night,
No harvest bright;
No cold, no heat,
No rice to eat.

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HYMN.

"There was no room for Him in the inn."

"The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy King - ly
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no
crown, When Thou cam - est to earth for me;
room For Thy ho - ly Na - ti - vi - ty. Oh
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Oh come to my heart, Lord
Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!

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HYMN.

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy Nativity:
Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
There is room at my side for thee;"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
When Thou comest and callest for me!

"I go to prepare a place for you."

"Yet there is room."

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"I WANT TO GIVE IT TO HIM."

"An Indian chief told me," writes a Missionary, "he knew an Indian boy who learned to read in the Testament, and also to pray and love the Saviour. The boy grew sick, very sick, and sent for the chief to visit him, which he did, and found him suffering with a burning fever, yet consoled and peaceful in the knowledge of Jesus.

"Day after day as the chief went to see him he grew worse, and one day the boy said to him, 'I am very sick; I think I shall die, and I want you to do something for me when I am dead.'

"'What is it,' asked the chief, 'that you wish me to do?'

"The boy took his Testament and handed it to him, and said: 'After I die, I want you to see me buried, and put this Testament under my head in my grave, and have it buried with me.'

"'Why do you wish that?' asked the chief.

"To which the dying boy replied: 'I want it so that when Jesus comes to call us up in the resurrection I can take it and give it to Him as I meet Him.'"

MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The Lesser Prophets.

1. To whom was Jonah sent as a Missionary?—What message was he to bring?—In what respect was he for a time unfaithful?—How was his message at last received?—What does Jesus Christ say of the repentance of the people of Nineveh?—What lesson should we learn from it?—Of whom do we read in the New Testament who specially preached the need of repentance?

2. In which of the lesser Prophets do you find the words, "Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! O Judah!"—Where in Isaiah do we find nearly the same words?—In what place does St. Paul repeat them, showing that the messengers of peace must be sent abroad to all lands?—What good tidings do we send by Missionaries?—Where are they called "good tidings"?

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3. What does the Prophet Malachi tell us was the way of those that feared the Lord?—Can you bring instances from the Bible to prove that God's children must try to speak to others of His truth?—Show from the first chapter of St. John how friends and brothers may bring one another to Jesus.—At what times did Jesus join Himself to His disciples when they spake one to another about Him?—Where has He promised to do so still?

4. Who is the Sun of Righteousness?—By what Prophet is He spoken of?—When did He arise to earth with healing in His wings?—What Prophet sang of Him "Arise, shine, for Thy light is come"?—What mean the words "the Gentiles shall come to thy light"? How does Christmas Day and the last Sunday in the year remind us of the great need we have of the light of the Sun of Righteousness?—In what ways may we pray to reflect His light in the coming year?

THE END OF THE YEAR.

EN! Eleven! Twelve!—the last notes of the midnight hour—the last notes of the Old Year!—these will have sounded before we meet again on the pages of our little Green Book. I wonder whether you will be allowed, as it is Christmas time, to sit up and to see the Old Year out and the New Year in! We used to try hard to be allowed to do so when we were children, and usually got leave, even though it made us sleepy the next morning. But it seemed like seeing the last of an old friend. And then, as we grew older, we learnt that it was best to see the Old Year out upon one's knees, and to bring all the sins of the past, and all our desires for the New Year to Him, our Help in ages past, our Hope for years to come, who changes not, and would have us take Him to be our Guide until death.

Do you remember the motto we gave you last New Year's Day?— It was, "*He died for me.*" How has it been with you during the past year? Have you been living as one for whom Jesus died? Have you been remembering that He who gave His life for you wants you to give your life for Him? Have you been living as one who believes that nothing in the whole world can compare in importance with the service

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of that dear Saviour who washes us from our sins in His own blood?

And how has it been with us as regards others? Have we been selfishly going on our way, not troubling ourselves as to whether we could help those less happy than ourselves? Have we been trying to send to others the good news of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us?—or has it been with us as with those of whom St. Paul sadly said "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's"?

I think, in looking back over God's mercies to us during the past year, you will feel a longing to do more for Him. Suppose war had come to England, as it has come to France and Prussia, and that your home had been burnt up, and your father or brothers killed in battle, how terrible it would have been! But God has given us quiet homes; and He has given us His own Word, and a promise that all who come to Jesus shall have a glorious home with Him in Heaven. Can we praise Him enough for His goodness to us, or long earnestly enough to serve Him?

I am sure, that, if you stay up to see the Old Year out, you will feel inclined to join in the words of a little hymn which we always used to say on New Year's Eve and on the night before our birthdays, and which ends thus:—

"The year is just going away,
  Its moments are finishing fast:
Look down in Thy mercy, I pray,
  And pardon the time that is past:
And O, when another begins,
  So teach me to walk in Thy fear,
That I may not with follies and sins
  Disfigure and waste a New Year

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